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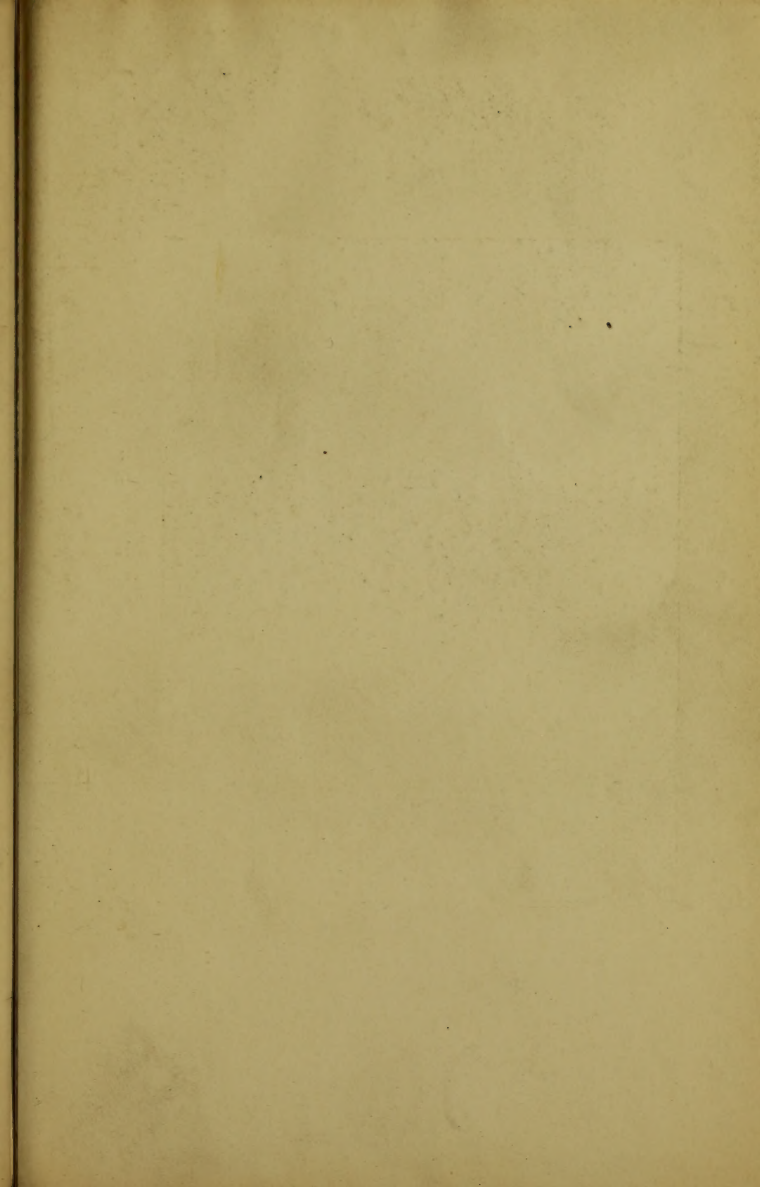
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THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  
AS YOU LIKE IT.  
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.  
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman,  
B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson, T. Vernor,  
G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin,  
H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun.  
S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scatcherd  
and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards,  
Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newbery.

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157,386

May. 1873

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



MERCHANT OF VENICE.

VOL. III.

B

## Persons Represented<sup>a</sup>.

*Duke of Venice.*

*Prince of Morocco,* } *Suitors to Portia.*  
*Prince of Arragon,* }

*Anthonio, the Merchant of Venice :*

*Bassanio, his friend.*

*Salanio<sup>b</sup>,* } *Friends to Anthonio and Bassanio.*  
*Salarino,* }  
*Gratiano,* }

*Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.*

*Shylock, a Jew :*

*Tubal, a Jew, his friend.*

*Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock.*

*Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.*

*Salerio<sup>c</sup>, a messenger from Venice.*

*Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.*

*Balthazar,* } *servants to Portia.*  
*Stephano,* }

*Portia, a rich heiress :*

*Nerissa, her waiting-maid.*

*Jessica, daughter to Shylock.*

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,  
 Jailers, Servants, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the  
 Seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

<sup>a</sup> In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called,—*Salanio*, *Salino*, and *Solanio*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the first folio : the description is taken from the quarto.

STEEVENS.

# MERCHANT OF VENICE<sup>1</sup>.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter ANTHONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;  
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;

But

<sup>1</sup> The reader will find a distinct epitome of the novels from which the story of this play is supposed to be taken, at the conclusion of the notes. It should however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novelists, it must have been through the medium of some old translation, which has hitherto escaped the researches of his most industrious editors.

It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c. 1579, that a play comprehending the distinct plots of Shakspeare's *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew shewn at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." "These plays, says Gosson, (for he mentions others with it) are good and sweet plays," &c. It is not improbable that Shakspeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion.

This play of Shakspeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treasury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was enter'd on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the same year. It could not have been printed earlier, because it was not yet licensed. The old song of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is published by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English poetry*. STEEVENS.

The story was taken from an old translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakspeare has closely copied some of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading.—*Three vessels* are exhibited to a lady for her choice. The first was made of pure gold, well beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this verse: *Whoso abuseth me, shall find that he deserveth.* The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

I am

with earth and worms; the superscription was thus : *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that his nature desireth.* The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posse : *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that God hath disposed for him.*—The lady, after a comment upon each, chuses the *leaden vessel.*

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. *Ashew*, I find a *Tale of two Marchants of Egypt and of Baldad, ex Gestis Romanorum.* Leland therefore could not be the original author, as Bishop Tanner suspected. He lived a century after *Lidgate*. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found separately in a collection of odd stories, which were very popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum.* The first, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlvi. of the copy which I chuse to refer to, as the completest of any which I have yet seen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his flesh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's mistress*, disguised, in *forma viri & vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his answer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—*Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium super his quæ vobis dixero. Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per literam nisi quod mercator habeat protestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, sine sanguis effusione, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, Rex contra eum actionem habet. Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis;—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum abscessit; & sic vita militis salvata est, & nullum denarium dedit.*

The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose,) she is brought before the emperor; who says to her, “*Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit de auro purissimo & lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, & plenum ossibus mortuorum; & exterius erat subscriptio: Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit. SECUNDUM vas erat de argenta puro & gemmis pretiosis, plenum terra; & exterius erat subscripto: Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit. TERTIUM vas de plumbo plenum lapidibus pretiosis interius & gemmis nobilissimis; & exterius erat subscriptio talis: Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus disposuit.* Ita



I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean;  
There, where your argosies<sup>2</sup> with portly sail,—  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—  
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,  
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass<sup>3</sup>, to know where sits the wind;

Peering

*Ista tria ostendit puellæ, & dixit, si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum est, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis.*" The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chuses the *leader*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: "Bona puella, bene elegisti;—ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That of the *caskets* Shakspeare might take from the Eng. *h. Gesta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has observed; and that of the *bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to suspect, that he has followed some hitherto unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one.

TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year, 1598. Meres's book was not published till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —*argosies*] A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragofies*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulph of Venice, tributary to the Porte. Shakspeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Plucking the grass*, &c.] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found. *This way I used in shooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the*

Peering <sup>4</sup> in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;  
 And every object, that might make me fear  
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
 Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
 But I should think of shallows and of flats;  
 And see my wealthy Andrew <sup>5</sup> dock'd in sand<sup>6</sup>,  
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs<sup>7</sup>,  
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
 And see the holy edifice of stone,  
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?  
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,  
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?  
 But, tell not me; I know, Anthonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year:  
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Salar.* Why then you are in love.

*markes, which was an open place, there I took a fettere, or a lyttle grasse, and so learned how the wind flood."* ASCHAM. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Peering*—] Thus the quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the first folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads—*prying*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Andrew*] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —dock'd in sand,] The old copies have—*docks*. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,*] In Bullokar's *English Expofitory*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means to put off the bat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission." STEEVENS.

*Ant.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE. 7

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salan.* Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,  
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy  
For you, to laugh and leap, and say, you are merry,  
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus<sup>8</sup>,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes<sup>9</sup>,  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;  
And other of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter* BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,  
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;  
We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say,  
when?

You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO and SALANIO.]

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found Anthonio,  
We two will leave you\*: but, at dinner-time,  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

<sup>8</sup> — by two-headed Janus,] Here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspeare shews his knowledge in the antique: and so does Taylor the water-poet, who describes Fortune, "Like a Janus with a double-face."

FARMER.

<sup>9</sup> — peep through their eyes,] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut.

WARBURTON.

\* *My lord Bassanio, &c.*] Lorenzo (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied Bassanio, till he should find Anthonio,) prepares now to leave Bassanio to his business; but is detained by Gratiano, who enters into a conversation with Anthonio. TYRWHITT.

8      MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Anthonio ;  
You have too much respect upon the world :  
They loose it, that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the Fool<sup>1</sup> ;  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster ?  
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—  
There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;  
And do a wilful stillness \* entertain,  
With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;  
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle*,  
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark*<sup>2</sup> !  
O, my Anthonio, I do know of these,  
That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure<sup>3</sup>,  
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *Let me play the Fool :*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces ; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*. WARBURTON.

\* — *a wilful stillness*—] i. e. an obstinate silence. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *let no dog bark !*] This seems to be a proverbial expression.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *who, I am very sure,*] The old copies read—*when, I am very sure*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *would almost damn those ears,*] Some people are thought wise, whilst they keep silence ; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgment denounced in the Gospel. THEOBALD.

Which,



# MERCHANT OF VENICE. 9

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.  
 I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—  
 Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;  
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner<sup>5</sup>.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.  
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Fare well: I'll grow a talker for this gear<sup>6</sup>.

*Gra.* Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable  
 In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

*Ant.* Is that any thing now<sup>7</sup>?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more  
 than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two  
 grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall  
 seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have  
 them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is the fame,  
 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
 That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,  
 How much I have disabled mine estate,  
 By something shewing a more swelling port

<sup>5</sup> *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this consists  
 in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those  
 times; who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to  
 put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> — *for this gear.*] *Gear* appears to me to have no meaning here.  
 Perhaps we should read—for this *year*, alluding to what Gratiano  
 has just said:

“ Well, keep me company but two years more—.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Is that any thing now?*] Does what he has just said amount to  
 any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

So, in *Othello*: “ Can any thing be made of this ?” The old copies,  
 by a manifest error of the press, read—*It is that &c.* Corrected by Mr.  
 Rowe. MALONE.

10      **MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

Than my faint means would grant continuance :  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care  
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gaged : To you, Anthonio,  
I owe the most, in money, and in love ;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth ; and by advent'ring both,  
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost : but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well ; and herein spend but time,  
To wind about my love with circumstance ;  
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,  
In making question of my uttermost,  
Than if you had made waste of all I have :  
Then do but say to me what I should do,  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest unto it<sup>s</sup> : therefore, speak.

<sup>s</sup> — prest unto it : ] *Ready. Pret.* FR. STEEVENS.

The word is used in this sense (as Mr. Steevens has shewn) by many  
of our ancient writers. MALONE.

*Bass.*

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

11

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes<sup>9</sup>  
I did receive fair speechless messages:  
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
Which make her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,  
And many Jafons come in quest of her.  
O my Anthonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;  
Neither have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,  
Try what my credit can in Venice do;  
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is; and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary  
of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries  
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are:  
And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit  
with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no

<sup>9</sup> — sometimes from her eyes] In old English, *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "*sometimes* fellow of such a college." FARMER.

mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs<sup>1</sup>, but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well follow'd.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine, that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince<sup>2</sup>.

*Por.*

<sup>1</sup> *Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,*] i. e. Superfluity sooner acquires white hairs; becomes old. We still say, How did he come by it? MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *the Neapolitan prince.*] Though our author, when he composed this play, could not have read the following passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in some other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (says old Montaigne,) I saw the prince of Salmona, at Naples, manage a young,

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed<sup>3</sup>, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then, is there the county Palatine<sup>4</sup>.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An you will not have me, choose*: he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle<sup>5</sup> sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If

young, a rough, and fierce horse, and shew all manner of horsemanship; to hold testons or rears under his knees and toes so fast as if they had been nayled there, and all to shew his sure, steady, and unmoveable sitting." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, that's a colt, indeed,*] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his colt's tooth. See *Henry VIII.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *is there the county Palatine.*] I am always inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

*County* and *Count* in old language were synonymous.—The Count Alasco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *if a throstle.*] Old Copies—*trassel*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throstle* is the thrush. The word occurs again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"The *throstle* with his note so true—." MALONE.



he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England ?

*Por.* You know, I say nothing to him ; for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian <sup>6</sup> ; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture <sup>7</sup> ; But, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord <sup>8</sup>, his neighbour ?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able : I think, the Frenchman became his surety <sup>9</sup>, and seal'd under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German <sup>1</sup>, the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when

<sup>6</sup> — *he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ;*] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time. WARB. E.

<sup>7</sup> — *a proper man's picture ;*] One of the senses of *proper* in our author's time was *handsome*. In Stowe's *Survey of London*, quarto, 1598, we meet with "a faire *proper* church" in almost every page. See also Vol. I. p. 180. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *Scottish lord,*] Scottish, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> *I think, the Frenchman became his surety,*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humourously satirized. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *How like you the young German, &c.*] In Shakspeare's time the duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made knight of the garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.



MERCHANT OF VENICE. 15

he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he call'd.

*Ner.* True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

*Por.*

16      MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition<sup>2</sup> of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Venice. *A publick Place.*

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Anthonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Anthonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

<sup>2</sup> — the condition—) i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Orbello*;  
“—and then, of so gentle a condition!” MALONE.

*Bass.*

*Bass.* Be assured, you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured, I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me : May I speak with Anthonio ?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into<sup>3</sup> ; I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

*Enter ANTHONIO.*

*Bass.* This is signior Anthonio.

*Shy.* [*aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks ! I hate him for he is a christian : But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip<sup>4</sup>, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him !

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear ?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store ; And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the grofs Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

<sup>3</sup> — *which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into ?* Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspere, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> — *catch him once upon the hip,*] A phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers. JOHNSON.

This is an allusion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wrestled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c. HENLEY.

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Will furnish me : But soft ; How many months  
Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior ;

[To ANTHONIO.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,  
By taking, nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend<sup>5</sup>,  
I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd,  
How much you would ?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.  
Well then, your bond ; and, let me see,—But hear you ;  
Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,  
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—  
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)  
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him ? did he take interest ?

*Shy.* No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,  
Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the earlings<sup>6</sup>, which were streak'd, and py'd,  
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,  
In end of autumn turned to the rams :  
And when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands<sup>7</sup>,  
And, in the doing of the deed of kind<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> — the ripe wants of my friend,] *Ripe wants* are wants come to the height, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*ripe wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

*Ripe* is, I believe, the true reading. So afterwards :

“ But stay the very *ripening* of the time.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — the earlings,] Lambs just dropt ; from *ear*, *earli*. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>7</sup> — certain wands,] A wand in our author's time was the usual term for what we now call a *switch*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — of kind,] i. e. of nature. COLLINS.

He

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes<sup>9</sup> ;  
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.  
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;  
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.  
Was this inserted to make interest good ?  
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams ?

*Shy.* I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast<sup>1</sup> :—  
But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.  
An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath<sup>2</sup> !

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.  
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

*Shy.* Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me  
About my monies, and my usances<sup>3</sup> :

Still

9 — the fulsome ewes ;] *Fulsome*, I believe, in this instance, means lascivious, obscene. In the play of *Muleasses the Turk*, Madam *Fulsome a Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, sometimes signifies offensive in smell. It is likewise used by Shakspeare in *K. John*, to express some quality offensive to nature :

“ And stop this gap of breath with *fulsome* dust.” STEEVENS.

Minsheu supposes it to mean *nauseous* in so high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

1 — *I make it breed as fast* :] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets ;

“ But gold that's put to use more gold begets.” MALONE.

2 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !] *Falsehood*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falsehood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating. JOHNSON.

3 — my usances :] *Usance* in our author's time, I believe, signified *interest of money*. It has been already used in this play in that sense :



Still have I borne it with a patient shrug<sup>4</sup> ;  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :  
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help :  
 Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,  
*Shylock<sup>5</sup>, we would have monies ;* You say so ;  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.  
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say,  
*Hath a dog money ? is it possible,*  
*A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?* or  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
 Say this,—*Fair Sir, you spit on me on wednesday last ;*  
*You spurn'd me such a day ; another time*  
*You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies*  
*I'll lend you thus much monies.*

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
 As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take  
 A breed for barren metal of his friend<sup>6</sup> ?)

But

“ He lends out money gratis, and brings down

“ The rate of usance with us here in Venice.”

Again in a subsequent part, he says, he will take “ no doit of usance for his monies.” Here it must mean interest. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;*] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633 :

“ I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,

“ Heave up my shoulders when they call me dogge.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Shylock,*] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled, “ Caleb Shillocke, his prophesie, or the Jewes Prediction.” London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *A breed for barren metal of his friend ?*] A breed, that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this ; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn



But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.

*Sby.* Why, look you, how you storm!  
I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:  
This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

*Sby.* This kindness will I show:—  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity<sup>7</sup>.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Sby.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are;  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect

corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this passage. Old Meres says, "Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, and usurie makes them *procreative*." FARMER.

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed of. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *dwell in my necessity*.] To *dwell* seems in this place to mean the same as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the senses of *habitation* and *continuance*. JOHNSON.

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The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
See to my house, lest in the fearful guard<sup>8</sup>  
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently  
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.—

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms<sup>9</sup>, and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on; in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

A C T II.      S C E N E I.

Belmont.    *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco<sup>1</sup>, and his  
train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her attendants.*

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,

<sup>8</sup> — *left in the fearful guard &c.*] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To fear was anciently to give as well as feel terrors. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“A mighty and a fearful head they are.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> The old stage-direction enjoins that the Prince and his followers should be all dress'd in white. MALONE.

To

To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
 And let us make incision for your love,  
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine<sup>2</sup>.  
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
 Hath fear'd the valiant<sup>3</sup>; by my love, I swear,  
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
 Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,  
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:  
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:  
 But, if my father had not scanted me,  
 And hedg'd me by his will<sup>4</sup>, to yield myself  
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,  
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,  
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
 For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you;  
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
 That slew the Sophy<sup>5</sup>, and a Persian prince,  
 That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—

I would

<sup>2</sup> *To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.*] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that red blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers, a *lilly-liver'd* lown; again, in this play, cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milk-sop*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Hath fear'd the valiant;*] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our old writers, in this sense. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS.]

See Vol. II. p. 25. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And hedg'd me by his will—*] I suppose we may safely read: *and hedg'd me by his will*. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *That slew the Sophy, &c.*] Shakspeare seldom escapes well when he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco must have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia. JOHNSON.

I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady<sup>6</sup> : But, alas the while !  
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :  
So is Alcides beaten by his page<sup>7</sup> ;  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Per.* You must take your chance ;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd \*.

*Mor.* Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple; after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then ! [ *Cornets.*  
To make me blest, or curs'd 'st among men. [ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter Launcelot Gobbo.*

*Laun.* Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master: The fiend is at mine elbow;

It were well, if Shakspeare had never *entangled himself with geography* worse than in the present case. If the prince of Morocco be supposed to have served in the army of sultan *Soliman (the second, for instance)*, I see no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Persia. See *D'Herbelot in Soliman Ben Selim*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> *To win thee, lady ;*] The old copies read—*the* lady. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> So is Alcides beaten by his page;] The old copies read—by his rage. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. Lichas was the boy by whom Deianira sent an envenomed shirt to Hercules. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — therefore be advis'd. ] Therefore be not precipitant; consider well what we are to do. *Advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*. JOHNSON. and

and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away*: My conscience says,—no; *take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels*<sup>9</sup>: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens*<sup>1</sup>; *rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run*. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says,—*Launcelot, budge not; budge, say the fiend; budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God blest the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

9 — *scorn running with thy heels*:] Mr. Steevens proposes to read and point thus:—“scorn running; *with* thy heels; i. e. connect them with a *with* (a band made of oziers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in some counties to prevent their straggling from home. So Chapman:

“Till I of curious oziers did imply

“A *with* a fathom long, with which his feet

“I made together in a sure league meet.”

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonasm appears to me consistent with the general tenour of Launcelot's speech. He had just before expressed the same thing in three different ways:—“Use your legs; take the start; run away.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *away! says the fiend, for the heavens*;] i. e. *Begone to the heavens*. So again, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “So I deliver up my *apes*, [to the devil,] and *away* to St. Peter, *for the heavens*.” MALONE.

*Enter*



26      MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*Enter old Gobbo<sup>2</sup>, with a basket.*

**Gob.** Master, young man, you, I pray you ; which is the way to master Jew's ?

**Laun.** [*aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father ! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not :—I will try conclusions<sup>3</sup> with him.

**Gob.** Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

**Laun.** Turn up on your right hand<sup>4</sup>, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

**Gob.** By God's fonties<sup>5</sup>, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no ?

**Laun.** Talk you of young master Launcelot ?—Mark me now ; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters :—Talk you of young master Launcelot ?

**Gob.** No master, sir, but a poor man's son ; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

<sup>2</sup> *Enter old Gobbo,*] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a *bump-back*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *try conclusions*] To *try conclusions* is to try experiments. STEEV. So quarto R.—Quarto H. and folio read—*confusions*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Turn up on your right hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers of Terence* :

“ ——— *ubi eas præterieris,*

“ *Ad sinistram hac rectâ plateâ : ubi ad Dianæ veneris,*

“ *Ito ad dextram : prius quam ad portam venias, &c.* THEOB.

<sup>5</sup> — *God's fonties,*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635 :—Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. l. without date. Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health* of the Supreme Being. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of prophane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

*Laun.*



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*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir <sup>6</sup>.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing <sup>7</sup>; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be <sup>8</sup>.

*Gob.*

<sup>6</sup> — and Launcelot, sir.] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, master Launcelot. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — give me your blessing;] In this conversation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practised on the blindness of Isaac, and the blessing obtained in consequence of it. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> — your child that shall be.] Launcelot probably here indulges himself in talking nonsense. So afterwards:—" you may tell every finger

*Gob.* I cannot think, you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that : But I am Launcelot, the Jew's man ; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed : I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be ! what a beard hast thou got ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phil-horse has on his tail <sup>9</sup>.

*Laun.* It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure, he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present ; How 'gree you now ?

*Laun.* Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground ; My master's a very Jew ; Give him a present ! give him a halter ; I am famish'd in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come ; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune ! here comes the man ;—to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so ;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock : See

I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick supposes, " he means to say, I *was* your child, I *am* your boy, and *shall ever be* your son." But *son* not being first mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the sentence, there is no ground for supposing such an inversion intended by our author. Besides ; if Launcelot is to be seriously defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, shall be his *son* ? MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — my *phil-horse*] *Tbill* or *fill* means the shafts of a cart or wagon. STEEVENS.

All the ancient copies have *phil-horse*, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption used in some counties for the proper term, *tbill-horse*. MALONE.

these

these letters deliver'd ; put the liveries to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a serv.*]

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship !

*Bass.* Gramercy ; Would'st thou aught with me ?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man ; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins :

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both ;—What would you ?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit : Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee ; if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir ; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well : Go, father, with thy son : Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out :—Give him a livery [*to his followers.*] More guarded<sup>1</sup> than his fellows : See it done,

<sup>1</sup> — more guarded] i. e. more ornamented. STEEVENS.  
See Vol. II. p. 66. MALONE.

*Laun.*

*Laun.* Father, in :—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book—<sup>2</sup>. I shall have good fortune <sup>3</sup>;  
go

<sup>2</sup> *Well ; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book—.*] Table is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shewn, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. *Well*, says he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book*—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars. *JOHNS.*

*Dr. Johnson's* explanation thus far appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered, that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Mrs.* Quickly addresses Fenton in the same language as is here used by Launcelot :—“ I'll be sworn on a book she loves you :” a vulgarism that is now superseded by another of the same import—“ I'll take my bible-oath of it.” *MALONE.*

Without examining the expositions of this passage, given by the three learned annotators, [*Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.*] I shall briefly set down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection : *Well : if any man in Italy have a fairer table ; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only promise, but) *offer to swear* (and to swear upon a book too) that *I shall have good fortune*.—(He omits the conclusion of the sentence which might have been) *I am much mistaken ; or, I'll be hanged, &c.* *TYRWHITT.*

<sup>3</sup> *I shall have good fortune ;*] The whole difficulty of this passage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators) arose, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compositor or transcriber. I am persuaded the author wrote—I shall have no good fortune. These words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows ; and begin a new sentence. *Shakspeare*, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—*Well ; if any man that offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much mistaken :] should proceed in the same manner in which he began :—“ I shall have no good fortune ; go to ; here's a simple line of life ! &c.” So before : “ I cannot get a service, no ;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.”—And afterwards : “ Alas ! fifteen wives is nothing.” The Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expresses herself exactly in the  
the

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go to, here's a simple line of life ! here's a small trifle of wives : Alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man : And then, to 'scape drowning thrice ; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed<sup>4</sup> ;—here are simple 'scapes ! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this ; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance ; hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master ?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit Leonardo.*]

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—

the same style : “ Well, you have made a *simple* choice ; you know *not* how to choose a man ; Romeo ! *no, not* he ;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy, &c.” So also in *K. Hen. IV.*, “ Here's *no* fine villainy !” Again, more appositely, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* : “ Ha ! me have *no* good luck.” Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ We are *simple* men ; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profession of fortune-telling.”

Almost every passage in these plays, in which the sense is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once observed, has been corrupted. See Vol. II. p. 21. n. 4. On the subject of omissions, see Vol. I. p. 220. n. 4.

It is not without some reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been proposed by any former editor or commentator, I should certainly have adopted it ; being convinced that it is just. But the danger of innovation is so great, and partiality to our own conceptions so delusive, that it becomes every editor to distrust his own emendations ; and I am particularly inclined to do so in the present instance, in which I happen to differ from that most respectable and judicious critick, whose name is subjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt sentence should not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure : “ O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la pointe d'un Oreiller, & m' être rempû le Cou.” — WAREBTON.

*Bass.*



*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano; Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they shew Something too liberal<sup>5</sup>;—pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes<sup>6</sup> Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent<sup>7</sup> To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing<sup>8</sup>.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity; I would entreat you rather to put on

<sup>5</sup> *Something too liberal*;] Liberal I have already shewn to be mean, gross, coarse, licentious. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *hood mine eyes*] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *sad ostent*] Grave appearance; shew of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

*Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among the old dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *your bearing*.] *Bearing* is demeanour, or deportment. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“How I may formally in person *bear* me,

“Like a true friar.” MALONE.



Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,  
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jef.* I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:  
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;  
Give him this letter; do it secretly,  
And so farewell; I would not have my father  
See me in talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee<sup>9</sup>, I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [Exit.]

*Jef.* Farewel, good Launcelot.—  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be ashamed to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,

<sup>9</sup> *If a christian do not play the knave, and get thee, &c.* [“If a christian (says Launcelot, on receiving a love-letter for Lorenzo,) do not play the knave, and carry thee away from thy father's house, I am much deceived.” I should not have attempted to explain so easy a passage, if the ignorant editor of the second folio, thinking probably that the word *get* must necessarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and substituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentic editions; in which he has been copied by every subsequent editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jessica's father, but about her future husband. I am aware that, in a subsequent scene, he says to Jessica, “Marry, you may partly hope your father got you not;” but he is now on another subject. MALONE.]

I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;  
Become a christian, and thy loving wife.

[Exit.

# SCENE IV:

*The same. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and  
SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will flink away in supper-time;  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers<sup>1</sup>.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;  
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours  
To furnish us:—

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this<sup>2</sup>, it shall  
seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;  
And whiter than the paper it writ on,  
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup  
to-night with my new master the Christian.

<sup>1</sup> — torch-bearers.] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iv.  
We have not spoke us yet &c. i. e. we have not yet bespoke us, &c. Thus  
the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet consulted  
on the subject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"spoke as yet."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — to break up this,] To break up was a term in carving. So, in  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. sc. i:

"———Boyet, you can carve;

"Break up this capon." See the note on this passage. STEEV.

Lor.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica,  
I will not fail her ;—speak it privately ; go.—  
Gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot.  
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?  
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano,  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so. [Exeunt Salar. and Salan.

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all : She hath directed,  
How I shall take her from her father's house ;  
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with ;  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,—  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest :  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

*The same. Before Shylock's House.*

*Enter SHYLOCK, and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—  
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,  
As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—  
Why, Jessica, I say !

*Laun.* Why, Jessica !

*Shy.* Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do  
nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you ? What is your will ?

*Shy.* I am bid forth<sup>3</sup> to supper, Jessica ;  
There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ?  
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :  
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian<sup>4</sup>.—Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house :—I am right loth to go ;  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last<sup>5</sup>, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What ! are there masques ? Hear you me, Jessica :  
Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum<sup>6</sup>,

And

<sup>3</sup> *I am bid forth*—] I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— to feed upon

*The prodigal Christian.*] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat, drink, nor pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,*] “ *Black-Monday is Easter-Monday*, and was so called on this occasion : In the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, king Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris ; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*.” Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a passage in Lodge's *Rufalynde*, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose* : “ As he stood gazing, *his nose on a sudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 312 :—“ with that mine nose bled, &c.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,*

*And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife, &c.]*

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :  
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements ;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :  
But I will go.—Go you before me, firrah ;  
Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, fir.—  
*Mistress,* look out at window, for all this ;  
There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewels' eye<sup>7</sup>. [*Exit Laun.*  
*Sby.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?  
*Jes.* His words were, Farewel, mistress ; nothing else.  
*Sby.* The patch is kind enough<sup>8</sup> ; but a huge feeder,  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me :  
Therefore I part with him ; and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;  
Perhaps, I will return immediately ;  
Do, as I bid you,

*Primâ nocte domum claude ; neque in vias*

*Sub cantu querulæ despice tibîæ.* HOR. Lib. iii. Od. 7. MALONE.

The folio and one of the quartos read *squealing*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Will be worth a Jewels' eye.*] *It's worth a Jew's eye,* is a proverbial phrase. WHALLEY.

<sup>8</sup> *The patch is kind enough ;*] This term should seem to have come into use from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553 : “ A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopœia, is when we make words of our own mind, such as be derived from the nature of things ;—as to call one *Patche*, or Cowlson, whom we see to do a thing foolishly ; because these two in their time were notable fools.”

Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was, in allusion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the stage fool has ever since been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of whom Wilson speaks, was Cardinal Wolsey's fool. MALONE.



Shut doors<sup>9</sup> after you : Fast bind, fast find ;  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[Exit.

*Jes.* Farewel ; and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO, and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
Desir'd us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly<sup>1</sup>,  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

*Gra.* That ever holds : Who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?  
Where is the horse, that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chafed than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker<sup>2</sup>, or a prodigal,  
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind<sup>3</sup> !  
How like a prodigal doth she return ;  
With over-weather'd ribs<sup>4</sup>, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

<sup>9</sup> *Shut doors—*] *Doors* is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly,*] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *a younker,*] All the old copies read *a younger*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe made the emendation, which is perhaps unnecessary. I doubt whether *younker* was a word of our author's time. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *embraced by the strumpet wind !*] So, in *Othello* :

“ The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *With over-weather'd ribs,*] Thus both the quartos. The folio has *over-witber'd*. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo ;—more of this hereafter.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode ;  
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;  
Here dwells my father Jew :—Ho ! who's within ?

*Enter JESSICA above, in boy's cloaths.*

*Jesf.* Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jesf.* Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;  
For who love I so much ? And now who knows,  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witnesses that thou art.

*Jesf.* Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.  
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much ashamed of my exchange :  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jesf.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love ;  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once ;

For the close night doth play the runaway,  
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jesf.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

*[Exit, from above.]*

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew<sup>5</sup>.

*Lor.*

<sup>5</sup> Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.] A jest arising from the ambiguity  
D 4

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :  
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;  
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;  
 And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;  
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
 Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen, away ;  
 Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit, with JESSICA and SALARINO,*

*Enter ANTHONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there ?

*Gra.* Signior Anthonio ?

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?  
 'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you :—  
 No masque to-night ; the wind is come about,  
 Bassanio presently will go aboard :  
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight,  
 Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
 The several caskets to this noble prince :—  
 Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears ;—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
 The second, silver, which this promise carries ;—  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*

ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heatben*, and one *well born*. JOHNSON.

To understand Gratiano's oath, it should be recollected that he is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was affixed. MALONE.

This

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt<sup>6</sup>;—  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*—  
 How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Per.* The one of them contains my picture, prince;  
 If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,  
 I will survey the inscriptions back again:  
 What says this leaden casket?

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
 Must give,—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?  
 This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,  
 Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;  
 I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.  
 What says the silver, with her virgin hue?  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
 As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,  
 And weigh thy value with an even hand:  
 If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough  
 May not extend so far as to the lady;  
 And yet to be afraid of my deserving,  
 Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:  
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding;  
 But, more than these, in love I do deserve.  
 What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?  
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
 Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:  
 From the four corners of the earth they come,  
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.  
 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds  
 Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,  
 For princes to come view fair Portia:  
 The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head  
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

<sup>6</sup> — as blunt;] That is, as gross as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,  
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
 Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation,  
 To think so base a thought ; it were too gross  
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,  
 Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold ?  
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem  
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold ; but that's insculp'd upon<sup>7</sup> ;  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;  
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

*Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,  
 Then I am yours. *[he unlocks the golden casket.]*

*Mor.* O hell ! what have we here ?  
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
 There is a written scroll ? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold ;  
 Often have you heard that told :  
 Many a man his life hath sold,  
 But my outside to behold :  
 Gilded tombs do worms infold<sup>8</sup>.  
 Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
 Your answer had not been inscrol'd :  
 Fare you well ; your suit is cold.*

<sup>7</sup> —insculp'd upon ;] To insculp is to engrave. STEEVENS:

<sup>8</sup> *Gilded tombs do worms infold.*] The old copies read—*Gilded timber*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson, who observes, that “a tomb is the proper repository of a death's head.” *Tombes* (for such was the old spelling) and *timber* were easily confounded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The construction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however, is very harsh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the Silke Wormes and their flies*, 4to. 1599, is this line:

“ Before thou wast, were *timber-worms* in price.” MALONE.  
 Cold,



Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :

Then, farewell, heat ; and, welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [Exit.

*Por.* A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains, go :—

Let all of his complexion choose me so<sup>9</sup>, [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* SALARINO and SALANIO.

*Salar.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under fail ;

With him is Gratiano gone along ;

And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke ;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under fail :

But there the duke was given to understand,

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :

Besides, Anthonio certify'd the duke,

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Salan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :

*My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !*

*Fled with a Christian ?—O my christian ducats !—*

*Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !—*

*A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,*

*Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !*

*And jewels ; two stones, two rich and precious stones,*

*Stol'n by my daughter !—Justice ! find the girl !*

*She bath the stones upon her, and the ducats !*

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,

<sup>9</sup> — choose me so.] Here Dr. Johnson would close the second Act, to give time for Bassanio's passage to Belmont. MALONE.

Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd :  
I reason'd<sup>1</sup> with a Frenchman yesterday ;  
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part  
The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country, richly fraught :  
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me ;  
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

*Salan.* You were best to tell Anthonio what you hear ;  
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part :  
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
Of his return ; he answer'd,—*Do not so,*  
*Slubber not<sup>2</sup> business for my sake, Bassanio,*  
*But stay the very riping of the time ;*  
*And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,*  
*Let it not enter in your mind of love<sup>3</sup> :*  
*Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts*  
*To courtship, and such fair ostents of love*  
*As shall conveniently become you there :*  
And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him<sup>4</sup>,

And

<sup>1</sup> *I reason'd—*] i. e. I conversed. So, in *King John* :

“ Our griefs, and not our manners, *reason* now.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Slubber not—*] To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *your mind of love :*] *Of love*, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakspeare. So, in *Merry Wives*, Act II. sc. vii : “ *Quick—*desires you to send her your little page, of *all loves* :” i. e. she desires you to send him *by all means*.

*Your mind of love* may, however, in this instance, mean—*your loving mind*. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604, a *mind of treason* is a *treasonable mind*.

“ Those that speak freely, have no *mind of treason*.” STEEVENS.

If the phrase is to be understood in the former sense, there should be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have observed.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And even there, his eye being big with tears,*

*Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.*] So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation

And with affection wondrous sensible  
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

*Salan.* I think, he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,  
And quicken his embraced heavinefs  
With some delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;  
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon,  
PORTIA, and their trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,

operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. It is indeed surprizing that they do not study his plays with this view. In the passage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

5 — embraced *heavinefs*] The heavinefs which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

So we say of a man now that he *bugs* his sorrows. JOHNSON.

So, in this play, Act III. sc. ii:

“ —doubtful thoughts and rash-*embrac'd* despair.” STEEVENS.  
That

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address me<sup>6</sup> : Fortune now  
To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead.  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath :*  
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.  
What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
What many men desire.—That many may be meant  
By the fool multitude<sup>7</sup>, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force<sup>8</sup> and road of casualty.  
I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;  
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves ;*  
And well said too ; For who shall go about  
To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit ! Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.  
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour

<sup>6</sup> *And so have I address me :*] To address is to prepare. The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read :

“ And so have I. Address me, Fortune, now,

“ To my heart's hope !”

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. scene the last, Falstaff says, “ I will then address me to my appointment.” TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *That many may be meant*

*By the fool multitude,*—] i. e. By that many may be meant the foolish multitude, &c. The fourth folio first introduced a phraseology more agreeable to our ears at present,—“ *Of the fool multitude,*”—which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors ;—but change merely for the sake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of speech were familiar in Shakspeare's age, that are now no longer used:

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —in the force] i. e. the power. STEEVENS:

Were

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !  
 How many then should cover, that stand bare ?  
 How many be commanded, that command ?  
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
 From the true seed of honour ? and how much honour  
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new varnish'd ? Well, but to my choice :  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves :*  
 I will assume desert ;—Give me a key for this,  
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

*Ar.* What's here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
 Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.  
 How much unlike art thou to Portia ?  
 How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings ?  
*Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*  
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?  
 Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
 And of oppos'd natures.

*Ar.* What is here ?

*The fire seven times tried this ;  
 Seven times try'd that judgment is,  
 That did never choose amiss :  
 Some there be, that shadows kiss ;  
 Such have but a shadow's bliss :  
 There be fools alive, I wis',  
 Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.*

<sup>9</sup> *How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
 From the true seed of honour ?* The meaning is, *How much mean-  
 ness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the  
 mean.* But since men are always said to glean corn though they may  
 pick chaff, the sentence had been more agreeable to the common manner  
 of speech if it had been written thus :

*How much low peasantry would then be pick'd  
 From the true seed of honour ? how much honour  
 Glean'd from the chaff ?* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — I wis,] I know. *Wissen*, German. *Sydney*, *Ascham*, and  
*Waller* use the word. STEEVENS.

*Take*



## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*Take what wife you will to bed<sup>2</sup>,  
I will ever be your head :  
So be gone, sir<sup>3</sup>, you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear  
By the time I linger here :  
With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two.—  
Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroth<sup>4</sup>.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy ;—  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady ?

*Por.* Here ; what would my lord<sup>5</sup> ?

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord :  
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets<sup>6</sup> ;  
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love ;  
A day in April never came so sweet,

<sup>2</sup> *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *So be gone, Sir,—*] *Sir*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *— to bear my wroth.*] The old editions read—“ to bear my wroath.” *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for misfortune ; and is often spelt *rueth*, which at present signifies only pity, or sorrow for the misery of another. The modern editors read—*my wroth*. STEEV.

<sup>5</sup> *Por. Here ; what would my lord ?*] Would not this speech to the servant be more proper in the mouth of *Nerissa* ? TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> *— regrets ;*] i. e. salutations. So, in another of Shakspeare's plays : “ Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret.” STEEVENS.

To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,  
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger<sup>1</sup>, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Salan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross

<sup>1</sup> — knapt ginger,] To *knapp* is to break short. The word occurs in the *Psalms*. STEEVENS.

my prayer<sup>2</sup>; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal<sup>3</sup>, who dare scarce shew his head on the Rialto;

<sup>2</sup> —my prayer;] i. e. the prayer or wish, which you have just now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by saying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unnecessarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer.

MALONE.

The people pray as well as the priest, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by saying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needless to add, that the Devil (in the shape of a Jew) could not cross *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was singly his, was already ended. HEATH.

<sup>3</sup> — a bankrupt, a prodigal,] Dr. Warburton asks, "Why a prodigal?" and capriciously reads, a bankrupt *for* a prodigal. MALONE.

There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

His lending money without interest, "*for a christian courtesy*," was [likewise] a reason for the Jew to call Anthonio prodigal. EDWARDS.

a beggar,

a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

*Sky.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SALAN. SALAR. and Servant.*]

4 If you prick us, do we not bleed?] Thus Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, p. 140, quarto, v. iv. "Cæsar does not consider that his subjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked." *οὐδὲ ἀπὸ τῶν τραυμάτων λοιστῆται καίσαρ εἰς θνήσκον μὲν ἀγασσι.* S. W.

E 2

*Sky.*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

5 —Where? in Genoa?] The old copies read—Here in Genoa. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Shy.*



MERCHANT OF VENICE. 53

*Shy.* I am very glad of it ; I'll plague him ; I'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor<sup>6</sup> : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

*Tub.* But Anthonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true : Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before : I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will : Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. *The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two,

<sup>6</sup> — *it was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor :* ] A turquoise is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer encreased or grew less. To this Ben Jonson refers, in his *Sejanus* :

“ And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring,

“ Look well or ill with him.”

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. quarto, 1569 : “ The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it.” P. 51. b.

But Leah (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, sometimes of Jesus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary &c.*) might have presented Shylock with his *Turquoise* for a better reason ; as this stone “ is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife.”

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory, or preservative of the wearer. STEEVENS.

Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,  
 I lose your company ; therefore, forbear a while :  
 There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)  
 I would not lose you ; and you know yourself,  
 Hate counsels not in such a quality :  
 But lest you should not understand me well,  
 (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)  
 I would detain you here some month or two,  
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;  
 So will I never be : so may you miss me ;  
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
 They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me ;  
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—  
 Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,  
 And so all yours ? O, these naughty times  
 Put bars between the owners and their rights ;  
 And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,  
 Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I <sup>8</sup>.  
 I speak too long ; but 'tis to seize the time <sup>9</sup> ;  
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
 To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose ;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then confess

<sup>7</sup> *And so all yours :—*] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. In the next line but one below, where the same word occurs twice, our author, with his usual licence, employs one as a word of two syllables, and the other as a monosyllable. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*] The meaning is, “If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath. HEATH.

<sup>9</sup> — *to seize the time ;*] To *seize* is from *peser*, Fr. So, in *King Richard III* :

“Lest leaden slumber *seize* me down to-morrow.”

To *seize* the time, therefore, is to retard it by hanging weights upon it.

STEEVENS.

What

What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :  
There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession :

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance !

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ;

If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice ;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in musick : that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him : He may win ;

And what is musick then ? then musick is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence<sup>1</sup>, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster<sup>2</sup> : I stand for sacrifice ;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

<sup>1</sup> *With no less presence,*] With the same dignity of mien. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *To the sea-monster :*] See Ovid. *Metamorph.* Lib. XI. ver. 199, et seqq. Shakspeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Destruction of Troy* :—"Laomedon cast his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abashed to see his greatness and his beauty." See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617. MADONE.

With bleared visages, come forth to view  
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!  
 Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay  
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Musick, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.*

## S O N G.

1. Tell me, where is fancy\* bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished?

Reply.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies:  
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
 I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.
- All. Ding dong, bell.

*Bass.*—So may the outward shows be least themselves<sup>3</sup>;  
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice<sup>4</sup>,  
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
 What damned error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
 There is no vice<sup>5</sup> so simple, but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?

\* — fancy] here, as in many other places, signifies love. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> So may the outward shows &c.] He begins abruptly; the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — gracious voice,] Pleasing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> There is no vice—] The old copies read—voice. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

And

And these assume but valour's excrement<sup>6</sup>,  
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight<sup>7</sup>;  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
 Making them lightest that wear most of it :  
 So are those crisped<sup>8</sup> snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre<sup>9</sup>.  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore<sup>1</sup>  
 To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

6 — *valour's excrement,*] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, "*pedler's excrement,*" in the *Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

7 — *by the weight;*] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchased so ; as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

8 — *crisped*—] i. e. curled. STEEVENS.

9 — *in the sepulchre.*] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, A& IV. sc. iii. Shakspeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

See also Vol. I. p. 176. The prevalence of this fashion in Shakspeare's time is evinced by the following passage in an old pamphlet entitled *The Honesty of this Age, proving by good circumstance that the world was never honest till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto. 1615:—  
 "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a christian woman." Again, *ibid*: "These attire-makers within these fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires closed in boxes;—and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

1 — *the guiled shore*] i. e. the *treacherous shore*. STEEVENS.

*Guiled for beguiling*; the passive for the active participle. MALONE.

'Tween



'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meager lead,  
Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,  
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence<sup>2</sup>,  
And here choose I ; Joy be the consequence !

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.  
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
In measure rain thy joy<sup>3</sup>, scant this excess ;  
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,

For

<sup>2</sup> *Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,*] Bassanio is displeased at the golden casket for its *gaudiness*, and the silver one for its *paleness* ; but what ! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeased him in the silver ? The poet certainly wrote—*Thy plainness moves me &c.* This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the antithesis between *plainness* and *eloquence* ; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the *leaden casket* :

*This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt.* WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be necessary. I would rather give the character of *silver*, “ — thou *stale*, and common drudge &c.” The *paleness* of *lead* is for ever alluded to. “ Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledder*,” says Stephen Hawes. In *Fairfax's Tasso*, we have

“ The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*.”

As to the antithesis, Shakspere has already made it in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. “ When (says Theseus) I have seen great clerks look *pale*,

“ I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

“ Of faucy and audacious *eloquence*.” FARMER.

Our author again mentions the *paleness* of *lead* in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and *pale* as *lead*.”

By laying an emphasis on *Thy*, [*Thy paleness moves me &c.*] Dr. W's. objection is obviated. Though Bassanio might object to *silver*, that “ *pale* and *common drudge*,” *lead*, though *pale* also, yet not being in daily use, might, in his opinion, deserve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *In measure rain thy joy,*] The folio and one of the quartos read — *raine*. The other quarto — *range*. Dr. Johnson once thought that *rein* was the word intended by the author. The words *rein* and *rain* (he observes) were not at that time distinguished by regular orthography. Having frequent occasion to make the same observation in the perusal of the first folio, I am also strongly inclined to the former word ; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the second in-

For fear I surfeit!

*Bass.* What find I here?<sup>4</sup> [*opening the leaden casket.*  
Fair Portia's counterfeit<sup>5</sup>? What demy-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd<sup>6</sup>: Yet look, how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprizing it, so far this shadow

stance quoted below by Mr. Steevens is spelt in the old copy as it is here;—*raïne*. So, in the *Tempest*, edit. 1623:

“—— do not give dalliance

“Too much the *raigne*.” MALONE.

I believe Shakspeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours*. So, in the *Laws of Candy*, by B. and Fletcher:

“—— pour not too fast joys on me,

“But sprinkle them so gently, I may stand them.”

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context: and more especially on account of the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the present reading:

“—— being once chaf'd, he cannot

“Be *rein'd* again to temperance.”

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii:

“*Rein* thy tongue.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *What find I here?*] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Fair Portia's counterfeit?*] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And leave itself unfurnish'd:*] i. e. and leave itself incomplete; unaccompanied with the other usual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye &c. The various features of the face our author seems to have considered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As you like it*: “—he was *furnish'd* like a huntsman;” i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntsman. MALONE.

Perhaps it might be—And leave *himself* unfurnish'd. JOHNSON.

Doth

Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no new.  
If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll ;—Fair lady, by your leave ; [*kissing her*.  
I come by note, to give, and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
Hearing applause, and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise <sup>7</sup> be his or no ;  
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

*Por.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am : though, for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich ;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account : but the full sum of me  
Is sum of something <sup>8</sup> ; which, to term in gross,

<sup>7</sup> — peals of praise] The second quarto reads—pearles of praise.

<sup>JOHNSON.</sup>  
This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetstone's *Arbours of Virtue*, 1576 :—"The pearles of praise that deck a noble name."

Again, in R. C.'s verses in praise of the same author's *Rock of Regard* :

"But that that beares the pearle of praise away." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Is sum of something ;] i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—an unleson'd girl, &c. STEEVENS.

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :  
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
 But she may learn<sup>9</sup> ; happier than this,  
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
 Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours  
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord  
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,  
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,  
 Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring ;  
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
 Let it preface the ruin of your love,  
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :  
 And there is such confusion in my powers,  
 As, after some oration fairly spoke  
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;  
 Where every something, being blent together<sup>1</sup>,  
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
 Express, and not express : But when this ring  
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;  
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
 To cry, good joy ; Good joy, my lord, and lady !

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;  
 For, I am sure, you can wish none from me<sup>2</sup> :  
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize

9 But she may learn ;] The latter word is here used as a disyllable.  
 MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — being blent together,] i. e. blended. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — you can wish none from me:] That is, none away from me ;  
 none that I shall lose, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship; you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;

You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission<sup>3</sup>

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;

And so did mine too, as the matter falls:

For wooing here, until I sweat again;

And swearing, till my very roof was dry

With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—

I got a promise of this fair one here,

To have her love, provided that your fortune

Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down?

*Gra.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;

If that the youth of my new interest here

Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,

I bid my very friends, and countrymen,

Sweet Portia, welcome.

<sup>3</sup> — for intermission—] *Intermission* is pause, intervening time, delay. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— gentle heaven,

“ Cut short all *intermission*!” STEEVENS.



*Por.* So do I, my lord ;  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour :—For my part, my lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Sale.* I did, my lord ;  
And I have reason for it. Signior Anthonio  
Commends him to you. [*gives Bassanio a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.  
*Sale.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;  
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there  
Will shew you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger ; bid her welcome.  
Your hand, Salerio ; What's the news from Venice ?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio ?  
I know, he will be glad of our success ;  
We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.

*Sale.* Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost !

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper,  
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek :  
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?—  
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of any thing  
That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia,  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,  
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;  
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart : When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,

I have

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
 Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
 The paper as the body<sup>4</sup> of my friend,  
 And every word in it a gaping wound,  
 Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?  
 Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Sal.* Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
 The present money to discharge the Jew,  
 He would not take it: Never did I know  
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
 So keen and greedy to confound a man:  
 He plies the duke at morning, and at night;  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
 If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;  
 But none can drive him from the envious plea  
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him swear,  
 To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
 That he would rather have Anthonio's flesh,  
 Than twenty times the value of the sum  
 That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,  
 If law, authority, and power deny not,  
 It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit  
 In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
 The ancient Roman honour more appears,

<sup>4</sup> *The paper as the body—*] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body—. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the first quarto edition of this play, Act IV. “Is dearly bought, *as* mine,” &c. instead of—*is* mine. MALONE.

Than

Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;  
And then away to Venice to your friend;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:  
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;  
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:  
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;  
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are clear'd between you and I\*, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTHONIO, and Jailer.*

*Shy.* Jailer, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—  
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—

\*—and I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's. Mr. Pope reads—and me. MALONE.

VOL. III.

F

Jailer,

Jailer, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;  
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause;  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond<sup>5</sup>  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:  
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit SHY.*]

*Salan.* It is the most impenetrable cur,  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

*Salan.* I am sure, the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law;  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd<sup>6</sup>,  
Will much impeach the justice of the state;  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:

<sup>5</sup> — *so fond*] i. e. so foolish. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *For the commodity that strangers have*

*With us in Venice, if it be denied, &c.*] i. e. for the denial of those rights to strangers, which render their abode at Venice so commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the justice of the state. The consequence would be, that strangers would not reside or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and strength of the state would be diminished.—In *The Historye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a section *On the libertie of strangers at Venice*. MALONE.

These

These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—  
Well, jailer, on :—Pray God, Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not ! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and  
BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know, you would be prouder of the work,  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now : for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;  
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord<sup>7</sup>,  
Must needs be like my lord : If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
From out the state of hellish cruelty ?  
This comes too near the praising of myself ;

<sup>7</sup> — *the bosom lover of my lord,*] In our author's time this term was applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him, " he is his true lover." So, in *Coriolanus* : " I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my lover." Many more instances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, passim. MALONE.



Therefore, no more of it : hear other things <sup>s</sup>.—  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house,  
 Until my lord's return : for mine own part,  
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,  
 Only attended by Nerissa here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return :  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
 Not to deny this imposition ;  
 The which my love, and some necessity,  
 Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart ;  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you !

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
 To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt* JESSICA, and LORENZO.]

Now, Balthazar,  
 As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
 So let me find thee still : Take this same letter,  
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man,  
 In speed to Padua<sup>9</sup> ; see thou render this  
 Into my cousin's hands, doctor Bellario ;  
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,  
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed  
 Unto the tranect<sup>1</sup>, to the common ferry

Which

<sup>s</sup> — hear other things.] The old copies, by an evident misprint, read—*here*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> In speed to Padua ;] The old copies read—*Mantua*. The correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald, is fully supported by several subsequent passages. See p. 78, 79. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Unto the tranect,] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears

Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of : we'll see our husbands  
Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us ?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accouter'd <sup>2</sup> like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;  
And speak, between the change of man and boy,  
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies fought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd ;  
I could not do with all <sup>3</sup> ;—then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school  
Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks <sup>4</sup>,

appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads—*trajeff*, which was adopted by all the subsequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or sluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakspeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *traneff*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *accouter'd*—] So the earliest quarto, and the folio. The other quarto—*apparel'd*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *do with all* ;] For the sense of the word *do* in this place, see Vol. II. p. 11, n. 4. COLLINS.

The old copy reads—*withall*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *these bragging Jacks*,] See Vol. II. p. 208, n. 5. MALONE.

Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men?

*Por.* Fie! what a question's that,  
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?  
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*The same. A Garden.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

*Laun.* Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you<sup>5</sup>. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother<sup>6</sup>: well, you are gone both ways.

*Jes.*

<sup>5</sup> — *I fear you.*] I suspect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and would read—"I fear for you." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Alluding to the well known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier, in his poem entitled ALEXANDREIS, Lib. V. v. 301:

Quo tendis inertem

Rex periture fugam? Nescis, heu! perditte, nescis

Quem fugias; hostes incurris dum fugis hostem:

*Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.* MALONE.

Shakspeare might have met with a translation of this line in many places

*Jef.* I shall be saved by my husband<sup>7</sup>; he hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a raisher on the coals for money.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Jef.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jef.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more<sup>8</sup> than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word! I think,

places. Among others in "A Dialogue between *Custom and Veritie*, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie." bl. l. no date:

"While *Silla* they do seem to shun,

"In *Charybd* they doo fall, &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I shall be saved by my husband*;] From St. Paul:—"The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband." HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> — *that the Moor should be more, &c.*] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the same kind of humour to boast of:

"*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te Pontia Mori,*

*Quis bene moratam morigeramque negat?*

So, in the *Fair Maid of the West*, 1615:

"And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to say,

"I'll see if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STEEVENS.

the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—  
Go in, firrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, fir; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord<sup>o</sup>, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, fir; only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, fir?

*Laun.* Not so, fir, neither; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, fir, it shall be served in; for the meat, fir, it shall be cover'd; for your coming in to dinner, fir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit Launcelot.]

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited<sup>1</sup>!

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words! And I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing: It is very meet,  
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it  
Is reason he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,

<sup>o</sup> *Goodly lord,*] Surely this should be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald's edition. TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> —*how his words are suited!*] I believe the meaning is:—What a *series* or *suite* of words he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. JOHNSON.

And



And Portia one, there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTHONIO, BASSANIO,  
GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Anthonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard,  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach<sup>2</sup>, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salan.* He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

<sup>2</sup> — *his envy's reach,*] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*.

STEEVENS.

See p. 216:—"they had slain him for verie envie."

MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—  
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
 To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,  
 Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse<sup>3</sup>, more strange  
 Than is thy strange apparent<sup>4</sup> cruelty:  
 And, where<sup>5</sup> thou now exact'st the penalty,  
 (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)  
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
 But touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
 That have of late so huddled on his back;  
 Enough to press a royal merchant down<sup>6</sup>,  
 And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.  
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;  
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:  
 But, say, it is my humour<sup>7</sup>; Is it answer'd?

What

<sup>3</sup> — *thy mercy and remorse,*] *Remorse* in our author's time generally signified *pity, tenderness*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *apparent*] That is, *seeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *where*] for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Enough to press a royal merchant down,*] This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *I'll not answer that:*

*But, say, it is my humour;*—] The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right,  
 and

What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their urine for affection<sup>9</sup>:

Masters

and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you? JOHNSON.

—say, it is my humour;] suppose it is my particular fancy.

HEATH.

<sup>8</sup> — a gaping pig;] So, in the *Massive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

“Darkas cannot endure to see a cat,

“A breast of mutton, or a pig’s head gaping.” STEEVENS.

By a gaping pig, Shakspeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher’s *Elder Brother*:

“And they stand gaping like a roasted pig.”

A passage in one of Nashe’s pamphlets (which, perhaps furnished our author with his instance) may serve to confirm the observation: “The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man’s life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a pig come to the table. Sotericus the surgeon was choleric at the sight of a surgeon, &c.” *Pierce Penneless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Cannot contain their urine for affection &c.] Of this much controverted passage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at present. *Swags*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *masters* as a substantive; but very soon after my former note on these words was printed, I found that this was not only our author’s usual phraseology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable instances of the same kind occur in these plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predecessors, and silently reduced the substantive and the verb to concord. (See Vol. I. p. 46. n. 8.) This is the only change that is now made in the present passage; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line.

“Cannot contain their urine for affection,” I believe, means only—Cannot &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noise of the bag-pipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to such a noise. In the next line, which is put in apposition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *passion*, or *affection*. To explain it,  
I shall

Masters of passion sway it to the mood  
 Of what it likes, or loaths : Now, for your answer :  
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;  
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;  
 Why he, a woollen bag-pipe<sup>1</sup> ; but of force

Must

I shall borrow Dr. Johnson's words, with a slight variation : " Those who know how to operate on the passion of men, rule it, (or rule the sympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it." *It*, (" sway it") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the sympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The masters of passion, that is, such as are possessed of the art of engaging and managing the human passions, influence them by a skilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the person they are addressing ; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means strange or unnatural that I should be so too in the present instance. HEATH.

<sup>1</sup> *Why he, a woollen bag-pipe ;*—] This incident Shakspeare seems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* against Cardan. In his 344 *Exercit.* sect. 6. he has these words : "*Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam sympathiam Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audire phorminx sone, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *sympathiam*, which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem affectionem duabus rebus*, so Shakspeare translates it by *AFFECTION* :

*Cannot contain their urine for AFFECTION.*

which shews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies ; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read—*Masters of passion.* WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intituled, *A Treatise of Spectres, or strange Sights, Visions, &c.* we have this identical story from Scaliger ; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakspeare. " Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may justly add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical* ; and so used by lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the author wrote *wooder bag-pipe*, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

Sir

Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended ;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee  
twice ?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question <sup>2</sup> with the Jew :  
You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)  
His Jewish heart :—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no farther means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?

Sir John Hawkins proposes to read—*swelling* or *swollen* bag-pipe. An anonymous writer, in support of the old reading, observes, that the skin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel.

The story of the Devonshire gentleman, I believe, first appeared in the margin of De Loier's book in 1605, some years after this play was printed ; but it might have been current in conversation before. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *you question &c.*] To question is to converse. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 8. MALONE.

*Shy.*



*Sky.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave<sup>3</sup>,  
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
 Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,  
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;  
 Why sweat they under burdens; let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
 Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,  
 The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:  
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought, is mine<sup>4</sup>, and I will have it:  
 If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice:  
 I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor<sup>5</sup>,  
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
 Come here to-day.

*Salar.* My lord, here stays without  
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
 New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Anthonio! What, man? courage yet!  
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

3 — *many a purchas'd slave,*] This argument considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us.* JOHNSON.

4 — *is mine,*] The first quarto reads—as mine, evidently a misprint for *is.* The other quarto and the folio—'tis mine. MALONE.

5 — *Bellario, a learned doctor,*] The doctor and the court are here somewhat unskillfully brought together. That the duke would, on such an occasion, consult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how this should be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not see any necessity for supposing that *this* was foreknown by Portia. She consults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not consulted him, the only difference would have been, that she would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, instead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dress'd like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Ner.* From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace.  
[presents a letter.]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly!

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy foal, but on thy foul, harsh Jew<sup>6</sup>,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy<sup>7</sup>. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog<sup>8</sup>!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.  
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

<sup>6</sup> *Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,*] The conceit is, that his soul was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife. *WARBUR.*

<sup>7</sup> *Of thy sharp envy.*] *Envy* again in this place signifies *hatred* or *malice*. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>8</sup> — *inexorable dog!*] The old copies read—*inexorable*. Corrected by the editor of the third folio; perhaps, however, unnecessarily. *In* was sometimes used in our author's time, in composition, as an augmentative or intensive particle. *MALONE.*

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned doctor to our court :—  
Where is he ?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart :—some three or four of you,  
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter PORTIA, dress'd like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario ?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court ?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

*Duke.* Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock ?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.*

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you<sup>9</sup>, as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger<sup>1</sup>, do you not ? [*To Ant.*

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond ?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest'd ;  
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown :  
His scepter shews the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself ;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice<sup>2</sup> : Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us

<sup>9</sup> Cannot impugn you,] *To impugn* is to oppose, to controvert.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> You stand within his danger,] So, in the *Corvysor's Play*, among the collection of Whitfun Mysteries represented at Chester. See *Mss. Harl.* 1013, p. 106 :

“ Two detters some tyme there were

“ Oughten money to one usurer,

“ The one was in his daungere

“ Fyve hundred poundes tolde.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Powel's History of Wales*, 1587 : “—laying for his excuse that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come in their danger.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,

*When mercy seasons justice :*] So, in *K. Edw. III.* a tragedy, 1596 :

“ And kings approach the nearest unto God,

“ By giving life and safety unto men.” MALONE.

Should see salvation<sup>3</sup> : we do pray for mercy ;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head<sup>4</sup> ! I crave the law,  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money ?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;  
 Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,  
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :  
 If this will not suffice, it must appear  
 That malice bears down truth<sup>5</sup>. And I beseech you,  
 Wrest once the law to your authority :  
 To do a great right, do a little wrong ;  
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
 Can alter a decree established :

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;  
 And many an error, by the same example,  
 Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—  
 O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :  
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
 No, not for Venice.

<sup>3</sup> — in the course of justice, none of us

*Should see salvation.*] Portia's referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character.

BLACKSTONE.

<sup>4</sup> *My deeds upon my head!*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate : " His blood be on us, and our children !" HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> — *malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppresses honesty. A true man in old language is an *honest man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.



*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—  
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is.  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd; But what of that?  
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;  
 For herein fortune shews herself more kind  
 Than is her custom : it is still her use,  
 To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,  
 To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
 An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance  
 Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :  
 Tell her the process of Anthonio's end,  
 Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;  
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
 Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
 And he repents not that he pays your debt ;  
 For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Anthonio, I am married to a wife,  
 Which is as dear to me as life itself ;  
 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :  
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
 If she were by to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love ;  
 I would she were in heaven, so she could  
 Intreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;  
 The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands : I have a daughter ;  
 Would, any of the stock of Barrabas<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *the stock of Barrabas*] The name of this robber is differently spelt as well as accented in the *New Testament* ; [Μὴ τῆτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν. ἢ ἢ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λεοτῆς ;] but Shakspeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwise have written

“ Would any of Barabbas' stock had been

“ Her husband, rather than a christian !” STEEVENS.

Had

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Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*aside*.  
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little;—there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shall see the act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

*Shy.* I take this offer then<sup>7</sup>;—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

<sup>7</sup> *I take this offer then*;] Perhaps we should read—*bis*, i. e. Bassanio's, who offers *twice* the sum, &c. STEEVENS.

He means, I think, to say, “I take *this* offer that has been made me.” Bassanio had offered at first but *twice* the sum, but Portia had gone further—“Shylock there's *thrice* thy money” &c. The Jew naturally insists on the larger sum: MALONE.

*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh<sup>8</sup>,  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I: a second Daniel!—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

<sup>8</sup> *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.*] This judgment is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflection at the conclusion of it. “—Compíte con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne a un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Inñitia en ello con igual terqueria a su Principe, que perfidia a su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peso, y cuchillo; conminole el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.” El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farnworth's Translation*, at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize on half his goods ; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself :  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :  
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's ;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state ; not for Anthonio \*.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Anthonio.

*Gra.* A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court,  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;  
I am content<sup>9</sup>, so he will let me have

The

\* *Ay, for the state, &c.*] That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Anthonio's. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I am content, &c.*] The terms proposed have been misunderstood. Anthonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the property but the use or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life ; unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death*. JOHNSON.



The other half in use,—to render it,  
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
 That lately stole his daughter:  
 Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,  
 He presently become a Christian;  
 The other, that he do record a gift,  
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this; or else I do recant  
 The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;  
 I am not well; send the deed after me,  
 And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers;  
 Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more<sup>1</sup>,  
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit SHY.*]

*Duke.* Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon<sup>2</sup>;  
 I must away this night toward Padua,  
 And it is meet, I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.  
 Antonio, gratify this gentleman;

The learned commentator is, I think, not quite exact in the *first* part of his note. The Duke has already said that perhaps he may give up the moiety due to the state, and compound with the Jew by taking only a *fine* for it. Antonio now declares that if the Duke will go farther, and give up the *fine* also, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and to have only the *use* of the moiety allotted to him, during the life of Shylock. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> — *grace of pardon;*] Thus the old copies: the modern editors read—less harshly, but without authority,—*your grace's pardon.* The same kind of expression occurs in *Othello*: “*I humbly do beseech you of your pardon.*” In the notes to *As you like it*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I have given repeated instances of this phraseology. STEEVENS.  
*Your grace's pardon* was found in a copy of no authority, the quarto of 1637. MALONE.

For,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train,*

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,  
And therein do account myself well paid;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;  
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—  
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;  
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this, than on the value.  
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation;  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;  
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An

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An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever,  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;  
Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,  
Unto Anthonio's house:—away, make haste. [*Exit* GRA.  
Come, you and I will thither presently;  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Anthonio.      [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter* PORTIA and NERISSA.

*Por.* Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,  
And be a day before our husbands home:  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well overtaken:  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice<sup>3</sup>,  
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth intreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be:  
This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,  
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you:—  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,      [*to* PORTIA.  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

3 — upon more advice,] i. e. more reflection. STEEVENS.

*Por.*

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have old swearing,  
That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too.  
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.  
*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you shew me to this house?  
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.*

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls<sup>4</sup>,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand<sup>5</sup>

Upon

<sup>4</sup> *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresside*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

“ Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke,

“ And on the Grekis host he would yse &c.

“ The daie goth fast, and after that came eve,

“ And yet came not to Troilus Cresside,

“ He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,

“ And ferre his heade ovir the walle he leide, &c.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ And up and doune by west and eke by est,

“ Upon the wallis made he many a went.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *In such a night,*

*Stood Dido with a willow in her hand*] This passage contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakespeare was no reader of the classics. STEEVENS.

Mr.

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Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night <sup>6</sup>,  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* In such a night, did  
Young Lorenzo swear \* he lov'd her well;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night, did  
Pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body come;  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

*Serv.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you,  
friend?

*Serv.* Stephano is my name; and I bring word,  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses<sup>7</sup>, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.*

Mr. Warton suggests in his *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, that Shakspeare  
might have taken this image from some ballad on the subject. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *In such a night, &c.*] So, Gower, speaking of Medea:

“ Thus it befell upon a night  
“ Whann there was nought but sterre light,  
“ She was vanished right as hir list,  
“ That no wight but herself wist:  
“ And that was at midnight tide,  
“ The world was still on every side, &c.

*Confessio Amantis*, 1554. STEEVENS.

\* — *swear*] is here, as in many other places, a dissyllable. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *By holy crosses,*] So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“ But



*Lor.* Who comes with her ?

*Serv.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter Launcelot.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola !

*Lor.* Who calls ?

*Laun.* Sola ! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress  
Lorenzo ? sola, sola !

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man ; here.

*Laun.* Sola ! where ? where ?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him, there's a post come from my master,  
with his horn full of good news ; my master will be here  
ere morning. *[Exit.*

*Lor.* Sweet soul,<sup>8</sup> let's in, and there expect their coming.  
And yet no matter ;—Why should we go in ?  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;  
And bring your musick forth into the air.— *[Exit Serv.*  
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the founts of musick  
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica ; Look, how the floor of heaven

“ But there are *Crosses*, wife ; here's one in Waltham,

“ Another at the Abbey, and the third

“ At Ceston ; and 'tis ominous to pass

“ Any of these without a *Pater-noster*.”

and this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Sweet soul*, &c.] These words in the old copies are placed at the end of Launcelot's speech. Mr. Rowe first made the present regulation, which appears to me to be right. Instead of *soul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciously substituted in the place of the former by the editor of the second folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions which for a long time disfigured the modern editions. That judicious commentator Mr. Tyrwhitt likewise approves of the regulation that is here adopted. MALONE.

Is

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Is thick inlay'd with patines of bright gold<sup>9</sup>;  
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls<sup>1</sup>;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn<sup>2</sup>;  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

9 — *with patines of bright gold* ;] A *patine*, from *patina*, Lat. is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the eucharist. In the time of Popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Such harmony is in immortal souls* ; &c.] This passage having been much misunderstood, it may be proper to add a short explanation of it.

"*Such harmony &c.*" is not an exclamation arising from the foregoing line—"So great is the harmony!" but an illustration:—"Of the same kind is the harmony."—The whole runs thus:

*There is not one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal souls* ; or, (in other words) *each of us have as perfect harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, inasmuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds* (as he expresses it afterwards); *but our gross terrestrial part, which environs us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing it.*—It, [Doth grossly close it in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony*. This is the reading of the first quarto printed by Heyes ; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read—*close in it*.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of sense, cannot be heard ;—but Shakspeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which is capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely misunderstood this passage,) for *souls* reads *sounds*. MALONE.

The old reading, "*in immortal souls*," is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, B. V. "Touching musical harmony whether by instrument or by voice, it being but high and low in sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature, is or hath in it harmony." For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

The fifth book of the *E. P.* was published singly, in 1597. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *wake Diana with a hymn* ;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. JOHNSON.

And

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And draw her home with musick <sup>3</sup>. [Musick.]

*Jes.* I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive :  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of musick touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of musick : Therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But musick for the time doth change his nature :  
The man that hath no musick in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see, is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams !  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less :  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by ; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Musick ! hark !

*Ner.* It is your musick, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect <sup>4</sup> ;  
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

<sup>3</sup> *And draw her home with musick.*] Shakspeare, I believe, was here thinking of the custom of accompanying the last waggon-load, at the end of harvest, with rustick musick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *without respect* ;] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances. JOHNSON.

*Ner.*

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended; and, I think,  
The nightingale<sup>5</sup>, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection!—  
Peace, *hoa*! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd<sup>6</sup>.

[*Musick ceases.*]

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

5 *The nightingale, &c.*] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

"Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
"When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
"As *Philomel* in summer's front doth sing,  
"And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;  
"Not that the summer is less pleasant now,  
"Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;  
"But that wild musick burdens every bough,  
"And sweets grown common lose their dear delight." MALONE.

6 *Peace, *hoa*! the moon sleeps with Endymion,*

*And would not be awak'd.*] The old copies read—*Peace *how* &c.*

For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. The oddness of the phrase, "*How* the moon would not be awak'd!" first made me suspect the passage to be corrupt; and the following lines in *Romeo and Juliet* suggested the emendation, and appear to me to put it beyond a doubt:

"Peace, *boa*, for shame! confusion's cure lives not  
"In these confusions."

Again, in *As you like it*, Act I. "Peace, *boa*! I bar confusion."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*: "*Hoa*! peace be in this place!"

Again, *ibid*: "Peace, *boa*, be here!"

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the same mistake, I think, has happened. In the passage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia first enjoins the musick to cease, "Peace, *hoa*!" and then subjoins the reason for her injunction; "The moon &c."

Mr. Tyrwhitt seems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho* was formerly used to command a cessation of noise, as well as of fighting. See *Cant. Tales of Chaucer*, Vol. IV. p. 230. MALONE.

*Por.*

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa,  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence;—  
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:  
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick,  
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTHONIO, GRATIANO, and their followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun<sup>7</sup>.

*Por.* Let me give light<sup>8</sup>, but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me;  
But, God fort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—

This is the man, this is Anthonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

<sup>7</sup> *We should hold day &c.*] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other side of the globe.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Let me give light, &c.*] There is scarcely any word with which Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations. JOHNSON.

Most of the old dramattick writers are guilty of the same quibble.

STEEVENS.



It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy<sup>9</sup>.

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me; whose posy was  
For all the world, like cutler's poetry<sup>1</sup>  
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not*.

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave:  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective<sup>2</sup>, and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy<sup>3</sup>,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;  
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

9 — *this breathing courtesy*.] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech,—“ You *breathe* in vain.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *like cutler's poetry*] Knives were formerly inscribed by means of *aqua fortis* with short sentences in distich. Sir J. HAWKINS.

<sup>2</sup> — *have been respective*,] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. See *K. John*, Act I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marston, and other poets of that time, use this word in the same sense. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *a little scrubbed boy*,] I believe *scrubbed* and *stubbled* have a like meaning, and signify *stunted*, or *shrub-like*. STEEVENS.

*Scrubbed* perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *short*. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by the Latin word *squalidus*. MALONE.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it ; and here he stands ;  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*aside*]

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :  
And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord ?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,

Or your own honour to contain the ring<sup>4</sup>,  
 You would not then have parted with the ring.  
 What man is there so much unreasonable,  
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony<sup>5</sup>?  
 Nerissa teaches me what to believe;  
 I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,  
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
 Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
 And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,  
 And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
 Even he that had held up the very life  
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?  
 I was enforc'd to send it after him;  
 I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
 My honour would not let ingratitude  
 So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;  
 For, by these blessed candles of the night<sup>6</sup>,  
 Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd  
 The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

4 — to contain the ring,] Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to retain, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the same meaning. Or he might have meant, "if you had known that the ring contained your own honour,—that they were involved together;"—and made the transposition for the sake of the jingle.

MALONE.

5 *What man—wanted the modesty*

*To urge the thing held as a ceremony?*] This is a very licentious expression. The sense is, *What man could have so little modesty or wanted modesty so much*, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on account in some sort religious. JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia says to Julius Cæsar:

"Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies." STEEVENS.

6 — *candles of the night*,] We have again the same expression in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewise occurs in *Diella*, *Certaine Sonnets adjoyned to the amorous poeme of Don Diego and Gineura*, by R. L. 1596:

"He who can count the candles of the skie,

"Reckon the sands whereon Pactolus flows &c." MALONE.

*Por.*

*Per.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :  
 Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
 And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
 I will become as liberal as you ;  
 I'll not deny him any thing I have,  
 No, not my body, nor my husband's bed :  
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it :  
 Lie not a night from home ; watch me, like Argus :  
 If you do not, if I be left alone,  
 Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,  
 I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk ; therefore be well advis'd,  
 How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so : let not me take him then ;  
 For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Per.* Sir, grieve not you ; You are welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;  
 And, in the hearing of these many friends,  
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
 Wherein I see myself,—

*Per.* Mark you but that !  
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :  
 In each eye, one :—swear by your double self<sup>7</sup>,  
 And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me :  
 Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth<sup>8</sup> ;  
 Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
 Had quite miscarry'd : I dare be bound again,  
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
 Will never more break faith advisedly.

<sup>7</sup> — *swear by your double self,*] *Double* is here used in a bad sense for—*full of duplicity.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *for his wealth;*] For his advantage ; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity.*

JOHNSON.

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*Por.* Then you shall be his surety : Give him this ;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

*Por.* I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough :  
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;  
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here  
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,  
And but even now return'd ; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Anthonio, you are welcome ;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;  
There you shall find, three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold ?

*Ner.* Ay ; but the clerk, that never means to do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living ;  
For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo ?  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There



There do I give to you, and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd  
Of these events at full: Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so: The first intergatory,  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So fore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.<sup>9</sup> [Exeunt.]

<sup>9</sup> It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. [The first novel of the fourth day.] The story has been published in English, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, [the first novel of the tenth day,] which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakspeare must have had some other novel in view\*. JOHNSON.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, what has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Anfaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Gianetto went to Anfaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Anfaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest

\* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnson was right in this conjecture. MALONE.

godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo will give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called. He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He answered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him, who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answered, That the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service; and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweetmeats. The lady intreats him to taste the wine: he takes the sweetmeats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep.

sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandise. After nine o'clock the women servants go to the bed-side, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame: but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return: He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwreck'd, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Ansaldo instantly gets up, and runs to find him. My dear son, said he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be cheerful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Ansaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid, if she knew the streamers; the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time: the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady; who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep; the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given to him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him, what was the matter: I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took

took the resolution of seeing Ansaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome : Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Ansaldo heard his tale : Do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough : the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Ansaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize : but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary ; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two ; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died ; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction : Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte ; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting ; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horse-back : he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed : immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands ? cries Giannetto : at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship,

ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in his happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of the palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, They are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness; that Ansaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horse-back, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, their only resource was  
entreaty;



entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants, who his master was: The servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shews his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe; and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you chuse. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand: but the judge was still resolute.

Giannetto

Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty : but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand : he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing : if you will have the pound of flesh, take it ; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money ; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with the lady ? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto : nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will shew you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer ; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered ; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you will give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto ; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me ; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto : and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived some days before ; and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths ; and now gave order to have the streets lined with tapestry : and when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively : yet the feasts, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his caresses : I am sure, says

says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him, where was the ring she had given him : It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me ; but, I swear, by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman : therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistress, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter shewed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions ; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife : and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

Ruggieri de Figiovanni took a resolution of going, for some time, to the court of Alfonso king of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castles, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours ; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation, he gave nothing : he therefore thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little ; and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river : you untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered  
this

this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will shew you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, scepter, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see Ruggieri, that what I told you of fortune is true; but for your sake, I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that casket which fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country, shew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENICE the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* translated by Ellis Farnsworth, 1745, has likewise this kind of story.

"It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty: this account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts which he had insured. Upon the receiving this news he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest

interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the substance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West-Indies, which threw him almost into distraction; especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thousand pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant at these words began to tremble like an aspen-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of the contract." And being asked by the pope what he demanded; answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content." The Jew answered, "That he thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and proposing a fine of a thousand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death,



death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B.vii. p. 293, &c. STEEVENS.

Of the incident of the *bond* no English original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations: some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Author's own Invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.*—Written in French by Alexander Silwayn, and Englished by L. P. [Lazarus Pilot] London, printed by Adam Ilish, 1596. —(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401.

DECLAMATION 95.

“Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.

“A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie: the merchant, because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fiftene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying;

“Impossible is it to break the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceived, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange then cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it ap-

peareth to be somewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intollerable slaverye, where not only the whole bodie but also all the senses and spirits are tormented; the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are of one sect and nation; yea amongst Christians it hath been seene that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise in the Roman commonwealth, so famous for lawes and armes, it was lawfull for debt to imprison, beat, and afflict with torments the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have been excused with the paiement of a pounce of their flesh? Who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske, why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might allege many reasons; for I might say, that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paid for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteem their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather indure any thing secretlie, then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed: nevertheless, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh then my credit should be in any sort cracked: I might also say, that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certain maladie, which is otherwise incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldier if he come unto the warres but an houre too late; and also to hang a theefe, though he steal never so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for grieve? Were it not better for him to lose that I demand, then his soule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and especiallie because no man knoweth better than he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person; for I might take it in such place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: Whatte matter were it then if I should cut off his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? surely I think not; because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to choofe, cut, or take the same, but that he ought

to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me."

*The Christian's Answer.*

"It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at the least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes, to have a pound of my flesh; whereby is manifestly seene the antient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them: seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons prove that his abomination is equitie. Trulie I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof? as for me, I thinke that by secret means he hath caused the monie to be delaied, which from fundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind my selfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be so impudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paid with mans flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigris, than men, the which also was never heard of? but this divill in shape of a man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example; why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt? To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreame necessitie is somewhat excuseable; as for me, I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfe the crueltie of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the judge who hath justly repressed his beastlines. Wherein then have I satisfied my promise? is it in that I would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himselfe, according to the contents of the judge-

ment: where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us; for they do it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation. But what shall I say? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their priests, judges, and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother; and had it not been for one amongst them, they had slaine him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abhominations were committed amongst them? How many murthers? Absalom, did he not cause his brother to be murdered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath disperfed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe unto your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's crueltie." FARMER.

AS YOU LIKE IT.



## Persons Represented.

Duke, *living in exile.*

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banish-*  
Jaques, } *ment.*

Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon Frederick :*

Charles, *his wrestler.*

Oliver, }

Jaques, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*  
Orlando, }

Adam, } *Servants to Oliver.*  
Dennis, }

Touchstone, *a clown.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*

Corin, } *Shepherds.*  
Sylvius, }

William, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

*A person representing Hymen.*

Rosalind, *daughter to the banished Duke.*

Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*

Phebe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes ; pages, foresters, and other attendants.*

*The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house ; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's court and partly in the forest of Arden.*

*The list of the persons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.*

# AS YOU LIKE IT.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's Garden.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns<sup>2</sup>; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me<sup>3</sup> here at

<sup>1</sup> *As you like it was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr. Grey, and Mr. Upton, from the Coke's Tale of Gamelyn; which by the way was not printed till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of Mss. contented himself solely with Lodge's Rosalynd, or, Euphues' Golden Legacy. Quarto, 1590. FARMER.*

Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketch'd some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He bequeathed me by will &c.* The old copy reads, *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me—and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, &c.* Omission being of all the errors of the press the most common, I have adopted the emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone. MALONE.

—*It was upon this fashion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnson reads, is but awkward English. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion.—He bequeathed me by will &c.* Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. *As I remember* (says he) it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, &c. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>3</sup> —*stays me—*] Dr. Warburton reads—*stays me.* MALONE.

home, unkept : For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better ; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired : but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth ; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me <sup>4</sup> : he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude : I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother,

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Oli.* Now, sir ! what make you here <sup>5</sup> ?

*Orl.* Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir ?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while <sup>6</sup>.

*Orl.*

<sup>4</sup> — *his countenance seems to take from me :*] We should certainly read—*his discountenance.* WARBURTON.

There is no need of change ; a countenance is either good or bad.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *what make you here ?*] See Vol. I. p. 240. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *be better employ'd, and be naught a while.*] In the same sense as we say, *it is better to do mischief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON.

*Naught* and *nought* are frequently confounded in old English books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the sense affixed to it by Mr. Steevens :—" Be content to be a *cypher*, till I shall elevate you into consequence." But the following passage in *Sweetnam*, a comedy,

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, fir?

*Orl.* O, fir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, fir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me<sup>7</sup>. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence<sup>8</sup>.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain<sup>9</sup>: I am the youngest son of fir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnson's explanation, are right:

"—get you both in, and be *naught* a while."

The speaker is a chamber-maid, and she addresses herself to her mistress and her lover. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *than him I am before knows me.*] Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*be* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *Macbeth*:

"I am appointed *him* to murder you." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.*] The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first-born.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *I am no villain:*] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *worthless*, *wicked*, or *bloody man*; by Orlando in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction*.

JOHNSON.

*Oli.*

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be troubled with you : you shall have some part of your will : I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward ? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so ? Begin you to grow upon me ? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis !

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship ?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me ?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*].—'Twill be a good way ; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good-morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good monsieur Charles !—what's the new news at the new court ?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news : that is, the old duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new duke ; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose  
lands



lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter<sup>1</sup>, be banish'd with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter<sup>2</sup>, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would<sup>3</sup> have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say, he is already in the forest of Arden<sup>4</sup>, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me with-

<sup>1</sup> — *the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *banished* duke's daughter.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *usurping* duke's daughter. The words which follow, *her cousin*, as Mr. Heath has observed, sufficiently point out the person meant. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding speech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unnecessarily. The ambiguous use of the word *duke* in these passages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *that she would*—] The old copy reads—*be* would. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *in the forest of Arden,*] *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenser in his *Colin Clout's come home* again, 1595:

“ Into a forest wide and waste he came,

“ Where store he heard to be of savage prey;

“ So wide a forest, and so waste as this,

“ Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul *Arlo* is.”

But our author was furnished with the scene of his play by Lodge's *Novel*. MALONE.

out some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship! [Exit.]

*Oli.* Farewel good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall  
clear

clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy  
thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress  
of; and would you yet I were merrier<sup>s</sup>? Unless you could  
teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn  
me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full  
weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banish'd fa-  
ther, had banish'd thy uncle, the duke my father, so  
thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my  
love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the  
truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as  
mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to  
rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know, my father hath no child but I, nor  
none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou  
shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy  
father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by  
mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me  
turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose,  
be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let  
me see; What think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but  
love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport  
neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in  
honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune,

<sup>s</sup> — I were merrier ?] I, which was inadvertently omitted in the old  
copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

from her wheel <sup>6</sup>, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cel.* No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent <sup>7</sup> this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

<sup>6</sup> — *mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife*. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of this idea. He has the same in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— and rail so high,

“ *That the false housewife, Fortune, break her wheel.*” STEEV.

<sup>7</sup> — and *hath sent*—] *And* is not in the old copy. This slight emendation is the present editor's. MALONE.

*Ros.*

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves<sup>s</sup>.

*Ros.* My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation<sup>9</sup>, one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

<sup>8</sup> One that old Frederick, your father, loves.] Frederick is here clearly a mistake, as appears by the answer of Rosalind, to whom Touchstone addresses himself, though the question was put to him by Celia. I suppose some abbreviation was used in the Ms. for the name of the rightful, or old duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Per.* for *Ferdinand*,] which the transcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the persons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald solves the difficulty by giving the next speech to Celia, instead of Rosalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—besides, why should her father be called *old Frederick*? It appears from the last scene of this play that this was the name of the younger brother. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — for taxation,] For censure, or satire. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: “Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,” Again, in the play before us:

“—my *taxing* like a wildgoose flies—”. MALONE.

*Cel.*



*Cel.* By my troth, thou say'st true : for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced<sup>1</sup>, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Cel.* All the better ; we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau ; what's the news ?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport ? of what colour ?

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam ? How shall I answer you ?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel<sup>2</sup>.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies<sup>3</sup> : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

<sup>1</sup> — *since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,*] Shakspeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *laid on with a trowel.*] I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a slight subject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expression, which is generally used to signify a *glaring falsehood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *You amaze me, ladies :*] To amaze, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex ; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

*Le Beau.*

*Le Beau.* Three proper<sup>4</sup> young men, of excellent growth and presence:—

*Ros.* With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*<sup>5</sup>,—

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why this, that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides<sup>6</sup>? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.*

4 — proper] That is, handsome. See p. 34. MALONE.

5 *With bills on their necks;—Be it known unto all men by these presents,—*] Dr. Warburton thinks, that there is an equivoque intended between a legal instrument, and the weapon called a bill. The former undoubtedly was in our author's thoughts. In his time a *bill* was a common term for a single bond in English, of which the first words are, *Know all men by these presents*. The passage cited from Lodge's *Rosalynde* adds some support to the supposition that he had the other sense of the word also in view. To carry on the *neck*, (not on the *shoulder*,) was the phraseology of his time. So, (as Dr. Farmer has observed,) in the novel which furnished Shakspeare with the plot of this comedy: "Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena, (the assumed names, as in the play,) cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing toward them, with his *forest-bill on his necke*." Again in *Gorboducke*, 1569: "Enter one, bearing a bundle of fagots on his *neck*." Dr. Johnson is of opinion (in which I do not agree with him) that the *whole* conceit is in the resemblance of *presence* and *presents*. Dr. F. thinks that "*With bills on their necks*," should be the conclusion of Le Beau's speech. MALONE.

6 — to see *this broken musick in his sides*?] See is the colloquial term  
VOL. III. K for

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men<sup>7</sup>: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you<sup>8</sup>.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

for perception or experiment. So we say every day, *see* if the water be hot; I will *see* which is the best time; she has tried, and *sees* that she cannot lift it. In this sense *see* may be here used. Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs, broken musick.* JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which consisting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually lessening, bore some resemblance to the ribs of a man. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> — odds in the men:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the man. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — the princesses call for you.] The old copy reads—the *princesses* calls. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

*Ros.*

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?<sup>9</sup>

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment<sup>1</sup>, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty<sup>2</sup>, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

<sup>9</sup> — have you challenged Charles the wrestler? ] This wrestling match is minutely described in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, ] If you were not blinded and intoxicated, says the princess, with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess myself much guilty, &c. ] The meaning I think is, "punish me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur, for denying such fair ladies any request." The expression is licentious, but our author's plays furnish many such.

MALONE.

*Cel.* And mine to eke out hers.

*Rof.* Fare you well: Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, fir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

*Rof.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invifible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg! [*CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.*]

*Rof.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*CHARLES is thrown. Shout.*]

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of fir Rowland de Boys.

*Duke F.* I would, thou hadst been son to some man else. The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy: Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth; I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.*]

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be fir Rowland's son,

His



His youngest son<sup>3</sup>;—and would not change that calling,  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind:  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:  
If you do keep your promises in love,  
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman, [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]  
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune<sup>4</sup>;  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.  
Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,  
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block<sup>5</sup>.

*Ros.*

<sup>3</sup> *His youngest son*;—] The words “than to be descended from any other house, however high,” must be understood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is just gone out, and had said,

Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —*out of suits with fortune*,] I believe means, turned out of her service, and stripp'd of her livery. STEEVENS.

So afterwards Celia says, “—but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block*.] A quintaine was a post or butt set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful. I am, says Orlando, only a quintaine, a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and me not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been less exceptionable,

*Ref.* He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll

tionable, had it been more simple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is seldom guilty, want of refinement. "This," says Mr. Guthrie, "is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a stake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the shield and trophies were all thrown down, the *quintaine* remained. Without this information, how could the reader understand the allusion of—"my better parts

"Are all thrown down."

In the present edition I have avoided as much as possible all kind of controversy; but in those cases where errors by having been long adopted are become inveterate, it becomes in some measure necessary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common but a very dangerous mistake, to suppose, that the interpretation which gives most spirit to a passage is the true one. In consequence of this notion two passages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that, I believe, was not in his thoughts. If the most spirited interpretation that can be imagined, happens to be inconsistent with his general manner, and the phraseology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a custom which did not exist in his age, most assuredly it is a false interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the passage before us.

The military exercise of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Mathew Paris, that it subsisted in England in the thirteenth century. "*Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venustantur; terræ infixis sudibus scuta apponuntur, quibus in crastinum quintanæ ludus, scilicet equestris, exerceretur.*" M. Paris, ad ann. 1253. These probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Mathew Paris made no part of Shakspeare's library; nor is it at all material to our present point what were the customs of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time without any doubt the *Quintaine* was not a military exercise of tilting, but a mere rustick sport. So Minshew, in his *DICT.* 1617: "*A quintaine or quintelle, a game in request at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dick, Hob and Will strive for the gay garland.*" So also Randolph at somewhat a later period [*Poems*, 1642.]:

"Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] balloone;

"As they at *tilts*, so we at *quintaine* runne;

"And those old pastimes relish best with me,

"That have least art, and most simplicitie."

But

I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, fir?—  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you :—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet the urg'd conference.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;  
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good fir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love;

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his *SURVEY OF LONDON*, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a quintaine, as represented in the margin.

"I have seen (says he) a *Quinten* set up on Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports have runne, and made greate pastime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten was of all men laughed to scorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his necke with a bagge full of sand hanged on the other end." Here, we see, were no shields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great design of the sport," says Dr. Plott in his *HIST. of OXFORDSHIRE*, "is to try both man and horse, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*."—Shakspeare's similes seldom correspond on both sides. "My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful spirit being subdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (says Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintaine is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeless block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If however the words, "better parts," are to be applied to the quintaine, as well as to the speaker, the *board* above-mentioned, and not any *shield* or *trophy*, must have been alluded to.

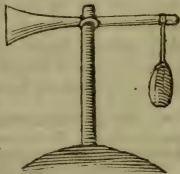
Our author has in *Macbeth* used "my better part of man" for *manly spirit*:

"Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,

"For it has cow'd my better part of man." MALONE.

K 4

Yet



Yet such is now the duke's condition<sup>6</sup>,  
That he misconstrues all that you have done :  
The duke is humourous ; what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of<sup>7</sup>.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this ;  
Which of the two was daughter of the duke  
That here was at the wrestling ?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;

But yet, indeed, the smaller<sup>8</sup> is his daughter :  
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
But I can tell you, that of late this duke  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;  
Grounded upon no other argument,  
But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
And pity her for her good father's sake ;  
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;  
Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

<sup>6</sup> — *the duke's condition,*] The word *condition* means character, temper, disposition. So Anthonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *best-condition'd man*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *than me to speak of.*] The old copy has—*than I*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *the smaller—*] The old copy reads—the *taller*. STEEVENS.

For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. Some change is absolutely necessary, for Rosalind, in a subsequent scene, expressly says that *she* is “ more than common *tall*,” and assigns that as a reason for her assuming the dress of a man, while her cousin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. sc. iii. Celia is described by these words—“ the woman *low*, and browner than her brother ;” i. e. Rosalind. Mr. Pope reads—“ the *shorter* is his daughter ;” which has been admitted in all the subsequent editions : but surely *shorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The present emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading.

MALONE.

*Orl.*

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[Exit LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—

But heavenly Rosalind! [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ref. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my child's father<sup>9</sup>: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ref. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ref. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible on such a

<sup>9</sup> — for my child's father:] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

sudden



sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase<sup>1</sup>, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well<sup>2</sup>?

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our publick court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;

<sup>1</sup> *By this kind of chase,*] That is, by this way of following the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakspeare in a double sense, for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *bated*, *baleful*. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *baleful* is *dear*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?*] Celia answers Rosalind, (who had desired her “*not to bate Orlando, for her sake,*”) as if she had said—“*love him, for my sake:*” to which the former replies, “*Why should I not [i. e. love him]?*” So, in the following passage, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ ——— Which of the peers

“ Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least

“ Sharply neglected?”

*uncontain'd* must be understood as if the author had written—*not contain'd*; otherwise the subsequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the speaker intends. MALONE.

If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,  
 (As I do trust, I am not,) then, dear uncle,  
 Never, so much as in a thought unborn,  
 Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors ;  
 If their purgation did consist in words,  
 They are as innocent as grace itself :—  
 Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor :  
 Tell me, whereon the likelihoods depend.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I, when your highness took his dukedom ;  
 So was I, when your highness banish'd him :  
 Treason is not inherited, my lord ;  
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
 What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :  
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,  
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,  
 Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay,  
 It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;  
 I was too young that time to value her,  
 But now I know her : if she be a traitor,  
 Why so am I ; we still have slept together,  
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;  
 And wherefoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
 Still we went coupled, and inseperable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,  
 Her very silence, and her patience,  
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
 Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;  
 And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vir-  
 tuous<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>3</sup> *And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,]* When  
 she was seen alone, she would be more noted. JOHNSON.

When

When she is gone : then open not thy lips ;  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have past upon her ; she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool :—You, niece, provide yourself,  
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. and Lords.*]

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?  
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin ;  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke  
Hath banish'd me his daughter ?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one<sup>4</sup> :  
Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?  
No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us :  
And do not seek to take your change upon you<sup>5</sup>,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go ?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far ?  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

4 ——— *Rosalind lacks then the love*

*Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :*] The sense of the established text [which Dr. Warburton changed to—teacheth me—] is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right ?* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *to take your change upon you,*] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverse* of fortune upon yourself, without any aid or participation. MALONE.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face<sup>6</sup>;  
The like do you; so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-ax<sup>7</sup> upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outsize<sup>8</sup>;  
As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;  
And therefore look you call me Ganimed.  
But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state;  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together;  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight: Now go we in content\*;  
To liberty, and not to banishment.

<sup>6</sup> *And with a kind of umber smirch my face;*] *Umbre* is a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on "the umber'd fires," in *K. Henry V.* Act III. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *curtle-axe,*] or *cutlace*, a broad sword. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *a swashing and a martial outsize;*] A *swashing* outsize is an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. *Swashing blow* is used in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

\* *Now go we in content;*] The old copy reads—*Now go in we content.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the transposition is necessary. Our author might have used *content* as an adjective. MALONE.

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The forest of Arden.**Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the envious court?  
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam's,  
 The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,  
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;  
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—  
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:  
 And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,

<sup>1</sup> *Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,]* The old copy reads—not the penalty. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. "*But and not* (he observes,) are often confounded in the old editions. The being sensible of the seasons' difference, (he adds) was the penalty alluded to, which the Duke acknowledges, "*feelingly persuades him what he is.*"

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, so, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. iii. *but* is printed instead of *not*:

"*Cor. Ay, but mine own desire.*

"*I. Cit. How! not your own desire?*" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*

*Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:]* It was the current opinion in Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull. JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Forest, or a Natural History*, &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despoited and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedly. It is available against envenoming." Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Nat. History*, ascribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right side of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. STEEVENS.

Finds



Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it<sup>3</sup>: Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools\*,  
Being native burghers of this desert city<sup>4</sup>,  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads<sup>5</sup>  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1. *Lord.* Indèed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak<sup>6</sup>, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,

<sup>3</sup> *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives these words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin: *Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

\* — *the poor dappled fools,*] See Vol. II. p. 233, n.\*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *native burghers of this desert city,*] In *Sidney's Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burghers* of the forest." STEEVENS.

A kindred expression is found in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590:

"About her wond'ring stood

"The citizens o' the wood."

Our author afterwards uses this very phrase:

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *with forked heads*] i. e. with arrows, the points of which were barbed. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *as he lay along*

*Under an oak, &c.*

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

"That wreathes its old fantastick roots so high,

"His lifeless length at noon-tide would he stretch,

"And pore upon the brook that babbles by." *Gray's Elegy.*

STEEVENS.

That

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears<sup>7</sup>  
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
 First, for his weeping in the needful stream<sup>8</sup>;  
*Poor deer*, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*  
*As worldings do, giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which had too much*<sup>9</sup>: Then, being there alone,  
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends<sup>1</sup>;  
 'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*  
*The flux of company*: Anon, a careless herd,  
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
 And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,  
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;*  
 'Tis just the fashion: *Wherefore do you look*  
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*

7 — *the big round tears &c.*] It is said in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

8 — *in the needful stream*;] The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compositor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

9 *To that which had too much*:] Old Copy—*too much*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Shakspeare has almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— in a river ———

" Upon whose weeping margin she was set,

" Like usury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. A & V. sc. iv:

" With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

" And give more strength to *that which bath too much*. STEEV.

1 — *of his velvet friends*;] The old copy has *friend*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Thus

Thus most inveſtively he pierceth through  
The body of country<sup>2</sup>, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we  
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*2. Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the ſobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place;  
I love to cope him<sup>3</sup> in theſe ſullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*1. Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?  
It cannot be: ſome villains of my court  
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

*1. Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,  
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

*2. Lord.* My lord, the royniſh clown<sup>4</sup>, at whom ſo oft  
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.  
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,  
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard

<sup>2</sup> *The body of country—*] *Country* is here uſed as a triſyllable. So  
again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country*?”

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraſeology and metre, reads—The body of the country, &c. which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *to cope him*] To encounter him; to engage with him. JOHNS.

<sup>4</sup> — *the royniſh clown,*] *Royniſh* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, ſcurvy. We are not to ſuppoſe the word is literally employed by Shakſpeare, but in the ſame ſenſe that the French ſtill uſe *carogne*, a term of which *Mo-*  
*liere* is not very ſparing in ſome of his pieces. STEEVENS.

Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler<sup>5</sup>  
That did but lately foil the finewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;  
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,  
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;  
And let not search and inquisition quail<sup>6</sup>  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E III.

*Before Oliver's House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What! my young master?—O, my gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory<sup>7</sup>  
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?  
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bony prifer<sup>8</sup> of the humorous duke?

Your

<sup>5</sup> — of the wrestler] *Wrestler* is here used as a trisyllable. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — quail] To *quail* is to *faint*, to sink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— which my false spirits

“ *Quail* to remember.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> O you memory—] *Memory* for *memorial*. STEEVENS.

So (as Mr. Steevens has shewn) the word was frequently used by our author's contemporaries. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The bony prifer—] In the former editions, *The bonny prifer*. We should read—*bony prifer*. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour. WARBURTON.

So Milton: “*Giants of mighty bone*.” JOHNSON.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

“ This is a man all for the nones,

“ For he is a man of *great bones*.”

*Bonny*, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI. P. II. Act V*: “*Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well*.” STEEVENS.

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men<sup>9</sup>  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
 No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
 Come not within these doors; within this roof  
 The enemy of all your graces lives:  
 Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—  
 Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—  
 Of him I was about to call his father,)  
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means  
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
 And you within it: if he fail of that,  
 He will have other means to cut you off:  
 I overheard him, and his practices.  
 This is no place<sup>1</sup>, this house is but a butchery;  
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What, would'st thou have me go and beg my food?  
 Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce  
 A thievish living on the common road?  
 This I must do, or know not what to do:

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you like it* is taken. It is likewise much used by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE.

9 — to some kind of men] Old Copy—*seeme* kind. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> This is no place,] Place here signifies a seat, a mansion, a residence. So, in the first Book of *Samuel*: "Saul set him up a place, and is gone down to Gilgal." We still use the word in compound with another, as —St. James's place, Rathbone place; and Crosby place in *K. Richard III.* &c. STEEVENS.

Our author uses this word again in the same sense in his *Lover's Complaint*: "Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place."

*Plas*, in the Welch language, signifies a mansion-house. MALONE.



Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;  
 I rather will subject me to the malice  
 Of a diverted blood<sup>2</sup>, and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,  
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
 Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,  
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
 And unregarded age in corners thrown ;  
 Take that : and He that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
 Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;  
 All this I give you : Let me be your servant ;  
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility ;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;  
 I'll do the service of a younger man  
 In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man ; how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world,  
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed !  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;  
 And having that, do choke their service up  
 Even with the having<sup>4</sup> : it is not so with thee.  
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

<sup>2</sup> — *diverted blood,*] *Blood* turned out of the course of nature.

JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint* :

“ Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied

“ To the orb'd earth—.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *rebellious liquors in my blood ;*] That is, liquors which inflame the blood or sensual passions, and incite them to rebel against Reason.

<sup>4</sup> So, in *Orbello* :

“ For there's a young and sweating devil here,

“ That commonly *rebels*.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Even with the having :] Even with the promotion gained by service is service extinguished. JOHNSON.

That

That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;  
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together;  
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam*, Master, go on; and I will follow thee,  
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—  
 From seventeen years<sup>5</sup> till now almost fourscore  
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week:  
 Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,  
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt*,

## SCENE IV,

*The Forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's cloaths, CELIA drest like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits<sup>6</sup>!

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than

<sup>5</sup> *From seventeen years—*] The old copy reads—*seventy*. The correction, which is fully supported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!*] She invokes Jupiter, because he was supposed to be always in good spirits. So afterwards: "O most gentle Jupiter!"—A *Jovial* man was a common phrase in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called *ARISTIPPUS, or the Jovial Philosopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *The Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*. The old copy reads—*how merry*. The emendation, which the context and the clown's reply render certain, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

bear you<sup>7</sup>: yet I should bear no cross<sup>8</sup>, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy love were ever like to mine,  
(As sure I think did never man love so,)  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly<sup>9</sup>  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd:  
Or if thou hast not fat as I do now,

7 — *I had rather bear with you than bear you.*] This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard III.*:

“ You mean to bear me, not to bear with me.” STEEVENS.

8 — *yet I should bear no cross,*] A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. STEEVENS.

9 *If thou remember'st not the slightest folly*] I am inclined to believe that from this passage Suckling took the hint of his song:

“ Honest lover, whosoever,

“ If in all thy love there ever

“ Were one wav'ring thought, if thy flame

“ Were not still even, still the same,

“ Know this,

“ Thou lov'st amiss,

“ And to love true,

“ Thou must begin again, and love anew. &c. JOHNSON.

Wearying

Wearying thy hearer<sup>1</sup> in thy mistress' praise,  
 Thou hast not lov'd:  
 Or if thou hast not broke from company,  
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
 Thou hast not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound<sup>2</sup>,  
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love,  
 I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for  
 coming o'night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kiss-  
 ing of her batlet<sup>3</sup>, and the cow's dugs that her pretty  
 chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing  
 of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two<sup>4</sup> cods,  
 and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears<sup>5</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Wearying thy hearer—] The old copy has—*wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — of thy wound—] The old copy has—*they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the second folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — batlet,—] The instrument with which washers beat their coarse cloaths. JOHNSON.

Old Copy—*batler*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — two cods,] For *cods* it would be more like sense to read *peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a schedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of *Rymer's Fædera*, we find,  
 "Item, two *peascoddes* of gold, with 17 pearles." FARMER.

*Peascods* was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher: "Shalt feed on delicates, the first *peascods*, strawberries." STEEVENS.

In the following passage, however, Touchstone's present certainly signifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and so, I believe, the word is used here. "He [Richard II.] also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster." Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. Here we see the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakspeare used the former word rather than *pods*, which appears to have had the same meaning, is obvious. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — weeping tears,] A ridiculous expression from a sonnet in Lodge's *Rosalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewise occurs in the old anonymous play of the *Victories of K. Henry V.* STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs also in Lodge's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, on which *the Winter's Tale* is founded. MALONE.

*Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly<sup>6</sup>.

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yon man, If he for gold will give us any food; I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla; you, clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say:—Good even to you, friend<sup>7</sup>.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold, Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed: Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd, And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her, And wish for her sake, more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her: But I am shepherd to another man, And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze; My master is of churlish disposition, And little recks to find the way to heaven

<sup>6</sup> — *so is all nature in love mortal in folly.*] This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense I believe Shakspeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *so is all nature in love abounding in folly.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *to you, friend.*] The old copy reads—to *your* friend. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



By doing deeds of hospitality :

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be<sup>s</sup>.

*Ros.* What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

*Cor.* That young swain, that you saw here but erewhile,  
That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages : I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :

Go with me ; if you like, upon report,

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,

And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*The same.*

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and Others.*

## S O N G.

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me,

And tune<sup>9</sup> his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither ;

Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

<sup>s</sup> *And in my voice most welcome shall you be.] In my voice, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *And tune—]* The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ And to the nightingale's complaining note

“ Tune my distresses, and record my woes.” MALONE.

*Jaq.*

*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs : More, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged<sup>1</sup>; I know, I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing : Come, more ; another stanza ; Call you them stanzas ?

*Ami.* What you will, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing : Will you sing ?

*Ami.* More at your request, than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you : but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes ; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while ; the duke will drink under this tree :—he hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable<sup>2</sup> for my company : I think of as many matters as he ; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

### S O N G.

*Who doth ambition shun,* [All together here.]  
*And loves to live i' the sun<sup>3</sup>,*  
*Seeking the food he eats,*  
*And pleas'd with what he gets,*

<sup>1</sup> — *my voice is ragged* ;] i. e. broken, and unequal. Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—*rugged*. Our author's term is yet used, if I mistake not, among singers. In *Cymbeline* he speaks of the *snatches* of the voice. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *disputable*—] for *disputatious*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *to live i' the sun,*] *To live i' the sun*, is to labour and "sweat in the eye of Phæbus," or, *vitam agere sub dio*. TOLLET.

*Come*

*Come hither, come hither, come hither ;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes :

*If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me ;  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he <sup>a</sup>,  
An if he will come to me.*

*Ami.*

*4 If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me ;  
Here shall he see*

*Gross fools as he, &c.]* See HOR. Serm. L. II. sat. iii.

*Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis*

*Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore ;*

*Quisquis luxuria tristive superstitione,*

*Aut alio mentis morbo calet : Huc proprius me,*

*Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.* MALONE.

For *Ducdame* Sir T. Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, That is, *bring him to me.* JOHNSON.

If *Duc ad me* were right, *Amiens* would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with "a Greek invocation." It is evidently a word coined for the nonce. We have here, as Butler says, "One for sense, and one for rhyme."—Indeed we must have a double rhyme ; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus :

" *Ducdamè, Ducdamè, Ducdamè,*

" Here shall he see

" Gross fools as he,

" An' if he will come to *Ami.*"

i. e. to *Amiens*. *Jaques* did not mean to ridicule himself. FARMER.

*Duc*

*Ami.* What's that *duc ad me*?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt<sup>5</sup>.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE VI.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou dost before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.

*Duc ad me* seems to be a plain allusion to the burthen of Amiens's song: *Come hither, come hither, come hither*. That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder.

An anonymous correspondent proposes to read—*Huc ad me*.

In confirmation of the old reading, [*Ducdame*] Dr. Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-roost was robbed, a facetious old Yquire who was present, immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

"*Dame*, what makes your ducks to die?

"*duck, duck, duck*.—

"*Dame*, what makes your chicks to cry?

"*chuck, chuck, chuck*."— STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the first born of Egypt*.] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. JOHNSON.

Yet

Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

*Another part of the forest.*

*A table set out. Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, Lords, and Others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;  
For I can no where find him like a man.

1. Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars<sup>6</sup>, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—  
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

*Enter JAQUES.*

1. Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,  
That your friends must woo your company?  
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool;—a miserable world<sup>7</sup>!—  
As I do live by food, I met a fool;  
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.  
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,  
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune<sup>8</sup>:  
And then he drew a dial from his poke;  
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

<sup>6</sup> — compact of jars,] i. e. made up of discords. Shakspeare elsewhere says, compact of credit, for made up of credulity. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> A motley fool;—a miserable world!] A miserable world is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — till heaven hath sent me fortune:] Alluding to the common saying, that fools are Fortune's favourites. MALONE.

Says,



Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*  
*Thus we may see,* quoth he, *how the world wags :*  
*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;*  
*And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;*  
*And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe ;*  
*And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot ;*  
*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear  
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;  
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,  
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !  
 A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear<sup>9</sup>.

Duke S. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier ;  
 And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,  
 They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,—  
 Which is as dry as the remainder-bisket  
 After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd  
 With observation, the which he vents  
 In mangled forms :—O, that I were a fool !  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments  
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind<sup>2</sup>,  
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :  
 And they that are most gauged with my folly,  
 They most must laugh : And why, sir, must they so ?  
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church :

<sup>9</sup> Motley's 'the only wear.] A motley, or a particoloured coat was anciently the dress of a fool. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — only suit ;] Suit means petition, I believe, not dress. JOHNSON.  
 The poet meant a quibble. So Act V : " Not out of your apparel,  
 but out of your suit. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — as large a charter as the wind,] So, in *K. Henry V* :

" The wind, that charter'd libertine, is still." MALONE.

He,

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 Not to seem senseless<sup>3</sup> of the bob: if not<sup>4</sup>,  
 The wife man's folly is anatomiz'd  
 Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.  
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
 As sensual as the brutish sting<sup>5</sup> itself;  
 And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,  
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
 Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
 That can therein tax any private party?  
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
 Till that the very very<sup>6</sup> means do ebb?  
 What woman in the city do I name,  
 When that I say, The city-woman bears  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
 Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
 Or what is he of basest function,

<sup>3</sup> Not to seem senseless—] The words *Not to*, which are wanting in the old copy to complete both the metre and sense, were added by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — if not, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly anatomised, that is dissected and laid open by the squandering glances or random shots of a fool. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> As sensual as the brutish sting—] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8: "A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth sting."

Again: "As if that hunger's point, or Venus sting,

"Had them enrag'd." b. ii. c. 12.

Again, in *Orbello*: "—our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Till that the very very—] The old copy reads—*weary* very. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

That

That says, his bravery is not on my cost,  
 (Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
 There then\*; How then? What then? Let me see wherein  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
 Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;  
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point  
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
 Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,  
 And know some nurture<sup>7</sup>: But forbear, I say;  
 He dies, that touches any of this fruit,  
 Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answer'd with reason, I  
 must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall  
 force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;  
 I thought, that all things had been savage here;  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,  
 That in this desert inaccessible,  
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

\* There then;—] I believe we should read—*Where* then? So, in  
*Otello*; “What then? How then? *Where*’s satisfaction?” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —some nurture:] Nurture is education. STEEVENS.

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;  
 If ever you have look'd on better days ;  
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;  
 If ever sat at any good man's feast ;  
 If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :  
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it, that we have seen better days ;  
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;  
 And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes  
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :  
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
 And take upon command<sup>s</sup> what help we have  
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
 And give it food<sup>o</sup>. There is an old poor man,  
 Who after me hath many a weary step  
 Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,—  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—  
 I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye ; and be blest'd for your good com-  
 fort !

[*Exit.*]

*Duke S.* Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :  
 This wide and universal theatre  
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in<sup>1</sup>.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players :  
 They have their exits, and their entrances ;

<sup>2</sup> — upon command] is at your own command. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
 And give it food.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,

“ Hastening to feed her fawn.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Wherein we play in.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more cor-  
 rectly reads—*wherein we play*. STEEVENS.

And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages<sup>2</sup>. At first, the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
 Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;  
 Sighing like furnace<sup>3</sup>, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard<sup>4</sup>,

Jealous

<sup>2</sup> *His acts being seven ages.*] Dr. Warburton boldly asserts that this was "no unusual division of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*) is indeed in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramatick piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into several acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into seven periods. In *the Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the life-time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing the space of four yeares.—The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adolescencie* or *Youthbood*; and it lasteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manbood*.—The FIFT AGE, named *Mature Manbood*, hath (according to the said authour) fiftene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-six, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXTH AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEVENTH and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepitate Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Sighing like furnace.*—] So, in *Cymbeline*: "—he furnaceth the thick sighs from him"—MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *Then a soldier;*

*Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,*] *Beards of different cut*



Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth; And then, the justice;  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances<sup>5</sup>,  
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons<sup>6</sup>;  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

*cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop different from both, &c. See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act III. sc. vi. "And what a beard of the general's cut, &c." See also Vol. I. p. 213, n. \*. MALONE.

So, in *Cintbia's Revels*, by B. Jonson: "— Your *soldier's* face—the grace of this face consisteth much in a *beard*." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Full of wise saws and modern instances,] The meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of old sayings and late examples. JOHNSON. *Modern* means trite, common. So, in *K. John*:

"And scorns a *modern* invocation."

So, in this play, Act IV. sc. i: "—— betray themselves to *modern* censure." STEEVENS.

Again, in another of our author's plays: "— to make *modern* and familiar things supernatural and causeless." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;] *Il Pantalón*, in the Italian comedy, is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in this epithet, because *Pantalón* is the only character that acts in slippers.

WARBURTON.

In the *Travels of the Three English Brothers*, a comedy, printed in 1607, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a lord's house, in which, among other characters, he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, an old *Pantaleone*." But this is seven years later than the date of the play before us, nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumstance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "Pantalón is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in slippers."—In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, if I remember right, one of the characters is called "an old Pantaloons," but there is no further description of him. MALONE.

And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome : Set down your venerable burden<sup>7</sup>,  
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need,

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you  
As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—  
Give us some musick ; and, good cousin, sing.

### S O N G.

*Ami.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind<sup>8</sup>  
As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen<sup>9</sup>,  
Although thy breath be rude.

7 — *Set down your venerable burden,*] Is is not likely that Shak-  
speare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*?

—— *Patremque*

*Fert humeris, venerabile onus Cythereius beres.* JOHNSON.

8 *Thou art not so unkind &c.*] That is, thy action is not so contrary  
to thy kind, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our  
author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,

“ She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.” MALONE.

9 *Thy tooth is not so keen,*

*Because thou art not seen,*] *Thou winter wind,* says Amiens, *thy*  
*rudeness gives the less pain, as thou art not seen, as thou art an enemy that*  
*dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not*  
*aggravated by insult.* JOHNSON.

*Because thou art not seen,*] So, in the Sonnet introduced in *Love's*  
*Labour's Lost* :

“ Through the velvet leaves the wind

“ All unseen 'gan passage find.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ To be imprison'd in the viewless winds.” MALONE.

*Heigh*

*Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.*

## II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp<sup>1</sup>,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not<sup>2</sup>.  
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.*

<sup>1</sup> *Though thou the waters warp,*] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are frozen, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakspeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or medicinal. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say, it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakspeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act I:

"My favour here begins to *warp*."

Dr. Farmer supposes *warp'd* to mean the same as *curdled*, and adds that a similar idea occurs in *Timon of Athens*:

"— the icicle

"That's *curdled* by the frost, &c. STEEVENS.

Wood is said to *warp* when its surface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven; from *warpan*, Sax. to cast. So, in this play, Act III. sc. iii: "— then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp*, *warp*." I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of frost. The meaning may be only, *Thou bitter wintry sky, though thou curlest the waters, thy sting &c. Thou* in the line before us refers only to "*bitter sky*." The influence of the winter's sky or season may, with sufficient propriety, be said to *warp* the surface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *As friend remember'd not.*] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So afterwards, Act III. sc. last: "And now I am *remember'd*,"—i. e. And now that I *betink me* &c. MALONE.

*Duke S.* If that you were the good fir Rowland's son,—  
 As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were ;  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
 Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—  
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke,  
 That lov'd your father : The residue of your fortune,  
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome, as thy master is<sup>3</sup> :—  
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be :  
 But were I not the better part made mercy,  
 I should not seek an absent argument<sup>4</sup>  
 Of my revenge, thou present : But look to it ;  
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;  
 Seek him with candle : bring him dead or living,  
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
 To seek a living in our territory.  
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,  
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;  
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,  
 Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O, that your highness knew my heart in this :  
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou.—Well, push him out of  
 doors ;  
 And let my officers of such a nature

<sup>3</sup> — *as thy master is :*] The old copy has—*masters*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *an absent argument*] An *argument* is used for the contents of a book ; thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense. JOHNSON.

Make an extent upon his house and lands<sup>5</sup>:  
Do this expediently<sup>6</sup>, and turn him going. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*The Forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO with a Paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night<sup>7</sup>, survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;  
That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she<sup>8</sup>. [Exit.

*Enter CORIN, and TOUCHSTONE.*

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very

<sup>5</sup> *And let my officers of such a nature*

*Make an extent upon his house and lands:*] To make an extent of lands, is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *expediently,*] That is, *expeditiously*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines:

“*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,*

“*Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.*” JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *unexpressive*—] for *inexpressible*. JOHNSON.

Milton also, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uses *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*:

“*Harping with loud and solemn quire,*

“*With unexpressive notes to heaven's new-born heir.*” MALONE.



well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends :— That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun : That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding<sup>9</sup>, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher<sup>1</sup>. Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope,—

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd ; like an ill-roasted egg<sup>2</sup>, all on one side.

*Cor.*

9 — *he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,*] I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in Shakspeare's time did not authorise this mode of speech, and make *complain of good breeding* the same with *complain of the want of good breeding*. In the last line of the *Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the not keeping*. JOHNSON.

I think, he means rather,—may complain of a good education, for being so inefficient, of so little use to him. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *is a natural philosopher.*] A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a self-taught philosopher ; the disciple of nature. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *like an ill-roasted egg,*] There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd, all on one side* ; but will not sufficiently shew how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety ; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. STEEV.

I believe there was nothing intended in the corresponding part of the simile, to answer to the words, “ all on one side.” Shakspeare's similes (as has been already observed) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchstone, I apprehend, only means to say, that Corin is completely damned ; as irretrievably

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: A more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee<sup>3</sup>! thou art raw<sup>4</sup>.

irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. So, in a subsequent scene, "—and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse." Here the poet certainly meant that the speaker and his companion should sing in unison, and thus resemble each other as perfectly as two gypsies on a horse;—not that two gypsies on a horse sing *both in a tune*. MALONE.

3 — make incision in thee! Alluding to the common expression, of cutting such a one for the simples. STEEVENS.

4 — thou art raw.] i. e. thou art ignorant, unexperienced. So, in *Hamlet*: "—and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick fail."

MALONE.

*Cor.*

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer ; I earn that I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm : and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you ; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle : to be bawd to a bell-wether<sup>5</sup> ; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young master Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, with a paper.*

*Ros.* *From the east to western Inde,* [reads.  
*No jewel is like Rosalind.*  
*Her worth, being mounted on the wind,*  
*Through all the world bears Rosalind.*  
*All the pictures, fairest limn'd,*  
*Are but black to Rosalind.*  
*Let no face be kept in mind,*  
*But the fair of Rosalind<sup>6</sup>.*

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so, eight years together ; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right butter-women's rate to market<sup>7</sup>.

*Ros.*

<sup>5</sup> — *bawd to a bell-wether ;*] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *But the fair of Rosalind.*] *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. i. and the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. i. The modern editors read—the *face* of Rosalind. Lodge's *Novel* will likewise support the ancient reading :

“ Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone

“ The absence of fair Rosalynde,

“ Since for her *faire* there is fairer none, &c.”

Again : “ And hers the *faire* which all men do respect.” STEEVENS.

*Face* was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *it is the right butter-women's rate to market.*] The old copy reads

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste :—

*If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So, be sure, will Rosalind.  
Winter-garments must be lin'd,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sowrest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i'the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

reads—rank to market. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. A passage in *All's Well that ends Well*,—"tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils,"—once induced me to think that the volubility of the butter-woman, selling her wares at market, was alone in our author's contemplation; and that he wrote—rate at market. But I am now persuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The bobbling metre of these verses, (says Touchstone) is like the ambling, shuffling pace of a butter-woman's horse going to market. The same kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

"Nothing so much, as mincing poetry;

"Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag." MALONE.

The clown is here speaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a specimen of, to prove his assertion, he affirms to be "the very false gallop of verses." HENLEY.

*Enter*

Enter CELIA, with a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this desert silent be?*<sup>3</sup>

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show<sup>4</sup>.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence's end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read, to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show<sup>5</sup>.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd<sup>6</sup>

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd

<sup>3</sup> *Why should this desert silent be?*] The word *silent* is not in the old copy. Mr. Pope attempted to correct the passage by reading—*Why should this a desert be?* The present judicious emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who justly observes that “*the hanging of tongues on every tree would not make it less a desert.*” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *That shall civil sayings show.*] *Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say *civil wisdom* or *civil life*, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state of nature. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *in little show.*] The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was—“*painted in little.*” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Therefore heaven nature charg'd*] From the picture of Appelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora.

Πανδώραν, ὅτι πάντες ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσιν  
Δῶρον ἑκάστησαν.—

So, before:

“ ——— But you, O you,

“ So perfect, and so peerless, are created

“ Of ev'ry creature's best.” Tempest.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd. JOHNSON.



*Helen's cheek, but not her heart* <sup>3</sup>;

*Cleopatra's majesty*;

*Atalanta's better part* <sup>4</sup>;

*Sad* <sup>5</sup> *Lucretia's modesty.*

*Thus*

3 — her heart;] Old Copy—*his* heart. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

4 *Atalanta's better part*;] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the *better part* seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her *better part*. Shakspeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. Thus OVID:

" ——— nec dicere posses,

" *Laude pedum, formæque bono præstantior esset.*

" *Ut faciem, et posito corpus velamine vidit,*

" *Obstupuit* ———"

But cannot *Atalanta's better part* mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which nature had graced Rosalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdness, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modesty, that scorned to survive the loss of honour? Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. xxxv. c. 3. mentions the portraits of *Atalanta* and *Helen*, *utraqæ excellentissima forma, sed altera ut virgo*. That is, "both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one of them [*Atalanta*] to be a *maiden*, for her modest and chaste countenance," as Dr. P. Holland translated the passage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for surely he had judgment in painting. TOLLET.

I suppose *Atalanta's better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *swiftness of her mind*. FARMER.

The following passage in Marston's *Insatiate Countesse*, 1613, might lead one to suppose that *Atalanta's better part* was her *lips*;

" ——— That eye was Juno's;

" Those *lips* were her's that won the golden ball;

" That virgin blush Diana's."

Be this as it may, these lines show that *Atalanta* was considered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may serve to support Mr. Tollet's first interpretation.

It is observable that the story of *Atalanta* in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*

*Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devis'd;  
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
To have the touches<sup>6</sup> dearest priz'd.  
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

*Metamorphoses* is interwoven with that of *Venus* and *Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines most material to the present point run thus in Golding's Translation, 1567:

"She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell  
"Thee, whether she did in footemanshippe or *beautie* more excell."  
"—he did condemne the young men's love. But when  
"He saw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then  
"Did strip her to her naked skin,) the which was like to mine,  
"Or rather, if that thou wast made a woman, like to thine,  
"He was amaz'd."

"——— And though that she  
"Did flie as swift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee  
"More wonderd at her *beautie*, then at swiftnesse of her pace;  
"Her running greatly did augment her *beautie* and her grace."

MALONE.

Shakspeare might have taken part of this enumeration of distinguished females from John Grange's *Golden Approditis*, 1577: "—who seemest in my sight faire *Helen* of Troy, *Polixene*, *Calliope*, yea *Atalanta* hir selfe in *beautie* to surpassse, *Pandora* in qualities, *Penelope* and *Lucretia* in chastnesse to deface."

Again, *ibid*: "Polixene fayre, *Caliop*, and  
"Penelop may give place;  
"*Atalanta*, and dame *Lucretis* fayre  
"She doth them both deface."

Again, *ibid*: "*Atalanta*, who sometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native soyle." STEEVENS.

I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may possibly have read in a country churchyard:

"She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb,  
"Had Rachael's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb;  
"Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,  
"And Martha's care, and Mary's better part." WHALLEY.

<sup>5</sup> Sad—] is grave, sober, not light. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — the touches] The features; les traits. JOHNSON.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* How now ! back friends ?—Shepherd, go, off a little :—Go with him, firrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt CORIN, and TOUCH.*]

*Cel.* Did'st thou hear these verses ?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But did'st thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree : I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat <sup>7</sup>, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you, who hath done this ?

*Ros.* Is it a man ?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck : Change you colour ?

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, who ?

*Cel.* O lord, lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to

7 — *I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,*] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatises*.

JOHNSON.

So, in an address to the reader, at the conclusion of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* :

“ Rhime them to death, as they do *Irish rats*

“ In drumming tunes.” STEEVENS.

So, in the *Defence of Poesie* by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney : “ Though I will not wish unto you—to be driven by a poet's verses, as Rubonax was, to hang yourself, nor to be *rhimed* to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*—.” MALONE.

meet ;

meet<sup>8</sup>; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter<sup>9</sup>.

*Ref.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ref.* Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping<sup>1</sup>!

*Ref.* Good my complexion<sup>2</sup>! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea off discovery<sup>3</sup>. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either

<sup>8</sup> — friends to meet;] Alluding ironically to the proverb: "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet." See Ray's *Collection*. STEEV.

<sup>9</sup> — but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.] "Montes duo inter se concurrerunt, &c." says Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* lib. ii. c. 83. or in Holland's translation: "Two hills [removed by an earthquake] encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise."

TOLLET.

<sup>1</sup> — out of all whooping—] i. e. beyond measure. This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, "out of all cry." The latter seems to allude to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold. So, in *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, a comedy by T. Middleton, 1630: "I'll sell all at an outcry." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Good my complexion!] My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, can'st thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the most beautiful part of the creation, let our author answer. MALONE.

Shakspeare uses *complexion* for *disposition* in the *Merchant of Venice*: "— it is the complexion of them all to leave their dam." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — a South-sea off discovery.] In the old copy here, as in many other places, *of* is printed instead of *off*. MALONE.

*Of* for *off* is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-sea off discovery* is a *discovery a South-sea off*—as far as the South-sea. FARMER.

How much voyages to the South-sea, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. JOHNSON.

too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth<sup>5</sup> first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

4 *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he cloathed? How did he go dressed? HEATH.

5 — *Garagantua's mouth*] Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in one word. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais.

JOHNSON.

*Garagantua* swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a fallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was published, "*Garagantua his Prophecie*." And in 1594, "*A booke entitled, The History of Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewise mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle*, in 1575. STEEVENS.



*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover :—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

*Rof.* It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit<sup>6</sup>.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Rof.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*Rof.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry, holla ! to thy tongue<sup>7</sup>, I pr'ythee ; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Rof.* O ominous ! he comes to kill my heart<sup>8</sup>.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden : thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Rof.* Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

<sup>6</sup> — *when it drops forth such fruit.* ] The old copy reads—when it drops forth fruit. The word *such* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I once suspected the phrase, “when it drops forth,” to be corrupt ; but it is certainly our author's ; for it occurs again in this play :

“ ——— woman's gentle brain

“ Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention.”

This passage serves likewise to support the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Cry, holla ! to thy tongue,* ] The old copy has—*the* tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and stopp'd his horse. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ What recketh he his rider's angry stir,

“ His flattering *bolla*, or his *stand* I say ?”

The word is again used in *Othello*, in the same sense as here :

“ *Holla ! stand there.*” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *O ominous ! he comes to kill my heart.* ] Our author has the same expression in many other places. So, in *Lowe's Labour's Lost* :

“ Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ — they have murder'd this poor heart of mine.”

But the preceding word, *hunter*, shows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written instead of *heart*, as it is in the present instance, in the old copy of this play. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter ORLANDO and JAKUES.*

*Cel.* You bring me out :—Soft ! comes he not here ?

*Res.* 'Tis he ; Slink by, and note him.

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God be wi' you ; let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no mo of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name ?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of ?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers : Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?

*Orl.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth<sup>o</sup>, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.*

9 — *but I answer you right painted cloth,*] This alludes to the fashion, in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this custom in his poem, called *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

" *Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,*

" *Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.*" THEOBALD.

The allusion is common to many of our old comedies. So, in *the Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599 ? " Now will I see if my memory will serve for some proverbs. O, a painted cloth were as well worth a shilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Of the present phraseology there is an instance in *King John* :

" He speaks plain cannon fire, and bounce, and smoke." STEEV.

*I answer you right painted cloth,* may mean, I give you a true paint-

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ; and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world', but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is, to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good signior love.

ed cloth answer ; as we say, she talks *right Billingsgate* : that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate. JOHNSON.

This singular phrase may be justified by another of the same kind in *K. Henry V* : " I speak to thee *plain soldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night* : " He speaks nothing but *madman*."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration : " I answer you right in the *stile* of painted cloth." We had before in this play, " *It is the right butter-women's rate to market*." So, in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1567 :

" — the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."

I suppose Orlando means to say, that Jaques's questions have no more of novelty or shrewdness in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines which are found in a book with this fantastick title, — *No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly snipping*, Clavo, 1601, may serve as a specimen of painted cloth language :

" Read what is written on the *painted cloth* : —

" Do no man wrong ; be good unto the poor ;

" Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,

" And ever have an eye unto the door ;

" Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a whore ;

" Go neat, not gay, and spend but as you spare ;

" And turn the colt to pasture with the mare ;" &c. MALONE.

I — no breather in the world,] So, in our author's 81st Sonnet :

" When all the *breathers* of this world are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" She shows a body, rather than a life ;

" A statue, than a *breather*." MALONE.

*Orl.*

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure : adieu, good monsieur melancholy. [*Exit JAQ.—CEL. and ROS. come forward.*]

*Ros.* I will speak to him like a faucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester ?

*Orl.* Very well ; What would you ?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock ?

*Orl.* You should ask me, what time o'day ; there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

*Ros.* By no means, fir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal ?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized<sup>2</sup> : If the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orl.* Who ambles time withal ?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout : for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain : the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury : These time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal ?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows : for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal ?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation : for they sleep be-

<sup>2</sup> *Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract &c.]* And yet in *Much ado about nothing*, our author tells us, "Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites." In both passages, however, the interim is equally represented as tedious. MALONE.

tween term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherds, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling<sup>3</sup>.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man<sup>4</sup>; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

<sup>3</sup> — *in so removed a dwelling.*] In so sequestered a place; in a dwelling so remote from the haunts of men. So, in *Hamlet*:

“It wafts you to a more removed ground.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *in-land man;*] is used in this play for one civilised, in opposition to the *rustick* of the priest. So, Orlando before—*Yet am I in-land bred, and know some nurture.* JOHNSON.

*Ros.*



*Ref.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ref.* A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye<sup>5</sup>, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit<sup>6</sup>; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having<sup>7</sup> in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd<sup>8</sup>, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device<sup>9</sup> in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ref.* Me believe it? you may as soon make her that

5 — a blue eye,] i. e. a blueness about the eyes. STEEVENS.

6 — an unquestionable spirit;] That is, a spirit not inquisitive, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakspeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so in a former scene, "*The Duke is too disputable for me*;" that is, too disputatious. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with*? CHAMIER.

7 — your having—] i. e. your property. See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5. MALONE.

8 — *Then your hose should be ungarter'd, &c.*] These seem to have been the established and characteristic marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. So, in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds? Shall I that have flouted *ab me's* once a quarter, now practise *ab me's* every minute? Shall I defy *bat-bands*, and tread garters and *shoe-strings* under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I must; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all these informations in his book of statutes." Again, in *A pleasant Comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

"—— I was once like thee,

" A sigher, melancholy humorist,

" Crosser of arms, a goer *without garters*,

" A *batband-bater*, and a *busk-point-wearer*." MALONE.

9 — *point-device*] i. e. exact, dress with finical nicety. STEEVENS.

you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does : that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak ?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too : Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so ?

*Ros.* Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loath him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness<sup>1</sup> ; which was, to forswear the

<sup>1</sup> — to a living *humour of madness* ;] Dr. Johnson proposes to read— from his mad humour of *love*, to a *loving* humour of madness ; “ that is, from a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*.” Dr. Farmer would read—to a humour of *loving* madness. But both the emendations appear to me inconsistent with the tenour of Rosalind’s argument. Rosalind by her fantastick tricks did not drive her suitor either into a *loving* humour of madness, or a humour of *loving* madness ; (in which he was originally without her aid ;) but she drove him *from* love into a sequester’d and melancholy retirement. A *living humour of madness* is, I conceive, in our author’s licentious language, a humour of *living madness*, a mad humour that operates on the *mode of living* ; or, in other words, and more accurately, a *mad humour of life* ; “ — to forswear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monastick.” MALONE.

full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick : And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will ; tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll shew it you : and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live : Will you go ?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind :—Come, sister, will you go ? [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*The same.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAQUES at a distance, observing them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey ; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey : And how, Audrey ? am I the man yet ? doth my simple feature content you ?<sup>2</sup>

*Aud.*

<sup>2</sup> — *doth my simple feature content you ?* ] In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet :

" I see then, artless feature can content,

" And that true beauty needs no ornament." MALONE.

" *Doth my simple feature content you ?*" says the Clown to Audrey. " *Your features !*" (replies the wench,) " Lord warrant us, what *features ?*" I doubt not, this should be—*Your feature !* Lord warrant us, what's feature ? FARMER.

*Feat* and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks, if the *features of his face* content her ; she takes the word in another sense, i. e. *feats, deeds*, and in her reply seems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet ? The courtship of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood says, than a little mouth-glew ; but she supposes him to be talking of something

*Aud.* Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features ?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths<sup>3</sup>.

*Jaq.* O knowledge ill-inhabited ! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house ! [aside.

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room<sup>4</sup>:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word ? Is it a true thing ?

*Touch.* No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry ; and what they swear in poetry<sup>5</sup>, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical ?

*Touch.* I do truly : for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest ; now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest ?

thing which as yet he had not performed. Or the jest may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which signify *rascals*, *low wretches*. *Pistol* uses the word in the second part of *K. Henry IV.* and Spenser very frequently.

STEEVENS.

3 — as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.] *Capricious* is not here humourfome, fantastical, &c. but *lascivious*. *Hor. Epod. 10.* Libidinosus immolabitur caper. The Goths are the Getæ. *Ovid. Trist. V. 7.* The thatch'd house is that of Baucis and Philemon. *Ovid. Met. VIII. 630.* Stipulis et canna telia palustri. UPTON.

See Vol. II. p. 226. Mr. Upton is perhaps too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Gotbs*. MALONE.

4 — it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:] A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. WARBURTON.

5 — and what they swear in poetry, &c.] This sentence seems perplexed and insequent: perhaps it were better read thus,—*what they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets.* JOHNSON.

*Touch.*

*Touch.* No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a fauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* A material fool<sup>6</sup>! [*aside.*]

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul<sup>7</sup>.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! slut-tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with fir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* I would fain see this meeting. [*aside.*]

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though<sup>8</sup>? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife;

<sup>6</sup> *A material fool!*] A fool with matter in him; a fool stocked with notions. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *I am foul.*] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the rustick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, supposing the Clown to have spoken of her as a *full slut*, says, naturally enough, *I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul*, i. e. *full*. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*. TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be observed, that in the song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*, instead of—"and ways be *foul*," we have in the first quarto, 1598, "—and ways be *full*." In that and other of our author's plays many words seem to have been spelled by the ear. MALONE.

I think that by *foul* Audrey means not *fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither *coy* nor ill-humoured; but she thanks the gods for her homeliness, as it renders her less exposed to temptation. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> — *what though?*] What then. JOHNSON.



'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.*

Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver<sup>9</sup> Mar-text, you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*advancing.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good master *What ye call*<sup>1</sup>: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you<sup>2</sup> for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow<sup>2</sup>, sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

<sup>9</sup> — *Sir Oliver*—] He that has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa the historian writes himself *Syr John de Trevisa*. JOHNSON.

We find the same title bestowed on many divines in our old comedies.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2; where after the word "universities" I ought to have added, "of Cambridge, and Dublin;" for the title, *Sir*, is not given to Bachelors of Arts at Oxford. MALONE.

A clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir Jehn*, *Sir William*, &c. NICHOLS.

<sup>1</sup> — God'ild you] i. e. God yield you, God reward you. See *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — his bow,—] i. e. his yoke. STEEVENS.

*Jaq.*

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wain-scot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*aside.*]

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey;  
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.  
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver<sup>3</sup>,  
Leave me not behind thee;

But

<sup>3</sup> Not—O *sweet Oliver*, O *brave Oliver*, &c.] Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

The Clown dismisses Sir Oliver only because Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raised his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage solemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourse to some other of more dignity in the same profession. Dr. Johnson's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's speech is only a repetition from some other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the same, is, I believe, just.

STEEVENS.

That Touchstone is influenced by the counsel of Jaques, may be inferred from the subsequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V. sc. i:

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*And.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying. MALONE.

O *sweet Oliver*,] The epithet of *sweet* seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old song before us. No more of it, however, than these two lines seems to be preserved. See B. Jonson's *Underwood*, Vol. VI. p. 407:

"All the mad Rolands and *sweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every man in his humour*, p. 88, is the same allusion:

"Do not stink, *sweet Oliver*." TYRWHITT.

In

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JACQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*The same. Before a Cottage.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me, I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's<sup>4</sup>: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.*

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones the ballad of

"O sweete Olyver

"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "The answere of O sweete Olyver." Again, in 1586, "O sweete Oliver altered to the Scriptures." STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this song applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, discovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the *junco* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if O brave Oliver come not suddenly to relieve them." The same allusion is met with in *Cleaveland*. *Wind away* and *wind off* are still used provincially: and, I believe, nothing but the provincial pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

"Not—O sweet Oliver!

"O brave Oliver!

"Leave me not *bebi' thee*;

"But—wind away,

"Begone, I say,

"I will not to wedding *wi' thee*." FARMER.

*Wind* is used for *wend* in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Something browner than Judas's:—*] *Judas* was constantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with red hair and beard. STEEVENS.

The

*Ros.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour<sup>5</sup>.

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chefnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana<sup>6</sup>: a nun of winter's sisterhood<sup>7</sup> kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-fealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet<sup>8</sup>, or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.*

The new edition of Leland's *Colleflanea*, Vol. V. p. 295, asserts, that painters constantly represented Judas the traytor with a red head. This conceit is thought to have arisen in England from our ancient grudge to the red-haired Danes. TOLLET.

<sup>5</sup> *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *a pair of cast lips of Diana:*] i. e. a pair left off by Diana.

THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> — *a nun of winter's sisterhood—*] i. e. of *an unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona: so these of the sisterhood of winter were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most poor, he instances it in winter, in these fine lines of *Othello*:

"But riches endless is as poor as winter

"To him that ever fears he shall be poor."

The other property of winter that made him term them of its sisterhood, is its coldness. So, in the *Midsummer Nighr's Dream*:

"To be a barren sister all your life,

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon." WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *as concave as a cover'd goblet,*] Dr. Warburton asks, "Why a cover'd goblet?" and answers, "because a goblet is never kept covered but when empty." If that be the case, the cover is of little use; for when

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright, he was.

*Cel.* *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question<sup>9</sup> with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart<sup>1</sup> the heart of his lover<sup>2</sup>;

when it is empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowness, not that of emptiness, that Shakspeare wishes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — *much question*—] i. e. conversation. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *quite traverse, athwart &c.*] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, speaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas, says, *The wind took such bold of his staff that it crost quite over his breast, &c.*—And to *break across* was the usual phrase, as appears from some wretched verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter:

“*Methought some staves he mist: if so, not much amiss:*

“*For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss.*

“*One said he brake across; full well it so might be, &c.*

This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion, (for *brave*, is here used, as in other places, for fashionable,) is represented either *unskilful* in courtship, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks staves, the other breaks oaths. The business is only meeting fairly, and doing both with address: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> — *of his lover*;] i. e. of his mistress. See p. 22, n. 1. MALONE.



AS YOU LIKE IT. 193

as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose : but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides :—Who comes here ?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love ;  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him ?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove ;  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :—  
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe :  
Say, that you love me not ; but say not so  
In bitterness : The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon ; Will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

*Enter*

3 ——— will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?] I am afraid our bard  
is at his quibbles again. To dye means as well to dip a thing in a colour  
foreign to its own, as to expire. In this sense, contemptible as it is,  
the executioner may be said to die as well as live by bloody drops. Shak-  
speare is fond of opposing these terms to each other. In *K. John* is a  
play on words not unlike this :

“ ——— all with purpled bands

“ Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.”

VOL. III.

Q

Camden

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner ;  
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
 Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :  
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
 That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,  
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—  
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !  
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;  
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee ;  
 Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;  
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :  
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
 Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush <sup>4</sup>,  
 The cicatrice and capable impressure <sup>5</sup>

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn :

" He that dyed so oft in sport,

" Dyed at last, no colour for't." STEVENS.

J. Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, has the same conceit, and uses almost our author's words :

" Of a proud lying dyer.

" Turbine, the dyer, stalks before his dore,

" Like Cæsar, that by dying oft did thrive ;

" And though the beggar be as proud as poore,

" Yet (like the mortifide) he dyes to live."

Again, *On the same* :

" Who lives well, dies well :—not by and by ;

" For this man *lives* proudly, yet well doth *die*." MALONE.

*He that lives and dies* &c. i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the second scene of the fifth Act of this play, "*live and die* a shepherd." TOLLET.

To *die and live* by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to the end. *Lives* therefore does not signify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life conversant with bloody drops*. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>4</sup> — *lean but upon a rush*,] But, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The cicatrice and capable impressure*] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly used ; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable impressure*, hollow mark.

JOHNSON.

Thy

Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,  
If ever (as that ever may be near)  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy<sup>6</sup>,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But, till that time,  
Come not thou near me : and, when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you ? [*advancing.*] Who might  
be your mother<sup>7</sup>,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once<sup>8</sup>,  
Over the wretched ? What though you have no beauty,  
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless<sup>9</sup> ?

Why,

*Capable*, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often uses  
the word for *intelligent* ; (See a note on *Hamlet*,—

“ His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

“ Would make them *capable*.”)

hence, with his usual licence, for *intelligible*, and then for *perceptible*.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *power of fancy*,] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before in the  
*Midsommer-Night's Dream*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *Who might be your mother*,] It is common for the poets to ex-  
press cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of  
rocks, or suckled by tigresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *That you insult, exult, and all at once*,] The speaker may mean  
thus : *Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too all  
in a breath*. Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *What though you have no beauty*,

(*As by my faith I see no more in you*,

*Than without candle may go dark to bed*,)

*Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?*] The old copy reads—  
What though you have no beauty—. That *no* is a misprint, appears  
clearly from the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde* which Shakspere has here

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary  
 Of nature's sale-work<sup>1</sup>:—Od's my little life!  
 I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—  
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;  
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,  
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,  
 That can entame my spirits to your worship<sup>2</sup>.—  
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

imitated: "Sometimes have I seen high disdain turned to hot desires.—Because *thou art beautiful*, be not so coy; as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading."—Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the subsequent editors; but omission (as I have often observed) is of all the modes of emendation the most exceptionable. *No* was, I believe, a misprint for *mo*, a word often used by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former scene in this play: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly." Again, in *Much ado about nothing*: "Sing no more ditties, sing no *mo*." Again, in *the Tempest*: "*Mo* widows of this business making—." Many other instances might be added. The word is found in almost every book of that age. This correction being less violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inserted it in the text. "What though I should allow you had *more* beauty than he, (says Rosalind,) *though* by my faith, &c." (for such is the force of *As* in the next line) "must you therefore treat him with disdain?" In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a passage constructed nearly in the same manner:

"—— Say, this becomes him,

" (*As* his composure must be rare indeed

" Whom these things *cannot* blemish,) yet &c."

Again, more appositely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605:  
 "I force not of such fooleries; but if *I have any* skill in sooth-saying (as in sooth I have *none*,) it doth prognosticate that I shall change copie from a duke to a king." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Of nature's sale-work*:] i. e. those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *That can entame my spirits to your worship.*] So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"*Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand." STEEVENS.

Like

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
 You are a thousand times a properer man,  
 Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,  
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,  
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—  
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,  
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:  
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;  
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer<sup>3</sup>.  
 So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;  
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with her foulness<sup>4</sup>, and she'll  
 fall in love with my anger:—If it be so, as fast as she an-  
 swers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter  
 words.—Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
 Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,  
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:  
 Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—  
 Come, sister:—Shepherdes, look on him better,  
 And be not proud: though all the world could see,  
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.  
 Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt ROS. CEL. and CORIN.*]

<sup>3</sup> Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.] The sense is, the ugly  
 seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —with her foulness,] The old copy reads—your foulness. Cor-  
 rected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —though all the world could see,  
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.] Though all mankind could  
 look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.  
 JOHNSON.



*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might;  
 "Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
 By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
 Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;  
 And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:  
 But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
 I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:  
 But do not look for further recompence,  
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my love,  
 And I in such a poverty of grace,  
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
 To glean the broken ears after the man  
 That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
 A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

<sup>6</sup> *Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might;*

*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*] The second of these lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, sig. B b, where it stands thus:

"Where both deliberate, the love is slight:

"*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*" STEEVENS.

This poem of Marlowe's was so popular (as appears from many of the contemporary writers,) that a quotation from it must have been known at once, at least by the more enlightened part of the audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—The "dead shepherd," Marlowe, was killed in a brothel in 1593. Two editions of *Hero and Leander*, I believe, had been published before the year 1600; it being entered in the Stationers' Books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597. MALONE.

*Phe.*

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-while?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,  
That the old Carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;  
But what care I for words? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth;—Not very pretty:—  
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:  
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:  
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip;  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause<sup>7</sup> to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;  
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:  
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:  
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> I have more cause—] I, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JACQUES.*

*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better<sup>8</sup> acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a poft.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often<sup>9</sup> rumination<sup>9</sup> wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

<sup>8</sup> — *let me be better*—] *B.*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *my often rumination*—] The old copy has—*by often*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps we should rather read “—*and which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.*” MALONE.

*Orl.*

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.]

*Ros.* Farewel, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; distable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola<sup>1</sup>.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman<sup>2</sup>; Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

<sup>1</sup> — *swam in a gondola.*—] That is, *been at Venice*, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.

The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely censured by Ascham in his *Schoolmaster*, and by bishop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *than you can make a woman:*] Old Copy—you make a woman. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

*Orl.*

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ref.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you<sup>3</sup>.

*Ref.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holy-day humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss, before I spoke.

*Ref.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were grave'll'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ref.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ref.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ref.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ref.* Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ref.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would

<sup>3</sup> — *a Rosalind of a better leer than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403. The word seems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*; *facies*, *frons*, *vultus*. TOLLET.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is supposed to mean *skin*. STEEVENS.



have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age<sup>4</sup> found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I, fridays, and saturdays, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,*—

*Cel.* Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

<sup>4</sup> — chroniclers of that age—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*coroners*, by the adyice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critick.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes the same emendation, and supports it by a passage in *Hamlet*: "The coroner hath sat on her, and finds it—*Christian burial*." I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly used in its forensick sense. MALONE.

*Ros.*

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest<sup>5</sup>; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

*Ros.* Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

*Orl.* For ever, and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain<sup>6</sup>, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen<sup>7</sup>, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

5 — There's a girl goes before the priest;] Surely we should read—*There a girl goes before the priest.* i. e. there, viz. in saying, "*I do take thee for my husband,*" a girl anticipates the priest; is ready with her answer before the question, "*Wilt thou take &c.*" is put to her.—The reading of the old copy is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

6 — *I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,*] There being nothing in mythology to which these words could relate, I some years ago conjectured that the allusion must have been to some well-known conduit. Very soon after my note was printed, I found my conjecture confirmed, and observed in A SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPPLEMENT to *Shakspeare*, printed in 1783, p. 13, that our author without doubt alluded to the ancient Cross in Cheapside, at the East side of which (says Stowe) "a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble was then set up, [in the year 1596,] and in the same an alabaster image of DIANA, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast." SURVEY OF LONDON, p. 484, edit. 1618. MALONE.

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in Rosamond's Epistle to Henry II. by Drayton:

"Here in the garden wrought by curious hands

"Naked *Diana* in the fountain stands." WHALLEY.

7 — *I will laugh like a hyen,*—] The bark of the *byena* very much resembles a loud laugh. So, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"You laugh *byena*-like, weep like a crocodile." STEEVENS.

*Orl.*

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wife.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wifer, the waywarder: Make the doors<sup>8</sup> upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*<sup>9</sup>

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer<sup>1</sup>, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make

<sup>8</sup> — *make the doors*.—] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of *bar the doors*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“The doors are made against you.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Wit, whither wilt?*] This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So, in the preface to *Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit*, 1620:

“*Wit, whither wilt thou?* Woe is me,

“Thou hast brought me to this miserie.”

The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance.

STEEVENS.

If I remember right, these are the first words of an old madrigal.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *You shall never take her without her answer,*] See Chaucer, *Mercantiles Tale*, ver. 10138—10149:

“Ye, fire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?

“Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere,

“That I shall yeve hire sufficient answere,

“And alle women after for hire sake;

“That though they ben in any gilt ytake,

“With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,

“And bere hem down that wolden hem accuse.

“For lacke of answere, non of us shul dien.

“Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,

“Yet shul we so visage it hardely,

“And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,

“That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees.” TYRWHITT.

her

her fault her husband's occasion<sup>2</sup>, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind:

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise<sup>3</sup>, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

*Ros.* Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Exit ORLANDO.*]

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest<sup>4</sup>.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou

<sup>2</sup> — *make her fault her husband's occasion,*] That is, represent *her fault* as occasioned by her husband. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *I will think you the most pathological break-promise,*] The same epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and with as little apparent meaning: "—most pathological nit. STEEVENS.

I believe, by *pathetical* break-promise Rosalind means a lover whose falsehood would most deeply affect his mistress. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *to her own nest.*] So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*: "And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne nest?" STEEVENS.

didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be founded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought<sup>5</sup>, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter JACQUES, and Lords, in the habit of foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1. *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2. *Lord.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

## S O N G.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear<sup>6</sup>.*

<sup>5</sup> of thought,] That is, of melancholy. See a note on *Twelfth Night*, Act I. "She pined in thought—." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> His leather skin and horns to wear.] Shakspeare seems to have formed this song on a hint afforded by the novel which furnished him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forrester? Hast thou wounded some deer, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a loss; thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulders, and the horns." Lodge's *Rosalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.



*i. Then sing him home :*

*Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn ;  
It was a crest ere thou wast born.*

*1. Thy father's father wore it ;*

*2. And thy father bore it :*

*All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

*{ The rest shall  
bear this bur-  
den.*

*[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ref.* How say you now ? Is it not past two o'clock ? and here much Orlando<sup>3</sup> !

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep : Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth ;—

My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this :

*[gives a letter.]*

I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,  
By the stern brow, and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,

<sup>7</sup> The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the acts this absurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *and here much Orlando !* ] *Much* in our author's time was an expression denoting admiration. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. II* :

“What, with two points on your shoulder ? *much* !”

Again, in *the Taming of the Shrew* :

“’Tis *much* !—Servant, leave me and her alone.” MALONE.

Here's *much* Orlando ; i. e. here's *no* Orlando, or, we may look for him. We have still the use of this expression, as when we say, speaking of a person who we suspect will not keep his appointment, “Ay, you will be sure to see him there *much* !” WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet say, “I shall get *much* by that no doubt,” meaning that they shall get nothing. MALONE.

It

It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:  
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;  
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me  
Were man as rare as phoenix: Od's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents;  
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;  
She has a hufwife's hand: but that's no matter:  
I say, she never did invent this letter;  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,  
A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain<sup>4</sup>  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,* [reads,  
*That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—*

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
War'st thou with a woman's heart?

<sup>4</sup> — woman's gentle brain—] Old Copy—women's. Corrected by  
Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Did you ever hear such railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance<sup>5</sup> to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect?  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move?  
He, that brings this love to thee,  
Little knows this love in me:  
And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind<sup>6</sup>  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.*

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake<sup>7</sup>,) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou intreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit SILVIUS.

<sup>5</sup> — *vengeance*] is used for *mischiefs*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *youth and kind*] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,*] This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "—and you, poor snakes, come seldom to a booty." Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

" — the poorest snake,

" That feeds on lemons, pilchards—." MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones : Pray you, if you know  
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands  
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees ?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,  
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right hand<sup>7</sup>, brings you to the place :  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description ;  
Such garments, and such years : *The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister : but the woman lov<sup>8</sup>,  
And browner than her brother.* Are not you  
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both ;  
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,  
He sends this bloody napkin<sup>9</sup> ; Are you he ?

*Ros.* I am : What must we understand by this ?

*Oli.* Some of my shame ; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkerchief was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour<sup>1</sup> ; and, pacing through the forest,

<sup>7</sup> Left on your right hand,—] i. e. passing by the rank of osiers, and leaving them on your right hand, you will reach the place. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — but the woman lov,] But, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to supply the metre. I suspect, it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propose.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — napkin,] i. e. handkerchief. So, in *Othello* :

“ Your napkin is too little.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Within an hour ;] We must read, *within two hours*. JOHNSON.  
May not *within an hour* signify *within a certain time* ? TYRWHITT.

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy<sup>2</sup>,  
 Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,  
 And, mark, what object did present itself!  
 Under an old oak<sup>3</sup>, whose boughs were moss'd with age;  
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
 A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away  
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry<sup>4</sup>, Lay

<sup>2</sup> — of *sweet and bitter fancy*,] i. e. *love*, which is always thus described by our old poets, as composed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. ii. So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable disposition of *fancy*,—a *bitter* pleasure wrapt in *sweet* prejudice." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Under an old oak*, &c.] The passage stands thus in Lodge's *Novel*. "Saladyne wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruites as the Forrest did afford, and contenting himself with such drinke as nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carcases: and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste, he spyed where a man lay asleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, and perceived by his phisnomic that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed, &c.—But the present time craved no such doubting ambages: for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *A lioness, with udders all drawn dry*,] So, in *Arden of Feverisham*, 1592:

" — the



Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,  
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast,  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:  
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
 And he did render him<sup>5</sup> the most unnatural  
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,  
 For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,  
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lions?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:  
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 Made him give battle to the lions,  
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling<sup>6</sup>  
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame  
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?—

*Oli.* By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
 As how I came into that desert place\* ;—

“ ——— the starven lions,

“ When she is dry-suckt of her eager young,” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And he did render him—] i. e. describe him. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — in which hurtling] To burtle is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ A noise of battle burtled in the air.”

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: “—hearing of the gangs of good fellows that burtled and burtled thither, &c.” STEEVENS.

\* As how I came into that desert place;] I believe, a line following this has been lost. MALONE.

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
 Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,  
 Committing me unto my brother's love;  
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
 The lions had torn some flesh away,  
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
 Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;  
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
 To tell this story, that you might excuse  
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
 Dy'd in this blood<sup>7</sup>, unto the shepherd youth  
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymed? sweet Ganymed?

[ROSALIND faints.]

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymed<sup>8</sup>!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would, I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—You lack  
 a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir<sup>9</sup>, a body would  
 think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your  
 brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit; there is too great testi-  
 mony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

<sup>7</sup> *Dy'd in this blood,—*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio changed *this* blood unnecessarily to — *his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he presents it; and Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it was after the account that had been before given.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Cousin—Ganymed!*] Celia in her first fright forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says Ganymed. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Ah, Sir,—*] The old copy reads—Ah, *Sirra*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

*Oli.*

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good fir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back  
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The same.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked fir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, fir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty, fir.

*Touch.* A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

*Will.* William, fir.

*Touch.* A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, fir, I thank God.

*Touch.* *Thank God*;—a good answer: Art rich?

*Will.* 'Faith, fir, so, so.

*Touch.* So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wife?

*Will.* Ay, fir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape<sup>1</sup>, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid<sup>2</sup>?

*Will.* I do, fir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, fir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, fir.

*Touch.* He, fir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar,

<sup>1</sup> *The beathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, &c.]* This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings*. WARBURTON.

A book called *The Distes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or some republication of it, Shakspere's knowledge of these philosophical trifles might be derived.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?] Part of this dialogue seems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no lattice for your lips, and her grapes hang so hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." MALONE.

leave,

leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, fir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter* ORLANDO, and OLIVER.

*Orl.* Is't possible<sup>3</sup>, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting<sup>\*</sup>; but say with me, I love

<sup>3</sup> *Is't possible, &c.*] Shakspeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's *Novel*, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. STEEV.

<sup>\*</sup> — *nor her sudden consenting;*] Old Copy—nor sudden. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Aliena;



Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter ROSALIND.*

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister<sup>4</sup>.

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams<sup>5</sup>, and Cæsar's thraasonical brag of—I came, saw, and overcame: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb

<sup>4</sup> *And you, fair sister.*] I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind sister. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read,—and you, and your fair sister. JOHNSON.

Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

<sup>5</sup> — *never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams,*] So, in Laneham's Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle, 1575:

“—oortageous in their racez az rams at their rut.” STEEVENS.

incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them <sup>6</sup>.

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

*Rof.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Rof.* I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straights of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is <sup>7</sup>, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

<sup>6</sup> — clubs cannot part them.] It appears from many of our old dramas that, in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs, clubs*," (that is, peace-officers armed with clubs,) to part the combatants. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"*Clubs, clubs*; these lovers will not keep the peace."

The preceding words,—"they are in the very *wrath*, of love,"—show that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — human as she is,] That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

*Rof.*

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician<sup>8</sup>: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends<sup>9</sup>; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have: it is my study, To seem despightful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love,

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymed,

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymed,

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance<sup>1</sup>;—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymed.

<sup>8</sup> — *which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:*] Though I pretend to be a magician, and therefore might be supposed able to elude death. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *bid your friends;*] See *The Merchant of Venice*, p. 36, n. 3.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *all trial, all observance;*—] I suspect the author wrote—*all obedience*. It is highly probable that the compositor caught *observance* from the line above, and very unlikely that the same word should have been set down twice by Shakspeare so close to each other. MALONE.

*Orl.*

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[to Rosalind.]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[to Phebe.]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to<sup>2</sup>, *why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon<sup>3</sup>.—I will help you, [to SIL.] if I can:—I would love you, [to PHE.] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [to PHE.] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [to ORL.] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [to SIL.] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [to ORL.] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [to SIL.] love Phebe, meet;—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is

<sup>2</sup> Who do you speak to,] Old Copy—*Why* do you speak too. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.] This is borrowed from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590:

"I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phæbe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone." MALONE.

no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world<sup>4</sup>.  
Here come two of the banish'd duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

1. *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman:

*Touch.* By my troth, well met: Come, fit, fit, and a song.

2. *Page.* We are for you: fit i'the middle.

1. *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2. *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

### S O N G S.

#### I.

*It was a lover, and his last,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time<sup>5</sup>,  
When birds do sing; hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

#### II.

*Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.*

4 — *a woman of the world.*] To go to the world, is to be married. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "Thus (says Beatrice) every one goes to the world, but I." STEEVENS.

5 The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the second stanza, is now the last.

The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have perused by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

6 — *the only pretty rank time,*] The old copy reads—*rang* time. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—the pretty *spring* time. Mr. Steevens proposes—"ring time, i. e. the aptest season for marriage." The passage does not deserve much consideration. MALONE.

#### III.



III.

*This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring-time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, &c.*

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1. *Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you ; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV:

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,  
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

*Duke. S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised ?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not ; As those that fear, they hope, and know they fear<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> *As those that fear, they hope, and know they fear.* ] The meaning, I think, is, *As those who fear,—they*, even those very persons, entertain hopes, that their fears will not be realized ; and yet at the same time they well know that there is reason for their fears. MALONE.

The author of the *Revisal* would read :

As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear. STEEVENS.  
Perhaps we might read :

As those that *feign* they hope, and know they fear. BLACKSTONE.

*Enter*

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd :  
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [to the Duke.  
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her, when I bring her ?  
[to Orlando.

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing ?  
[to Phebe.

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But, if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will ?  
[to Silvius:

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :—

Keep your word, Phebe<sup>s</sup>, that you'll marry me ;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd :—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Ros. and Cel:*

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd-boy  
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Methought, he was a brother to your daughter :

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born ;

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscured in the circle of this forest.

<sup>s</sup> *Keep your word, Phebe,*] The old copy reads—Keep you your word ; the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts<sup>9</sup>, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all!

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure<sup>1</sup>; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Touch.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause<sup>2</sup>.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God'ild you, sir<sup>3</sup>; I desire you of the like<sup>4</sup>. I

<sup>9</sup> Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, &c.] *Strange beasts* are only what we call *odd* animals. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> I have trod a measure;] i. e. I have danced. Touchstone to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *measure*, because it was a very stately solemn dance. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: “— the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure*, full of state and ancients.” See also Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the sequel that we must read—the *quarrel* was not upon the seventh cause. JOHNSON.

By the seventh cause Touchstone, I apprehend, means, the lie *seven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is removed seven times (counting backwards) from the *lie direct*, the last and most aggravated species of lie. See the subsequent note on the words “— a lie seven times removed.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> God'ild you, sir;] i. e. *God yield you*, reward you. See a note on *Macbeth*, Act. I. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — I desire you of the like.] See a note on the first scene of the third act of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where examples of this phraseology are given. STEEVENS.

VOL. III.

Q

prefs

prefs in here, fir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks<sup>5</sup>:—A poor virgin, fir, an ill-favour'd thing, fir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, fir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, fir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, fir, and such dulcet diseases<sup>6</sup>.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed<sup>7</sup>;—Bear your body

<sup>5</sup> — according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:] To swear according as marriage binds, is to take the oath enjoin'd in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

As blood breaks, is, as passion instigates to disregard the marriage vow. See Vol. II. p. 229, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — dulcet diseases.] This I do not understand. For diseases: it is easy to read discourses: but, perhaps the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a disease. Proverbial sayings may appear to him as the surfeiting diseases of conversation. They are often the plague of commentators. Dr. Farmer would read—in such dulcet diseases, i. e. in the sweet uneasinesses of love, a time when people usually talk nonsense. STEEVENS.

Without staying to examine how far the position last advanced is founded in truth, I shall only add that I believe the text is right, and that this word is capriciously used for sayings, though neither in its primary or figurative sense it has any relation to that word. In the *Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the same style, but more intelligibly:—"the young gentleman (according to the fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceafed." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Upon a lie seven times removed;—] Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *seventh* and most aggravated species of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's answer to his intended affront, he expressly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the first species of lie. When therefore he says, that they found the quarrel was on the lie seven times removed, we must understand by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards, (as the word removed seems to intimate,) from the last and most aggravated species of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Who

body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, fir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is call'd the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Counter-check quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

“Who hath some four or five *removes* come short

“To tender it herself.”

Again, in the play before us: “Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so *removed* a dwelling,” i. e. so *distant* from the haunts of men.

When Touchstone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel originated on the *seventh cause*, i. e. on the *Retort courteous*, or the lie *seven times removed*. In the course of their altercation, *after* their meeting, Touchstone did not dare to go farther than the sixth species, (counting in regular progression from the first to the last,) the *lie circumstantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; so they parted. In a subsequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie Touchstone expressly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *first*; calling it therefore here “the *seventh cause*,” and “the lie *seven times removed*,” he must mean, *distant* seven times from the most offensive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly therefore no need of reading with Dr. Johnson in a former passage—“We found the quarrel was *not* on the seventh cause.”

The misapprehension of that most judicious critick relative to these passages must apologize for my having employed so many words in explaining them. MALONE.



*Touch.* O fir, we quarrel in print, by the book<sup>8</sup>; as you have books for good manners<sup>9</sup>: I will name you the degrees.

<sup>8</sup> *O fir, we quarrel in print, by the book;*] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the right understanding of words, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of lies certain, [or direct.]* IV. *Of conditional lies, [or the lie circumstantial.]* V. *Of the lie in general.* VI. *Of the lie in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the wrestling or returning back of the lie, [or the countercheck quarrellsome.]* In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, “— Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes:— if thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or if thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise.” By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another’s throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the Clown say, “*I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if; as, if you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if.*” Caranza was another of these authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher in his last act of *Love’s Pilgrimage* ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton’s. They have been hitherto printed in such a manner as might lead the reader to suppose that they made a part of Saviolo’s work. The passage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other respects, but has here been corrected by the original. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *books for good manners:*] One of these books I have seen. It is entitled, *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children, with stans pur ad mensam*; black letter, without date. STEEVENS.

degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking horse<sup>1</sup>, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN*<sup>2</sup>, *leading ROSALIND in woman's cloaths; and CELIA.*

Still Musick.

*Hym.* *Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither;*

*That thou might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom is*<sup>3</sup>.

*Ros.*

Another is "Galateo of Maister John Casa, archbishop of Benevento; or rather a treatise of the manners and behaviours it behoveth a man to use and eschewe in his familiar conversation. A work very necessary and profitable for all gentlemen, or other; translated from the Italian, by Robert Peterfon of Lincoln's Inn," quarto, 1576. REED.

<sup>1</sup> — like a stalking-horse,] See Vol. II. p. 241, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Hymen,*] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *That thou might'st join her hand with his,*

*Whose heart within her bosom is.*] The old copy, instead of *her*,  
reads

*Ros.* To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*to Duke S.*  
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*to Orlando.*

*Duke S.* If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in fight<sup>4</sup>, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If fight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love adieu!

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:—  
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*to Orlando.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*to Phebe.*

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents<sup>5</sup>.

You and you no cross shall part; [*to Orl. and Ros.*

You and you are heart in heart: [*to Oli. and Cel.*

You [*to Phebe*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together, [*to Touch. and Aud.*

As the winter to foul weather.

reads *bis* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the first, and I once thought that emendation sufficient, and that *Whose* might have referred not to the last antecedent *bis*, but to *her*, i. e. Rosalind. Our author frequently takes such licences. But on further consideration it appears to me probable, that the same abbreviation was used in both lines, and that as *bis* was certainly a misprint in the first line for *ber*, so it also was in the second, the construction being so much more easy in that way than the other. "That thou might'st join her hand with the hand of him whose heart is lodged in her bosom;" i. e. whose affection she already possesses. So, in *Lowe's Labour's Lost*, the king says to the princess:

"Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast."

In the same play we meet with the error that has happened here. The princess addressing the ladies who attend her, says—

"But while 'tis spoke, each turn away *bis* face."

Again, in a former scene of the play before us, p. 173:

"Helen's cheek, but not *bis* heart." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *If there be truth in fight,*] The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says, *if there be truth in shape*: that is, *if a form may be trusted*; if one cannot usurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, *if there be truth in truth*, unless truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

Whiles

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
Feed yourselves with questioning;  
That reason wonder may diminish,  
How thus we met, and these things finish.

## S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown<sup>6</sup>;  
O blessed bond of board and bed!  
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;  
High wedlock then be honoured:  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town!*

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;  
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [to Syl.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.—  
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—  
Duke Frederick<sup>7</sup>, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,  
In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword:  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;  
Where, meeting with an old religious man,

<sup>6</sup> *Wedding is &c.*] Catullus, addressing himself to Hymen, has this stanza:

*Quæ tuis careat sacris,  
Non queat dare præfides  
Terra finibus: at queat  
Te volente. Quis buic deo  
Compararier ausit?* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Duke Frederick, &c.*] In Lodge's *Novel* the usurping duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsels of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Rosader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right, STEEVENS.

After some question with him, was converted  
 Both from his enterprize, and from the world :  
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
 And all their lands restor'd to them again \*  
 That were with him exil'd : This to be true,  
 I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man ;  
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding :  
 To one, his lands with-held ; and to the other,  
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
 That here were well begun, and well begot :  
 And after, every of this happy number,  
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,  
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
 According to the measure of their states.  
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
 And fall into our rustick revelry ;—  
 Play, musick ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,  
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience :—If I heard you rightly,  
 The duke hath put on a religious life,  
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I : out of these convertites  
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—  
 You to your former honour I bequeath ;      [*to Duke S.*  
 Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it :—  
 You [*to Orl.*] to a love, that your true faith doth  
 merit :—

You [*to Oli.*] to your land, and love, and great allies :—  
 You [*to Syl.*] to a long and well deserved bed ;—  
 And you [*to Touch.*] to wrangling ; for thy loving  
 voyage

Is but for two months victual'd :—So to your pleasures ;  
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

\* — to them again] Old Copy—to him—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
 MALONE.



*Jaques.* To see no pastime, I:—what you would have  
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave<sup>s</sup>. [*Exit.*]

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,  
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*]

## E P I L O G U E.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*<sup>9</sup>, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then<sup>1</sup>, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I

<sup>8</sup> *To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,*

*I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.*] Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare has on this occasion forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he should naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; since at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard*. FARMER.

<sup>9</sup> — *no bush,*] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a tuft of ivy at the door of a vintner. I suppose ivy was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to *Bacchus*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *What a case am I in then, &c.*] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus: *Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue*, but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies, is to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes the meaning of this passage. Rosalind says, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a case then was she in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? MASON.

am not furnish'd like a beggar<sup>2</sup>, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that, between you and the women, the play may please<sup>3</sup>.

If

<sup>2</sup> —furnish'd like a beggar,] That is, *dressed*: so before,—“he was furnished like a huntsman.” JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—that between you and the women, &c.] This passage should be read thus, I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—to like as much as pleases them, *that between you and the women, &c.* Without the alteration of you into *them* the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy.

WARBURTON.

The words “you” and “ym” written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted [“to like as much &c.”] “the men are to like only just as much as pleased the women, and the women only just as much as pleased the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taste: and if both of them disliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet desires of them.—But Shakspeare did not write so nonsensically; he desires the women to like as much as pleased the men, and the men to *set the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently enough implied in these words, “that between you and the women the play may please.”

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated sentence, admits by his interpretation the change of—“pleases you” to “—pleases *them*”; which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it necessary; nor is Mr. Heath's exposition in my opinion correct. The text is sufficiently clear, without any alteration. Rosalind's address appears to me simply this: “I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love

If I were a woman <sup>4</sup>, I would kifs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that liked me <sup>5</sup>, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt* <sup>6</sup>.

love you bear to women, [not to *set an example to*, but] *so follow or agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be successful." The words "to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies," are not indeed expressed, but plainly implied in those subsequent; "that, between you and the women, the play may please." In the epilogue to *K. Henry V.* the address to the audience proceeds in the same order: "All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly."

The old copy reads—as *please* you. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *If I were a woman,*] Note that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

<sup>5</sup> — *that* liked me,] i. e. that I liked. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. JOHNSON.



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.



## Persons Represented.

*A Lord.*

*Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker.*

*Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and  
other servants attending on the Lord.*

} *Persons in the  
Induction.*

*Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.*

*Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.*

*Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

*Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina.*

*Gremio,*

*Hortensio,*

*Tranio,*

*Biondello,*

*Grumio,*

*Curtis,*

*Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

} *Suitors to Bianca.*

} *Servants to Lucentio.*

} *Servants to Petruchio.*

*Catharina, the Shrew;*

*Bianca, her Sister.*

*Widow.*

} *Daughters to Baptista.*

*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista,  
and Petruchio.*

*SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Pe-  
truchio's House in the Country.*

## Characters in the Induction

to the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

*A Lord, &c.*

*Sly.*

*A Tapster.*

*Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.*

## Persons Represented.

*Alphonfus, a Merchant of Athens.*

*Jerobel, Duke of Cestus.*

*Aurelius, his Son,*

*Ferando,* } *Suitors to the Daughters of Alphonfus.*

*Polidor,*

*Valeria, Servant to Aurelius.*

*Sander, Servant to Ferando.*

*Phylotus, a Merchant who personates the Duke.*

*Kate,*

*Emelia,* } *Daughters to Alphonfus.*

*Phylema,*

*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonfus.*

*SCENE, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country House.*



# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW<sup>1</sup>.

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## I N D U C T I O N.

### S C E N E I.

*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

*Enter HOSTESS and SLY.*

*Sly.* I'll pheeſe you<sup>2</sup>, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

*Sly.*

<sup>1</sup> I once thought the title of this play might have been taken from an old ſtory, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells ſkin, or The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have ſince diſcovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: “ Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleaſaunt conceyted hystorie called, *The Tayminge of a Sbrowe.*” It is likewiſe entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakspeare, to avail themſelves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, Spenser ſent out his *Pastorals* under the title of the *Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before theſe poems of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The frolickſome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection, might have ſuggeſted to Shakspeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance, however, has at laſt furniſhed me with the original to which Shakspeare was indebted for his fable. The reader who is deſirous to examine this piece may find it among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, at Charing Croſs, as a ſupplement to our commentaries on Shakspeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a ſequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*; in which Petruchio is ſubdued by a ſecond wife. STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

The circumſtance on which the Induction to the anonymous play, as well that as to the preſent comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues<sup>3</sup>: Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore,

has observed) by Heuterus, *Rerum Burgund.* lib. iv. The earliest English original of this story in prose that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, translated by E. Grimstone, quarto 1607; but this tale (which Goulart translated from Heuterus) had undoubtedly appeared in English, in some other shape, before 1594:

"PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgondy*, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorites, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richest beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his soule shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had digested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curtaines, make many courtesies, and, being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day.—They bring him rich apparell. This new *Monsieur* amazed at such courtesie, and doubting whether he dreamt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they give him the booke of the Gospel, and the Pixe to kisse, as they did usually to the Duke. From the Masse they bring him backe unto the pallace; he washes his hands, and sittes downe at the table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commands cards to be brought with a great summe of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he sups in state. Candles being light, the musitions begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. Then they played a pleasant Comedie, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had presently store of *Jocras* and pretious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impressiõ; so as he was dronke, and fell soundlie asleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his eld ragges, and carried into the same place where he had beene found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before;—he knewe not whether it were true in deede,



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Therefore, *paucas pallabris*<sup>4</sup>; let the world slide<sup>5</sup>:  
*Sessa!*

*Hof.*

deede, or a dream that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension." MALONE.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chichester, now dispersed, was a collection of short comick stories in prose, printed in the black letter under the year 1570, "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels." Among these tales was that of the INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edwards's Story-book was the immediate source from which Shakspeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right the circumstances almost exactly tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epistle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perspicuous annalist, who flourished about the year 1580, says, this story was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

<sup>2</sup> *I'll pheeze you,*] To *pheeze* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *tease* or *toze*, for to *barrafs*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare repeats his use of the word in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Ajax says he will *pheeze* the pride of Achilles; and Lovewit in the *Alchemist* employs it in the same sense. STEEVENS.

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. In the *Chances* Antonio says of Don John, "I felt him in my small guts; I am sure he has *fear'd* me." MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — *no rogues*:] That is, *vagrants*; no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakspeare, as appears from the list of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewise mentioned in Heywood's *Artor's Vindication*. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the *Globe* theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *paucas pallabris*:] *Sly*, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

This is a burlesque on *The Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronymo is mad again*: "What new device have they devised now? Pocas palabras." In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purse makes

*Hof.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?<sup>6</sup>

*Sly.* No, not a denier: Go by, S. Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee<sup>7</sup>.

*Hof.* I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough<sup>8</sup>.

[*Exit.*

*Sly.*

use of the same words. Again they appear in *the Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638, and in some others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *let the world slide:*] This expression is proverbial. It is used in B. and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

“ ——— will you go drink,

“ And let the world slide, uncle?” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *you have burst?*] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says—that “ John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow’s head for crowding in among the marshal’s men.” Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*:

“ God save you, sir, you have *burst* your shin.” STEEVENS.

*Burst* is still used for *broke* in the north of England. REED.

<sup>7</sup> *Go by, S. Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] Mr. Theobald is surprized at the stupidity of former editors, who, he says, have coined a faint here. But surely Sly, who in a preceding speech is made to say *Richard for William, paucas pallabris for pocas palabras*, &c. may be allowed here to misquote a passage from the same play in which that scrap of Spanish is found, viz. *the Spanish Tragedy*. He afterwards introduces a faint in form.—The similitude, however slight, between *Jeronimy* and S. Jerome, who in Sly’s dialect would be *Jeremy*, may be supposed the occasion of the blunder. He does not, I conceive, mean to address the hostess by the name of Jeronimy, as Mr. Theobald supposed, but merely to quote a line from a popular play. Nym, Pistol, and many other of Shakspeare’s low characters quote scraps of plays with equal infidelity.

There are two passages in *The Spanish Tragedy* here alluded to. One quoted by Mr. Theobald:

“ *Hiero.* Not I: *Hieronymo*, beware; go by, go by.” and this other:

“ What outcry calls me from my *naked bed*?”

Sly’s making Jeronimy a faint is surely not more extravagant than his exhorting his hostess to go to her *cold bed* to *warm* herself; or declaring that he will go to his cold bed for the same purpose; for perhaps, like Hieronymo, he here addresses himself.

In *King Lear*, Edgar when he assumes the madman, utters the same words that are here put into the mouth of the tinker: “ *Humph; go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*” MALONE.

The first part of *the Spanish Tragedy* is called *Jeronimo*. The Tinker therefore does not say *Jeronimo* as a mistake for *Hieronimo*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*] The old copy reads—the *beadborough*.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*lies down on the ground, and falls asleep*<sup>9</sup>.

Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman<sup>1</sup>,—the poor cur is embos'd<sup>2</sup>,

And

*beadborough*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and founded on Sly's reply; "*Third*, or fourth, &c." I am not sure that it is necessary; for we learn from a writer of great authority in legal matters, that *beadborough* and *thirdborough* were synonymous. "Every of these boroughholders, (says Lambard) tithing men, borowheads, *bedborows*, *thirdborowes*, &c. hath two several offices at this day."—After describing their ancient office, (which was to speak, act, &c. for the other nine men in the tithing,) he adds,—“As touching the latter office that these boroughholders, *bedborows*, borowheds, *thirdborows*, and chief pledges have, it is in a manner all one with the office of a constable of a town or parish, which is commonly named a *petty constable*, because he is a small constable, in respect of the constable of his hundred within whose limit he is.” *The Duties of Constables, Boroughholders, Tythingmen, &c.* by W. Lambard, octavo, 1604. The word *beadborough* might therefore immediately bring the other name to Sly's mind, and perhaps sufficiently accounts for his reply, without any change. However, the emendation having been followed by several other editors, from a distrust in my own opinion I too have adopted it. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —*falls asleep*.] The spurious play already mentioned, begins thus:

“Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores Slie drunken.

“Tapf. You whorison drunken slave, you had best be gone,

“And empty your drunken paunch somewhere else,

“For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. [Exit Tapster.

“Slie. Tilly vally; by crisee Tapster Ile *fese* you anone:

“Fill's the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,

“I doe drinke it of mine owne instigation.

*Omne bene.*

“Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapster, I say,

“Fill's a fresh cushion heere:

“Heigh ho, heere's good warme lying.

[*He falls asleepe.*

“Enter a noble man and his men from hunting.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Brach Merriman,—*the poor cur is embos'd*,] I believe, *brach Merriman* means only Merriman the brach. So, in the old song, “*Cow Crumbocke* is a very good cow.” *Brach*, however, appears to have been a particular kind of hound. In an old metrical charter granted by Edward the Confessor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Essex, there are the two following lines:

R 3

“Four

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And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.  
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good<sup>3</sup>  
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1. *Hun*. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;  
He cried upon it at the mereft loss,  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord*. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all;  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again,

1. *Hun*, I will, my lord.

"Four greyhounds and six bratches,  
"For hare, foxe, and wild cattles."

*Merriman* surely could not be designed for the name of a female of the canine species. STEEVENS.

The word is certainly used by Chapman in his *Gentleman Usher*, a comedy, 1606, as synonymous to *bitch*: "*Venus*, your *brach* there, runs so proud, &c." So also our author in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "I'd rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish." Mr. Tollet was of opinion that the term *brach* was sometimes applied to males, and that it meant "a hound of eminent quickness of scent." Mr. Pope understood by it a hound in general. The structure of the passage before us, and the manner in which the next line is connected with this [*And couple, &c.*] added to the circumstance of the word *brach* occurring in the end of that line, incline me to think that *Brach* is here a corruption, and that the line before us began with a verb, not a noun. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, Leech *Merriman*, that is, *apply some remedies* to *Merriman*, the poor cur has his joints swell'd. Perhaps we might read, *Batbe* *Merriman*, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntsmen; but the present reading may stand:

— tender well my bounds:

*Brach*—*Merriman*—*the poor cur is imbofs*. JOHNSON.

2 —*the poor cur is emboss'd*,] A hunting term. When a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. T. WART.

From the Spanish, *des embocar*, to cast out of the mouth.—Dr. Johnson seems to have considered it as derived from *boffe*, Fr. a tumour. We have again the same expression in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—the boar of Thessaly

"Was never so *emboss'd*." MALONE.

3 —*bow Silver made it good*] This, I suppose, is a technical term. It occurs likewise in the 23d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"What's offer'd by the first, the other good *deub* make." STEEVENS.

1, *Lord*

TAMING OF THE SHREW. 247

*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2. *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrap'd in sweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1. *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choofe.

2. *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Procure me musick ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say,—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver basin,

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;

And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams<sup>4</sup>,

For

<sup>4</sup> And, when he says he is—, say that he dreams,] i. e. when he says he is such or such a man, as the matter may turn out.

Mr. Steevens would read,

And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams—.



For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
 This do, and do it kindly<sup>5</sup>, gentle firs;  
 It will be pastime passing excellent,  
 If it be husbanded with modesty<sup>6</sup>.

1. *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,  
 As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
 He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;  
 And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*  
*Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—*

[*Exit Servant.*  
*Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,*  
*Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—*

*Re-enter Servant.*

How now? who is it?

*Ser.* An it please your honour,  
 Players that offer service to your lordship,

*Lord.* Bid them come near:—

*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1. *Play.* We thank your honour.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2. *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty<sup>7</sup>.

*Lord.*

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is observable that the metre of the line is perfect without any supplemental word. In the *Tempest* a similar blank is found, which Shakspeare there also certainly intended:—"I should know that voice; it should be—; but he is drown'd, and these are devils." MALONE.

Perhaps the sentence is left imperfect, because he did not know by what name to call him. BLACKSTONE.

5 — *do it kindly,*] i. e. naturally. MASON.

6 — *modesty.*] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

7 — *to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Household Book*, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late dutches,) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:

"Rewards to Players.

"Item, to be paid to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,  
 Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;—  
 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :  
 I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part  
 Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1. Play. I think<sup>8</sup>, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true ;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time ;  
 The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
 There is a lord will hear you play to-night :  
 But I am doubtful of your modesties ;  
 Left, over-eying of his odd behaviour,  
 (For yet his honour never heard a play,)  
 You break into some merry passion,  
 And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,  
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1. Play. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,  
 Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, firrah, take them to the buttery \*,

And

rewards to players for playes playd in Chrystinmas by stranegers in my  
 house after xxd. every play by estimation somme xxxij s. iiij d. Which  
 ys apoynted to be payd to the said Richard Gowe and Thomas Percy  
 at the said Chrystynmas in full contentacion of the said rewardys xxxij s.  
 iiij d." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> 1. Play. *I think*, &c.] To this speech *Sinklo* is inadvertently pre-  
 fixed in the old copy. *Sinklo* or *Sinkler* was an actor in the same com-  
 pany with Shakspeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage,  
 Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604,  
 and was also a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Dead-  
 lie Sinns*. Mr. Tyrwhitt some years ago pointed out the error.

MALONE.

There can be no doubt that *Sinklo* was the name of one of the players,  
 which has crept in both here and in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* instead  
 of the name of the person represented.—Again at the conclusion of the  
 Second Part of *King Henry IV.* "Enter *Sinklo* and three or four offi-  
 cers." See the quarto, 1600. TYRWHITT.

\* — take them to the buttery,] Mr. Pope had probably these words in  
 his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface :  
 "—the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of  
 the stage ; they were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the  
 lord's

And give them friendly welcome every one;  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt* Servant and Players.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [*to a Servant.*  
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.  
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)  
He bear himself with honourable action,  
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
With soft low tongue<sup>9</sup>, and lowly courtesy;  
And say,—What is't your honour will command,  
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,  
May shew her duty, and make known her love?  
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,  
And with declining head into his bosom,—  
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd  
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him<sup>1</sup>  
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,

lord's table, on the lady's toilette." But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers*; and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *With soft low tongue*—] So, in *King Lear*:

" — Her voice was ever soft,

" Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Who for this seven years hath esteemed him*] "That the poet (says Mr. Theobald) designed, the tinker's supposed lunacy should be of fourteen years standing at least, is evident from two parallel passages in the play to that purpose." He therefore reads—for twice seven years. But in both those passages the term mentioned is *fifteen*, not *fourteen*, years. The servants (p. 255.) may well be supposed to forget the precise period dictated to them by their master, or, as is the custom of such persons, to aggravate what they have heard. There is therefore, in my opinion, no need of change. MALONE.

Our author rarely reckons time with any great correctness. Both *Falstaff* and *Orlando* forget the true hour of their appointments. STEEV.

To

To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
 An onion<sup>2</sup> will do well for such a shift;  
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
 Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.  
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;  
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [Exit Servant.  
 I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,  
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:  
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;  
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,  
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
 I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence  
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

SLY is discovered<sup>4</sup> in a rich night gown, with attendants;  
*some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other  
 appurtenances. Enter Lord, dress'd like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale<sup>5</sup>.

I. Ser.

<sup>2</sup> An onion—] It is not unlikely that the onion was an expedient  
 used by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*: "The tears live in an onion that should  
 water this sorrow." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> A Bedchamber, &c.] From the original stage-direction in the  
 first folio it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the  
 Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the repre-  
 sentation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction  
 here is: "Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, &c." So after-  
 wards at the end of this scene—"The Presenters above speak." See  
 The Account of our old theatres, Vol. I. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Sly is discovered, &c.] Thus in the original play: "Enter two  
 with a table and banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a  
 chaire, richlie apparell'd, and the musick plaieng."

"One. So, sirha, now go call my lord;

"And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.

"Another. Set thou some wine upon the boord,

"And then Ile go fetch my lord presently.

Exit.

"Enter

1. *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2. *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3. *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chri-

"Enter the Lord and his men.

"*Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?

"*One.* Yea, my lord.

"*Lord.* Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him strait,

"And see you do as earst I gave in charge.

"My lord, my lord, (he sleeps soundly) my lord.

"*Slie.* Tapster, give's a little small ale: heigh ho.

"*Lord.* Here's wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.

"*Slie.* For which lord?

"*Lord.* For your honor, my lord.

"*Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—What fine apparell have I got!

"*Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,

"And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

"*Wil.* And if your honour please to ride abroad,

"Ile fetch your lustie steeds more swift of pace

"Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,

"That ran so swiftlie over Persian plaines.

"*Tom.* And if your honour please to hunt the deere,

"Your hounds stand readie coupled at the doore,

"Who in running will oretake the row,

"And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded." STEEVENS.

5 — *small ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1558:—"For a stande of *small ale*—." I suppose it was what we now call *small beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the same books, though "duble bere, and duble duble ale," are frequently recorded. STEEVENS.

stophor



stopper Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot<sup>6</sup>, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught<sup>7</sup>: Here's—

3. *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2. *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,  
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.  
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;  
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:  
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck.  
Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays, [*Musick.*  
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:  
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,  
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

6 — of *Burton-beath*—*Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot*,] I suspect we should read—*Barton-beath*. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Glostershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

*Wilnecotte* is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakspeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

There is likewise a village in Warwickshire called *Burton Hastings*.

Among Sir A. Cockayne's poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have observed) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addressed to Mr. Clement Fisher of *Wincot*. MALONE.

7 — *I am not bestraught*:] *Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *disfraught*, or distracted. See Minshew's *Dict.* 1617:

“*Bestraet*, a Lat. *distractus mente*. Vi. *Mad* and *Bedlam*.” MALONE.

There is no verb extant from which the participle *bestraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however by Warner, 1602, and in Lord Surrey's Translation of the 4th book of Virgil's *Æneid*, I meet with the word as spelt by Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

On

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk ; we will bestrew the ground :

Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks, will soar

Above the morning lark : Or wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Ser.* Say, thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed flags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2. *Ser.* Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook ;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid ;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid ;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3. *Ser.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood ;

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds :

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waining age.

1. *Ser.* And, till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world ;

And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?

Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?

I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;

I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things :—

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;

And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2. *Ser.*

2. *Ser.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1. *Ser.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;

And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say, you would present her at the leet<sup>8</sup>,

Because she brought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts:—

Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3. *Ser.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece<sup>9</sup>,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

<sup>8</sup> — *leet*,] At the *Court-leet*, or courts of the manor. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *John Naps of Greece*,] A *hart of Greece* was a fat *hart*.  
Gnaiffe, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

“Eche of them slew a hart of *grace*.”

Again, in *Ives's Select Papers*, at the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of king Henry VII. among other dishes were “capons of *High Greece*.”

Perhaps this expression was used to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was a *fat man*: or as Poinc calls the associates of *Falstaff's Trojans*, *John Naps* might be called a *Grecian* for such another reason. STEEVENS.

For old *John Naps of Greece*, read—old *John Naps o' the Green*.

BLACKSTONE.

The addition seems to have been a common one. So, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II: “Who is next?—Peter Bullcalf of *the Green*.”

In the *London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad entitled “George o' the *Green*” is mentioned. Again, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II: “I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wuncot, against Clement Perkes o' the *bill*.”—The emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone was also suggested in Theobald's edition, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

And

And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter Page, as a lady, with attendants<sup>1</sup>.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good-man.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;  
I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well:—What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd,

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,

To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.  
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will  
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

<sup>1</sup> *Enter Page, &c.*] Here, as in the preceding part of this *Induction*, Shakspeare has pursued the track marked out by the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*; always, however, improving greatly on his original. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,  
For so your doctors hold it very meet;  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,  
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a com-  
monty<sup>2</sup> a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

*Page.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Page.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my  
side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

*[They sit down.]*

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

*Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

*Luc.* Tranio, since—for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—  
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy<sup>3</sup>,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
With his good will, and thy good company,  
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;  
Here let us breathe, and happily institute  
A course of learning, and ingenious studies<sup>4</sup>.

Pisa,

<sup>2</sup> *Is not a comonty—*] *Comonty* for comedy. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *for fruitful Lombardy,*] Padua is a city of Lombardy. STEEV.

<sup>4</sup> — *ingenious studies.*] I rather think it was written *ingenuous stu-*  
dies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty.

JOHNSON.



Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
 Gave me my being, and my father first,  
 A merchant of great traffick through the world,  
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii<sup>5</sup>.  
 Vincentio's son<sup>6</sup>, brought up in Florence,  
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd<sup>7</sup>,  
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:  
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy  
 Will I apply<sup>8</sup>, that treats of happiness  
 By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.  
 Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,  
 And am to Padua come; as he that leaves  
 A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,  
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.  
*Tra. Mi perdonate*<sup>9</sup>, gentle master mine,  
 I am in all affected as yourself;

In Cole's Dictionary, 1677, it is remarked—"ingenuous and ingenious are often confounded." Thus in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633—"deal ingeniously, sweet lady." REED.

<sup>5</sup> Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.] The old copy reads—*Vincenzio's*—The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not sure that it is right. Our author might have written

Vincenzio's son, come of the Bentivolii.

If that be the true reading, this line should be connected with the following, and a colon placed after *world* in the preceding line; as is the case in the original copy, which adds some support to the emendation now proposed:

Vincenzio's son, come of the Bentivolii,  
 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,  
 It shall become, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Vincentio's son &c.] *Vincenzio's* is here used as a quadrisyllable. Mr. Pope, I suppose, not perceiving this, unnecessarily reads—*Vincenzio his son*, which has been too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — to serve all hopes conceiv'd,] To fulfill the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Virtue, and that part of philosophy &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—to virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently used, as to *ply* or *apply* his studies. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Mi perdonate*,] Old Copy—*Me pardonato*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Glad

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,  
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
 Only, good master, while we do admire  
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
 Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;  
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks<sup>1</sup>,  
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:  
 Talk logick \* with acquaintance that you have,  
 And practise rhetorick in your common talk;  
 Musick and poesy use, to quicken you;  
 The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,  
 Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:  
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—  
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,  
 We could at once put us in readiness;  
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain  
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
 But stay a while: What company is this?

*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, CATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,  
 and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, impórtune me no farther,  
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;  
 That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
 Before I have a husband for the elder:  
 If either of you both love Catharina,  
 Because I know you well, and love you well,  
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

<sup>1</sup> — *Aristotle's checks,*] are, I suppose, the harsh rules of Aristotle.

STEEVENS.

Such as tend to *check* and restrain the indulgence of the passions.

MALONE.

Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *sticks*. The sense confirms it.

BLACKSTONE.

\* Talk *logick*—] Old Copy—*Balk*—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

*Gre.* To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—  
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

*Cath.* I pray you, sir, [*to BAP.*] is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

*Hor.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for  
you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould:

*Cath.* I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;

I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not, her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord!

*Tra.* Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;  
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

*Tra.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Cath.* A pretty peat<sup>2</sup>! 'tis best  
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company;

On them to look, and practise by myself.

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.  
[*aside.*]

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange<sup>3</sup>?

<sup>2</sup> *A pretty peat!* *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant—pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it signifies *darling*. "He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*." i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*so strange?* That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

Sorry am I, that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why, will you mew her up,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—  
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight  
In musick, instruments, and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—  
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,  
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men\*  
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up;  
And so farewell. Catharina, you may stay;  
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

*Cath.* Why, and, I trust, I may go too, May I not?  
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,  
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [Exit.]

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts<sup>5</sup> are so  
good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so  
great<sup>6</sup>, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,  
and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides.  
Farewel:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I  
can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that  
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father<sup>7</sup>.

*Hor.* So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray.

4 — to cunning men] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

5 — your gifts—] *Gifts* for *endowments*. MALONE.

6 Their love is not so great,—] Perhaps we should read—*Your* love. In the old manner of writing *y'* stood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third folio and some modern editors, with, I think, less probability, read *our*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us. MALONE.

7 — I will wish him to her father.] i. e. I will recommend him. So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

“To wish him wrestle with affection.” REED.

262 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle,  
know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we  
may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be  
happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one  
thing 'specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though  
her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be  
married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and  
mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be  
good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them,  
would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry  
with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high cross  
every morning.

*Hor.* 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten  
apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us  
friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd,—till  
by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set  
his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.  
—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole<sup>s</sup>! He that  
runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

*Gre.* I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best  
horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thorough-  
ly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of  
her. Come on. [Exeunt GRE. and HOR.]

*Tra.* [advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible  
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

<sup>s</sup> — *Happy man be his dole!* A proverbial expression. It is used in  
*Damon and Pyrrhus*, 1582. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed,  
though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors  
of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

In *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher, we meet with a similar ex-  
pression, which may serve to explain that before us: "Then happy man  
be his fortune!" i. e. May his fortune be that of a happy man! MALONE.

Luc.



*Luc.* O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
 I never thought it possible, or likely;  
 But see! while idly I stood looking on,  
 I found the effect of love in idleness:  
 And now in plainness do confess to thee,—  
 That art to me as secret, and as dear,  
 As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—  
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
 If I atchieve not this young modest girl:  
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;  
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;  
 Affection is not rated <sup>9</sup> from the heart:  
 If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo* <sup>1</sup>.

*Luc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;  
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,  
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
 Such as the daughter of Agenor <sup>2</sup> had,  
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister  
 Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,  
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,  
 And with her breath she did perfume the air;  
 Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

<sup>9</sup> — is not rated—] is not driven out by chiding. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*. and not as it appears in the *poet*. It may be added, that *captus est*, *babet*, is not in the same play which furnished the quotation. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — daughter of Agenor—] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. STEEVENS.

264 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.  
I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it stands:  
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,  
That, till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home;  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she shall not be annoy'd<sup>3</sup> with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!  
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be school-master,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.

*Luc.* It is: May it be done?

*Tra.* Not possible; For who shall bear your part,  
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?  
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*Luc.* Basta<sup>4</sup>; content thee; for I have it full.  
We have not yet been seen in any house;  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,  
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keep house, and port<sup>5</sup>, and servants, as I should:  
I will some other be; some Florentine,  
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—  
<sup>3</sup>Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once  
Uncape thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;

<sup>3</sup> — *she shall not be annoy'd*—] Old Copy—*she will not*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Basta*;] i. e. 'tis enough; Italian and Spanish. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — port,] *Port*, is figure, show, appearance. JOHNSON.

But

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am ty'd to be obedient ;

(For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;

*Be serviceable to my son*, quoth he,

Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)

I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :

And let me be a slave, to atchieve that maid

Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?

*Bion.* Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where are you ?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your cloaths ?

Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his ;

For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,

I kill'd a man, and fear I was descry'd<sup>6</sup> :

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life :

You understand me ?

*Bion.* Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him ; 'Would, I were so too !

*Tra.* So would I<sup>7</sup>, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish  
after,—

<sup>6</sup> —and fear I was descry'd:] i. e. I fear I was observ'd in the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—I am descry'd; which has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> So would I,—] The old copy has—could. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

That

266 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.  
But, firrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I  
advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :  
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;  
But in all places else, your master <sup>s</sup> Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go :—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;—  
To make one among these wooers : If thou ask me why,—  
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty<sup>9</sup>.

[*Exeunt*<sup>1</sup>.

1. *Ser.* My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

*Sly.* Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely ;  
Comes there any more of it ?

*Page.* My lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ;  
Would, 'twere done !

SCENE II.

*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :—  
Here, firrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

<sup>8</sup> — your master—] Old Copy—you master. Corrected by the editor  
of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — good and weighty.] The division for the second act of this play  
is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems  
to have meant the first act to conclude here, where the speeches of the  
Tinker are introduced ; though they have been hitherto thrown to the  
end of the first act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Exeunt.*] Here in the old copy we have—"The Presenters above  
speaks."—meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raised at the  
back of the stage. After the words—"Would it were done," the mar-  
ginal direction is—*They sit and mark.* MALONE.

*Gru.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW. 267

*Gru.* Knock, fir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship<sup>2</sup>?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here<sup>3</sup>, fir? why, fir, what am I, fir, That I should knock you here, fir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome:—I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?

'Faith, firrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it; I'll try how you can *sol*, *fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

*Gru.* Help, masters<sup>4</sup>, help! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now knock when I bid you: firrah! villain!

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hor.* How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutto il core bene trovato*, may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*  
*Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

<sup>2</sup> — *has rebus'd your worship?* What is the meaning of *rebus'd*? or is it a false print for *abus'd*? TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> *Knock you here,*—] Grumio's pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to those of Dromio in the *Comedy of Errors*; and this circumstance makes it the more probable that these two plays were written at no great distance of time from each other. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Help, masters*—] The old copy reads—*here*; and in several other places in this play *mistress*, instead of *masters*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the Mss. of our author's age *M.* was the common abbreviation of *Master* and *Mistress*. Hence the mistake. See the *Merchant of Venice*, Act V. 1600, and 1623:

"What ho, M. [Master] Lorenzo, and M. [Mistress] Lorenzo."

MALONE.

*Gru.*



268 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin<sup>5</sup>.—  
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—  
Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him  
soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his mas-  
ter so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,  
—a pip out<sup>6</sup>?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,  
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—  
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,  
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?*  
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:  
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But, in a few<sup>7</sup>,  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—  
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,

5 — *what he 'leges in Latin.*] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. STEEVENS.

I cannot help suspecting that we should read—"Nay, 'tis no matter what *he leges* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, sir."—That is, *'Tis no matter what is law, if this be not a lawful cause, &c.* TYRWHITT.

6 — *a pip out?*] The old copy has—*peepe*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

7 *But in a few,*] *In a few*, means the same as *in short*, *in few* words. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

"*In few*;—his death, whose spirit lent a fire—." STEEVENS.

Haply

Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?  
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :  
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich :—but thou'rt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,  
Few words suffice : and, therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance <sup>8</sup>.)  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love <sup>9</sup>,

As

<sup>8</sup> (*As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance*)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expression which I have never heard ; the *burthen* of his *wooing song* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,*] I suppose this alludes to the story of a Florentine, which is met with in an old book, called, *A Thousand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections. “ He was ravished over-night with the lustre of jewels, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized ; but next morning, viewing his lady before she was so gorgeously trim'd up,—she was such a leane, yellow, rivell'd, deform'd creature, that he never lived with her afterwards.” FARMER.

The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book *De Confessione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the description of her :

“ *Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,  
“ And saw this vecke, where that she sit,  
“ Which was the lotheft wighte  
“ That ever man caste on his eye :  
“ Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,  
“ Hir eyes small, and depe sette,  
“ Hir cheekes ben with teres wette,  
“ And rivelyn as an empty skyn,  
“ Hangyng downe unto the chyn ;  
“ Hir lippes shronken ben for age,  
“ There was no grace in hir visage.  
“ Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,  
“ She loketh foorth as doth a more :

“ Hir

As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,  
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
 Affection's edge in me; were she as rough<sup>1</sup>  
 As are the swelling Adriatick seas:  
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby<sup>2</sup>; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses<sup>3</sup>: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we have stept thus far in,  
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
 With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;  
 Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:

"Hir neck is shorte, hir shulders courbe,  
 "That might a mans luste distourbe:  
 "Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,  
 "And shortly to describe hir all,  
 "She hath no lith without a lacke,  
 "But like unto the woll sacke: &c."—

"Though she be the foulest of all, &c."

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, last edit. Vol. IV. p. 153. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *were she as rough*] The old copy reads—*were she is as rough*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *an aglet-baby*;] was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That such figures were sometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved by a passage in Mezeray, the French Historian:—"portant meme sur les aiguillettes [points] des petites tetes de mort." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *as many diseases as two and fifty horses*:] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in *the Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the fifty diseases stop thee!" MALONE.

Her only fault (and that is—faults enough<sup>4</sup>,)  
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,  
And shrewd<sup>5</sup>, and froward; so beyond all measure,  
That, were my state far worser than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:—  
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;  
For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:  
Her name is, Catharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;  
And he knew my deceased father well:—  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.  
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would  
think scolding would do little good upon him: She may,  
perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's  
nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks<sup>6</sup>.  
I'll

<sup>4</sup> — and that is—faults enough,] And that one is itself a host of faults. The editor of the second folio, who has been copied by all the subsequent editors, unnecessarily reads—and that is fault enough.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — shrew'd,] here means, having the qualities of a *shrew*. The adjective is now used only in the sense of *acute, intelligent*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — he'll rail in his rope-tricks,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—in his *rhetorick*. But the old copy is certainly right. *Repery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibras*:

“ Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,

“ That speak, and think contrary clean;

“ What member 'tis of whom they talk,

“ When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave, walk.”

The following passage in Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553, shews that this was the meaning of the term: “ Another good fellow in the country,

I'll tell you what, fir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat<sup>7</sup>: You know him not, fir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;  
For in Baptista's keep<sup>8</sup> my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;  
And her withholds from me, and other more<sup>9</sup>

countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and desirous to speak like a fine learned man, having just occasion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, said after this wise in a great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumcision of my dampnation, I will so corrupte thee that all vacation knaves shall take ill sample by thee." This the author in the margin calls—"rope-ripe chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611:

"Lord! how you role in yout rope-ripe terms. MALONE.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare uses *ropery* for *roguey*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*. *Rope-tricks* we may suppose to mean tricks of which the contriver would deserve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:] The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight. Probably the poet meant to have said—a cat in a bottle. Of this diversion see an account in *Much ado about nothing*, Act I. [Vol. II. p. 217.] to the note on which the following passages may be added from a poem called *Cornu-copiae*, or *Pasquil's Night-cap*, or an *Antidote for the Head-acke*, 1623, p. 48:

"Fairer than any stake in Greys-inne field, &c.

"Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout

"Of bow-men bold, which at a cat do shoot."

Again, *ibid*:

"Nor on the top a cat-a-mount was fram'd,

"Or some wilde beast that ne'er before was tam'd;

"Made at the charges of some archer stout,

"To have his name canoniz'd in the clout."

These instances serve to shew that it was customary to shoot at factitious as well as real cats. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — in Baptista's keep—] *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — and other more] *And*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by Dr. Thirby; who likewise reformed the metre of this passage. MALONE.

Suitors



Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :  
 Supposing it a thing impossible,  
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd,)  
 That ever Catharina will be woo'd,  
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;—  
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
 Till Catharine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Catharine the curst !

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;  
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,  
 To old Baptista as a school-master  
 Well seen in musick<sup>1</sup>, to instruct Bianca :  
 That so I may by this device, at least,  
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter Gremio ; with him* LUCENTIO *disguis'd, with books under his arm.*

*Gru.* Here's no knavery ! See ; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together ! Master, master, look about you : Who goes there ? ha.

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio ; 'tis the rival of my love :—Petruchio, stand by a while.

*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous ! [*They retire.*]

*Gre.* O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :  
 All books of love, see that at any hand<sup>2</sup> ;  
 And see you read no other lectures to her :  
 You understand me :—Over and besides  
 Signior Baptista's liberality,  
 I'll mend it with a largess :—Take your papers too,  
 And let me have them very well perfum'd ;  
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,

<sup>1</sup> *Well seen in musick,*] *Seen is versed, practised.* So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. iv. c. ii :

“ *Well seene in every science that mote bee.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *at any band ;*] i. e. at all events. STEEVENS.

To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,  
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)  
As firmly as yourself were still in place:  
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O this learning! what a thing it is!

*Gru.* O this woodcock<sup>3</sup>! what an ass it is!

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah.

*Hor.* Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

*Gre.* And you are well met, signior Hortensio.

Trow you, whither

I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully about

A schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,

And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

*Hor.* 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,

Hath promis'd me to help me<sup>4</sup> to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

*Gre.* Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove. [*aside.*]

*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:

Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Catharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

<sup>3</sup> *O this woodcock!*] See Vol. II. p. 290, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *—help me—*] The old copy reads—*help one.* STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Pet.* I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, say't me so, friend? What countryman?

*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son<sup>5</sup>:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

*Gre.* O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:  
But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name;  
You shall have me assisting you in all,  
But will you woo this wild cat?

*Pet.* Will I live?

*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*aside.*]

*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang<sup>6</sup>?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;  
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear?  
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?  
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs<sup>7</sup>.

*Gru.* For he fears none.

[*aside*]

*Gre.* Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

*Hor.* I promis'd, we would be contributors,

<sup>5</sup> — Antonio's son:] Old Copy—*Butonio's* son. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — and trumpets' clang?] i. e. the clang of trumpets. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — so great a blow to the ear,] The old copy reads—to bear. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

So, in *K. John*:

“ Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his

“ But buffets better than a fist of France.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — with bugs.] i. e. with bug-bears. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ————— are become

“ The mortal bugs o'th' field.” STEEVENS.

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will ; provided, that he win her.

*Gru.* I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. [*aside.*]

*Enter* TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd* ; and BIONDELLO.

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be bold,  
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
To the house of signior Baptista Minola ?

*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters<sup>9</sup> :—is't [*aside*  
to *Tra.*] he you mean ?

*Tra.* Even he, Biondello<sup>1</sup>.

*Gre.* Hark you, fir ; You mean not her to—<sup>2</sup>

*Tra.* Perhaps him and her, fir ; What have you to do ?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, fir, at any hand, I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, fir :—Biondello, let's away.

*Luc.* Well begun, Tranio. [*aside.*]

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go ;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no ?

*Tra.* An if I be, fir, is it any offence ?

*Gre.* No ; if, without more words, you will get you  
hence.

*Tra.* Why, fir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me, as for you ?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you ?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,—

<sup>9</sup> *He that has the two fair daughters :—&c.*] This speech should rather be given to Gremio ; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addressed himself. TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> *Even he, Biondello !*] Mr. Tyrwhitt would regulate this line thus : “ Even he. Biondello !” But I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding speech, is right. Biondello adds to what his master had said, the words—“ He that has the two fair daughters,” to ascertain more precisely the person for whom he had enquired ; and then addresses Tranio ; “ — is't he you mean ?” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *You mean not her to—*] Mr. Tyrwhitt would read—you mean not her too. I believe, an abrupt sentence was intended ; or perhaps Shakspeare might have written—her to woo. Tranio in his answer might mean, that he would woo the father, to obtain his consent, and the daughter for herself. This, however, will not complete the metre. I incline therefore to my first supposition. MALONE.

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:  
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,  
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*Tra.* No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;  
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;  
And will not promise her to any man,  
Until the eldest sister first be wed:  
The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;  
An if you break the ice, and do this feat<sup>3</sup>,—  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,  
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,

<sup>3</sup> — *this feat*.—] The old copy reads—*this seeke*. The emendation was made by Mr. Kowe. STEEVENS.



278 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,  
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon<sup>4</sup>,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;  
And do as adversaries do in law<sup>5</sup>,—  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru. Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone<sup>6</sup>.

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—  
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

*Enter CATHARINA and BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself\*,  
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;  
That I disdain: but for these other gawds<sup>7</sup>,—  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

4 — contrive *this afternoon*,] *Contrive* does not signify here to project but to spend, and wear out. As in this passage of *Spenser*:

"Three ages, such as mortal men contrive." *WARBURTON.*

The word is used in the same sense of spending or wearing out in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*. *JOHNSON.*

*Contrive*, I suppose, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence:  
"Totum hunc contrivi diem." *STEEVENS.*

5 — as adversaries do in law,] By *adversaries in law*, I believe, our author means not suitors, but barristers, who, however warm in their opposition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendship in private, than perhaps those of any other of the liberal professions. Their clients seldom "eat and drink with their adversaries as friends." *MALONE.*

6 — Fellows, let's begone.] *Fellows* means fellow-servants. *Grumio* and *Biondelio* address, each the other, and also the disguised *Lucentio*. *MALONE.*

\* nor wrong yourself,] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a sister. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Master Ford, this wrongs you." *MALONE.*

7 — but for these other gawds,—] The old copy reads—*goods*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Gawds*, he observes, are toys, trifling ornaments. *MALONE.*

Yea,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;  
Or, what you will command me, will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Cath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee <sup>8</sup>, tell  
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Cath.* Minion, thou liest ; Is't not Hortensio ?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear,  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

*Cath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair <sup>9</sup>.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so ?  
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,  
You have but jested with me all this while :  
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Cath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*strikes her.*]

*Enter BAPTISTA.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this insolence ?—

Bianca, stand aside ;—poor girl ! she weeps :—  
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.—  
For shame, thou hilding <sup>1</sup> of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee ?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

*Cath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*flies after BIANCA.*]

*Bap.* What, in my sight ?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

*Cath.* Will you not suffer me <sup>2</sup> ? Nay, now I see,

<sup>8</sup> — *I charge thee,*] *Thee*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *to keep you fair.*] I wish to read—to keep you *fine*. But either word may serve. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *hilding*—] The word *bilding* or *binderling*, is a *low wretch* ; it is applied to Catharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Will you not suffer me ?* The old copy reads—*What*, will &c. The compositor probably caught the former word from the preceding line. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  
 I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,  
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell<sup>3</sup>.  
 Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,  
 'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit CATHARINA.*  
*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?  
 But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

*Bap.* Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

*Pet.* And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter Call'd Catharina, fair, and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, call'd Catharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—  
 I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
 That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,  
 Her affability, and bashful modesty,  
 Her wond'rous qualities, and mild behaviour,—  
 Am bold to shew myself a forward guest  
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
 Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
 I do present you with a man of mine,

[*presenting Hortensio.*

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,  
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,

<sup>3</sup> *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*] “To lead apes” was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much ado about nothing*: “Therefore (says Beatrice,) I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes to hell.” MALONE.

Whereof,

Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :  
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;  
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

*Bap.* You're welcome, fir ; and he, for your good sake :  
 But for my daughter Catharine,—this I know,  
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

*Pet.* I see, you do not mean to part with her ;  
 Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.  
 Whence are you, fir ? what may I call your name ?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,  
 A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :

*Baccare !* you are marvellous forward<sup>4</sup>.

*Pet.* O, pardon me, signior Gremio ; I would fain be  
 doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, fir ; but you will curse your woo-  
 ing.—

Neighbour<sup>5</sup>, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.  
 To express the like kindness myself, that have been more  
 kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto  
 you this young scholar<sup>6</sup>, [*presenting* Lucentio,] that hath  
 been

<sup>4</sup> *Baccare ! you are marvellous forward.*] *Baccare* is an old proverbial word, used by John Heywood ; who hath made, what he pleases to call, epigrams upon it. Take two of them, such as they are :

“ *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,

“ Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow you ? ”

“ *Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow : se,

“ Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he.” FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> *Neighbour,*] The old copy has—*neighbours*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *I freely give unto you this young scholar,*] The words in Roman characters, which were certainly omitted in the old copy by the negligence of the compositor or transcriber, were supplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt. If his emendation wanted any support, it might be had in the preceding part of this scene, where Petruchio, presenting Hortensio to Baptista, uses almost the same form of words :

“ And

been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to Tranio.*] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister: This liberty is all that I request,— That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome<sup>7</sup> amongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest. And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books<sup>7</sup>: If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name<sup>8</sup>? of whence, I pray?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

“And, for an entrance of my entertainment,

“I do present you with a man of mine,

“Cunning in musick, &c.”

*Free leave* give &c. was the absurd correction of the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — [*this small packet of Greek and Latin books:*] In queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Gray and her sisters, queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances.

PERCY.

<sup>8</sup> Lucentio is your name? How should Baptista know this? Perhaps a line is lost, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald supposes they converse privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action must stand still; for there is no speech interposed between that of Tranio and this of Baptista. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.

*Bap.*



*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa, by report ;  
 I know him well<sup>9</sup> : you are very welcome, fir.—  
 Take you [*to Hor.*] the lute, and you [*to Luc.*] the set  
 of books,  
 You shall go see your pupils presently.  
 Holla, within!—

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
 To my daughters ; and tell them both,  
 These are their tutors ; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Biond.*  
 We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
 And then to dinner : You are passing welcome,  
 And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
 And every day I cannot come to woo<sup>1</sup>.  
 You knew my father well ; and in him, me,  
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
 Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :

<sup>9</sup> *I know him well :*] It appears in a subsequent part of this play that Baptista was not *personally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptista having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa ; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce* ; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptista expresses no surprise at his not being the same man with whom he had formerly been acquainted ; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he supposes him an impostor. The words therefore, “I know him well,” must mean, *I know well who he is*. Baptista uses the same words before, speaking of Petruchio's father : “I know him well ; you are welcome for his sake”—where they must have the same meaning ; viz. *I know who he was* ; for Petruchio's father is supposed to have died before the commencement of the play.

Some of the modern editors point the passage before us thus :

A mighty man of Pisa ; by report

I know him well.—

but it is not so pointed in the old copy, and the regulation seems unnecessary, the very same words having been before used with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *And every day I cannot come to woo.*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad, entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocio* :

“And I cannot come every day to wooe.” STEEVENS.

Then

Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands;  
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood<sup>2</sup>,—be it that she survive me,—  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:  
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as the proud-minded;  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:  
So I to her, and so she yields to me;  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> ——— I'll assure her of

*Her widowhood*,—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*for her widowhood*.  
The reading of the old copy is harsh to our ears, but it might have been  
the phraseology of the time. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *her frets*,] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which  
causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.

And

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;  
 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
*Frets, call you these?* quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*  
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
 And through the instrument my pate made way;  
 And there I stood amazed for a while,  
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute:  
 While she did call me,—rascal fidler,  
 And—twangling Jack<sup>4</sup>; with twenty such vile terms,  
 As she had<sup>5</sup> studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did:  
 O, how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:  
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;  
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—  
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;  
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Pet.* I pray you, do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt BAP. GRE. TRA. and HOR.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
 Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,  
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
 Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear  
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:  
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;  
 Then I'll commend her volubility,  
 And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:  
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
 As though she bid me stay by her a week;  
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—  
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

<sup>4</sup> *And—twangling Jack;*] *Jack*, it has been already observed, was an expression of contempt. See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. *Twangling Jack* is, mean, paltry lutanist. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *she had—*] In the old copy these words are accidentally transposed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter CATHARINA.*

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

*Cath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing<sup>6</sup> ;

They call me—Catharine, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,  
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;  
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
 Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
 For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,  
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—  
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,  
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)  
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Cath.* Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd you hither,Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,  
 You were a moveable.*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable ?*Cath.* A joint-stool<sup>7</sup>.*Pet.* Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.*Cath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.*Cath.* No such jade, sir<sup>8</sup>, as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee :  
 For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

<sup>6</sup> *Well have you heard, but something hard of bearing ;*] A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *beard* was pronounced in our author's time, as if it were written *hard*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *A joint stool.*] This is a proverbial expression :

“ Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool.”

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *No such jade, sir,—*] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—no such *jack*. However there is authority for *jade* in a male sense. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, Piñon says of Basilisco, “ He just like a knight ! He'll just like a *jade*.” FARMER.

So before, in p. 277 : “ —I know, be'll prove a *jade*.” MALONE.

*Cath.*

*Cath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch;  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be? should buz.

*Cath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

*Cath.* Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard<sup>9</sup>.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

*Cath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Cath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?  
In his tail.

*Cath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

*Cath.* Yours, if you talk of tails<sup>1</sup>; and so farewell.

*Pet.* What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come  
again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

*Cath.* That I'll try. [*striking him.*]

*Pet.* I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Cath.* So may you loose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

*Cath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Cath.* No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better:—*Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a buzzard.* That is, he may take me for a turtle, and he shall find me a hawk. JOHNSON.

This kind of expression likewise seems to have been proverbial. So, in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590:

" ———— ha't no more skill,

" Than take a fault on for a buzzard?" STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Tours, if you talk of tails;*] The old copy reads—*tales*, and it may perhaps be right.—"Yours, if your talk be no better than an *idle tale*." Our author is very fond of using words of similar sounds in different senses.—I have, however, followed the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which all the modern editors have adopted. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — a craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. STEEV.

*Pet.*



*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate come ; you must not look so sour.

*Cath.* It is my fashion, when I see a cra

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

*Cath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then shew it me.

*Cath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face ?

*Cath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

*Cath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Cath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

*Cath.* I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and fullen,

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous ;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp ?

O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazle-twig,

Is straight, and slender ; and as brown in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

*Cath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command<sup>3</sup>.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

*Cath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

<sup>3</sup> *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.*] This is exactly the *Παροίμενος ἐπιταγή* of Theocritus, *Eid.* xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be positive that Shakspeare had ever read even a translation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Cath.* A witty mother! witleſſe elſe her ſon.

*Pet.* Am I not wiſe?

*Cath.* Yes; keep you warm<sup>4</sup>.

*Pet.* Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet Catharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,

Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath conſented

That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,

(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)

Thou muſt be married to no man but me:

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable<sup>5</sup>, as other houſhold Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial,

I muſt and will have Catharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.*

*Bap.* Now, ſignior Petruchio; how ſpeed you with my daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, ſir? how but well?

It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Catharine? in your dumps?

*Cath.* Call you me, daughter? now, I promiſe you,

You have ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;

A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack<sup>6</sup>,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

<sup>4</sup> *Am I not wiſe?*

*Yes; keep you warm.]* So, in *Much ado about nothing*: “—that if he has wit enough to keep himſelf warm.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate*

*Conformable,—]* Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio with ſome probability reads—from a wild *Kat* (meaning certainly *cat*). So before: “But will you woo this wild cat?” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — and a ſwearing Jack,] See p. 285, n. 4. MALONE.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;  
If she be curst, it is for policy:  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel<sup>7</sup>,  
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:  
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

*Cath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.  
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe  
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—  
She hung about my neck; and kifs on kifs  
She vy'd so fast<sup>8</sup>, protesting oath on oath,  
That in a twink she won me to her love.

<sup>7</sup> — a second Grissel;] There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called "The plaie of *Patient Grissel*." Boccaccio was the inventor of the story, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — kifs on kifs

*She vy'd so fast*,—] *Vie* and *revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says, "We must not permit *vying* and *revying* upon one another." FARMER.

*Vie* and *Revie* were terms at *Primero*, the fashionable game in our author's time. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591: S. "Let us play at *Primero* then. A. What shall we play for? S. One shilling stake and three rest.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, sir, I hould it, and *revye* it."

*To out-vie* Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: "Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire." MALONE.

O, you

O, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see<sup>9</sup>,  
 How tame, when men and women are alone,  
 A meacock wretch<sup>1</sup> can make the curfeste shrew.—  
 Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,  
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day :—  
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;  
 I will be sure, my Catharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say : but give me your hands ;  
 God send you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.

*Gre. Tra.* Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;  
 I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace :—  
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;  
 And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PET. and CATH. severally.*]

*Gre.* Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly ?

*Bap.* 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,  
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ;  
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek is—quiet in the match\*.

*Gre.* No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.  
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;—  
 Now is the day we long have looked for ;  
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one, that love Bianca more  
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

*Gre.* Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry<sup>2</sup>. Skipper,

9 — 'tis a world to see,] i. e. It is wonderful to see. This expression is often met with in old historians, as well as dramatick writers.

STEEVENS.

1 — a meacock wretch—] i. e. a timorous dastardly creature.

STEEVENS.

\* — in the match.] Old Copy—me the match. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> But thine doth fry.] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by *Shadwell* :

“ The fire of love in youthful blood,

“ Like what is kindled in brush-wood,



Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

*Tra.* But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
Shall have my Bianca's love—.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;  
Basons, and ewers<sup>3</sup>, to lave her dainty hands;  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;  
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints<sup>4</sup>,  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies<sup>5</sup>,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

“*But for a moment burns:—*

“*But when crept into aged veins,*

“*It slowly burns, and long remains;*

“*It glows, and with a sullen beat,*

“*Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;*

“*And though the flame be not so great,*

“*Yet is the heat as strong.”* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Basons and ewers,—*] A *bason* and *ewer* seem to have been furniture of which much account was made in our author's time. They were usually of silver; and probably the fashion of these articles was more particularly attended to, because they were regularly exhibited to the guests before and after dinner, it being the custom to wash the hands at both those times. See p. 315, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — counterpoints,] These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes*; but either mode of spelling is proper.

*Counterpoint* is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other. In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patch-work, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — tents and canopies,] I suppose by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-stitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domestick riches.

STEEVENS.

I suspect, the furniture of some kind of bed, in the form of a pavilion, was known by this name in our author's time. MALONE.

Valance



Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,  
 Pewter<sup>6</sup> and brass, and all things that belong  
 To house, or house-keeping: then, at my farm,  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess;  
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That, only, came well in—Sir, list to me;  
 I am my father's heir, and only son:  
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua;  
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—  
 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!  
 My land amounts not to so much in all:  
 That she shall have; besides an argosy<sup>7</sup>,  
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—  
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less  
 Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses<sup>8</sup>,  
 And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,  
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

<sup>6</sup> Pewter—] We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from "The regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland, &c." that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. This *household-book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinshed's Description of England, p. 188, and 189.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *That she shall have; besides an argosy,—*] She shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above. HEATH.

<sup>8</sup> — *two galliasses,*] A *galeas* or *galliafs*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. STEEVENS.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;  
And she can have no more than all I have ;—  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,  
By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied<sup>9</sup>.

*Bap.* I must confess, your offer is the best ;  
And, let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :  
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old ?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolv'd :—On Sunday next, you know,  
My daughter Catharine is to be marry'd :  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;  
If not, to signior Gremio :

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*]

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;  
Sirrah, young gamester<sup>1</sup>, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and, in his waining age,  
Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide ;  
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten<sup>2</sup>.

'Tis in my head to do my master good :—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio  
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;  
And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,

<sup>9</sup> — *out-vied.*] See p. 290, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Sirrah, young gamester,—*] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talk'd of *out-vying* him. See the last note.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *with a card of ten.*] i. e. with a very high card. The phrase seems to have been applied to those persons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident assertion. MALONE.

So, Skelton :

“ Fyrste pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,

“ And so outface him with a *card of ten.*” WARBURTON.

Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,  
A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning<sup>3</sup>.  
*Exit.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in Baptista's House.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

*Luc.* Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Catharine welcom'd you withal?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is<sup>4</sup>  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in musick we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous ass! that never read so far  
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!  
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies, or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
I am no breeching scholar<sup>4</sup> in the schools;  
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,

<sup>3</sup> — *if I fail not of my cunning.*] As this is the conclusion of an act, I suspect that the poet design'd a rhyming couplet. Instead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often used by Shakspeare in the sense here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—  
“a child shall get a fire.” STEEVENS.

\* — *this is*] Probably our author wrote—*this lady is*, which completes the metre, *wrangling* being used as a trisyllable. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *no breeching scholar*—] i. e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

“Whose looks were as a *breeching* to a boy.” STEEVENS.

But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;  
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune ?

[*to Bianca.* *Hor.* retires.

*Luc.* That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last ?

*Luc.* Here, madam :—

*Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;*

*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloons<sup>5</sup>.

*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*returning.*

*Bian.* Let's hear :— [*Hor.* plays.

O fie ! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.  
How fiery and forward our pedant is !  
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :  
*Pedascule*<sup>6</sup>, I'll watch you better yet.

<sup>5</sup> — *pantaloons*.] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Pedascule*.] He would have said *Didascule*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakspeare's. It is more probable that it lay in his way, and he found it. STEEVENS.

*Bian.*

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust<sup>7</sup>.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*<sup>8</sup>  
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:  
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—  
Good masters<sup>9</sup>, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, [*to Luc.*] and give me leave  
awhile;

My lessons make no musick in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,  
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd<sup>1</sup>,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*aside.*]

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art;  
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:  
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* Gamut, *I am, the ground of all accord*, [*reads.*]

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;  
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,  
C faut, that loves with all affection:  
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;  
E la mi, show pity, or I die.

• 7 *In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*] This and the seven verses that follow have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

8 — *for, sure, Æacides &c.*] This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to listen. STEEVENS.

9 *Good masters,*] Old copy—*master*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

1 — *but I be deceiv'd,*] But has here the signification of *unless*.

MALONE.

Call



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Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:  
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,  
To change true rules for odd inventions<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;  
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must begone.

*[Exeunt Bian. and Serv.]*

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. *[Exit.]*

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant;  
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,  
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,  
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

*The same. Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, CATHARINA,  
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior Lucentio, [*to Tra.*] this is the 'pointed day  
That Catharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

*Cath.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd

<sup>2</sup> To change true rules for odd inventions.] The old copy reads—To charge true rules for old inventions: The former emendation was made by the editor of the second folio; the latter by Mr. Theobald.—Old, however, may be right. I believe, an opposition was intended. As charge was corrupted into charge, why might not true have been put instead of new? Perhaps the author wrote

To change new rules for old inventions.

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions. MALONE.  
To

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,  
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen<sup>3</sup>;  
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
 I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,  
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:  
 And, to be noted for a merry man,  
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
 Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns<sup>4</sup>;  
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
 Now must the world point at poor Catharine,  
 And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*  
*If it would please him come and marry her.*

*Tra.* Patience, good Catharine, and Baptista too;  
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:  
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Cath.* 'Would, Catharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*]

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;  
 For such an injury would vex a very faint,  
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour<sup>5</sup>.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* Master, master! news, old news<sup>6</sup>, and such news  
 as you never heard of!

<sup>3</sup> — *full of spleen*;] That is, full of humour, caprice, and inconsistency. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns*;] *Them* is not in the old copy. For this emendation the present editor is answerable. The editor of the second folio, to supply the defect in the metre, reads, with less probability in my opinion,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *of thy impatient humour.*] *Tby*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *old news.*] These words have been added by some of the editors, and necessarily, for the reply of Baptista supposes them to have been already spoken.—*Old laughing,—old utis,* &c. are expressions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once used by Shakspeare. See a note on *K. Henry IV. P. II. Act II. sc. iv.* STEEVENS.

They were added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Bap.*

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But say, what:—To thine old news.

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points<sup>7</sup>: His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampas, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives<sup>8</sup>, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the

7 — pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points:] How a sword should have two broken points, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of point to sword. I read, a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced with two broken points; an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapeless. JOHNSON.

I suspect that several words giving an account of Petruchio's belt are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outside of the clothes. Two broken points might therefore have concluded the description of its ostentatious meanness. STEEVENS.

The broken points might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET. — that have been candle-cases,] That is, I suppose, boots long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to their first office. STEEVENS.

8 — infected with the fashions,—past cure of the fives,] Fashions. So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, farcins, or farcy.—Fives. So called in the West; wives elsewhere, and arrives by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY.

Shakspeare

the bots; sway'd in the back<sup>9</sup>, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legg'd before<sup>1</sup>, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure<sup>2</sup>, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock<sup>3</sup> on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather<sup>4</sup>: a monster, a very monster in

Shakspeare is not the only writer who uses *fashions* for *farcy*. See Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, and the *New Ordinary* by Brome. STEEVENS.

9 — *sway'd in the back,*] The old copy has—*waid*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

1 — *ne'er legg'd before,*] i. e. founder'd in his fore feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words—"which, being restrain'd, to keep him from *stumbling*"—seem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd before*; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horse. MALONE.

2 — *a crupper of velure,*] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. STEEVENS.

3 — *stock*—] i. e. stocking. STEEVENS.

4 — *an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather:*] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakspeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions.

WARBURTON.

I have some doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. So Peacham, in his *Worth of a Penny*, describing "an indigent and discontented soldier," says, "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps being somewhere in trouble; a *bat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for fashion-sake." MALONE.

apparel;

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apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—  
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he is come, howfoe'er he comes.

*Bion.* Why, fir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say, he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, fir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,  
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Bap.* You are welcome, fir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, fir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

*Tra.* And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though



Though in some part enforced to digress<sup>5</sup>;  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;  
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes;  
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,  
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt PET. GRU. and BION.*]

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire:  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*]

*Tra.* But, sir, to her love<sup>6</sup> concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted<sup>7</sup> to your worship,  
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,  
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—

5 — to digress;] to deviate from any promise. JOHNSON.

6 But, sir, to her love—] The words to her, which are wanting in the old copy, have been inserted on the suggestion of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The nominative case to the verb *concerneth* is here understood. A similar licence may be found in *As you like it*, p. 232, l. 2. MALONE.

We must suppose, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that to her love it concerns them to add her father's consent; and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

7 As I before imparted—] I, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio; but with his usual inaccuracy was inserted in the wrong place. MALONE.

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And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;  
And make assurance, here in Padua,  
Of greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow school-master  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business:  
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola;  
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

*Re-enter GREMIO.*

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school<sup>s</sup>.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

*Gre.* A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest  
Should ask—if Catharine should be his wife,

*Ay, by gogs-wouns,* quoth he; and swore so loud,  
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;

*Now take them up,* quoth he, *if any list.*

*Tra.* What said the wench, when he rose again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and  
swore,

<sup>s</sup> *As willingly &c.]* This is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.  
 But after many ceremonies done,  
 He calls for wine :  
*A health*, quoth he ; as if he had been aboard,  
 Carousing to his mates after a storm :  
 Quaff'd off the muscadell<sup>o</sup>, and threw the sops  
 All in the sexton's face ; having no other reason,—  
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,  
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.  
 This done, he took the bride about the neck ;  
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,  
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

<sup>o</sup> *Quaff'd off the muscadell,*] It appears from this passage, and the following one in *the History of the two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus :

*Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.*

" Maid. Strew, strew.

" Man. The muscadine stays for the bride at church.

" The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend

" To make them man and wife."

There was likewise a flower [*Sops in Wine*] that borrowed its name from this ceremony. STEEVENS.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony ; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester cathedral, 1554. " The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done : at which tyme, wyne and sopes were hallowed and delyvered to them both." COLLECT. Append. Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

This custom is of very high antiquity ; for it subsisted among our Gothick ancestors.—"*Ingressus domum convivalem sponsus cum pronubo suo, sumpto poculo, quod maritale vocant, ac paucis a pronubo de mutato vitæ genere prefatis, in signum constantiæ, virtutis, defensionis et tutelæ, propinat sponsæ, & simul morgennaticam [dotalitium ob virginitatem] promittit, quod ipsa grato animo recclens, pari ratione & modo, paulo post mutato in uxorium habitum operculo capitis, ingressa, poculum, uti nostrates vocant, uxorium leviter delibans, amorem, fidem, diligentiam, & subjectionem promittit.*" Stiernhook *de Jure Sueonum & Gotborum vetusto*, p. 163, quarto, 1672. MALONE.

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I, seeing this<sup>1</sup>, came thence for very shame ;  
And after me, I know, the rout is coming :  
Such a mad marriage never was before :  
Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [Musick.]

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and *Train*.

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains :  
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible, you will away to-night ?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come :—  
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,  
You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
And, honest company, I thank you all,  
That have beheld me give away myself  
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;  
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Cath.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Cath.* Are you content to stay ?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay ;  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Cath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio my horse.

*Gru.* Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horses<sup>2</sup>.

*Cath.*

<sup>1</sup> I, seeing this,—] The old copy has—And I seeing—. And was probably caught from the beginning of the next line. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the oats have eaten the horses.] There is still a ludicrous expression, when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten more than they

*Cath.* Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor till <sup>3</sup> I please myself.  
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,  
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;  
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—  
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly furly groom,  
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

*Cath.* I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

*Cath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—

I see, a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:  
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,  
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;  
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;  
I will be master of what is mine own:  
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,  
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

they are worth,—viz. that *their beads are too big for the stable door*. I suppose Grumio has some such meaning, though it is more openly expressed, as follows, in the original play:

“*Feran.* Tut, Kate, I tel thee we must needes go home:

“*Vilaine*, hast thou saddled my horse?

“*San.* Which horse? your curtall?

“*Feran.* Souns, you slave, stand you prating here?

“Saddle the bay gelding for your mistress.

“*Kate.* Not for me, for I will not go.

“*San.* The ostler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence for his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistress saddle.

“*Feran.* Here, villaine; goe pay him strait.” STEEVENS.

3 — nor till—] Old Copy—not till. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

I'll



I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
 That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,  
 Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;  
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—  
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;  
 I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. and GRU.]

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like!

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters!  
 and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever  
 man so ray'd<sup>4</sup>? was ever man so weary? I am sent be-  
 fore to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm

4 — *so ray'd*?] i. e. *besoway'd*, made dirty. So Spenser, B. II. c. 8. ft. 32: "Ruffled and foully ray'd with filthy soil." TOLLET.

So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600: "Let there be a few rushes laid in the place where Backwinter shall tumble, for fear of raying his clothes." STEVENS.

them.

them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot<sup>5</sup>, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water<sup>6</sup>.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis<sup>7</sup>.

Curt.

5 — a little pot, and soon hot,] This is a proverbial expression.

STEEVENS.

6 — fire, fire; cast on no water.] There is an old popular catch of three parts, in these words:

“Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.

“Fire, fire;—Fire, fire;

“Cast on some more water.” BLACKSTONE.

7 — winter tames man, &c.] “Winter,” says Grumio, “tames man, woman, and beast: for it has tamed my old master, my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.—Away, you three-inch'd fool,” replies Curtis, “I am no beast.” Why, asks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio call'd him one? He alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and Curtis, *fellow*, surely he calls Curtis a *beast* likewise. Malvolio takes this sense of the word: “let this *fellow* be look'd to!—*Fellow*! not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow*!” In Ben Jonson's *Case is Altered*, “What says my *fellow* Onion?” quoth *Christophero*.—“All of a house,” replies *Onion*, “but not *fellows*.”

In the old play, call'd *The Return from Parnassus*, we have a curious passage, which shews the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakspeare; this use of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the university-men the art of acting, and are represented (particularly Kempe, as

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*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool<sup>8</sup>! I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot<sup>9</sup>; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

*Curt.* I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

*Gru.* Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*<sup>1</sup> and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

*Gru.* Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings<sup>3</sup>, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair with-

*leaden spouts,—very illiterate.* “Few of the university, says Kempe; pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer, *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*:—why, here's our *Fellow Shakespeare* puts them all down.” FARMER.

The sentence delivered by Grumio is proverbial:

“Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast.”

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Away, you three-inch fool!*] This contemptuous expression alludes to Grumio's diminutive size. He has already mentioned it himself:—“Now, were not I a *little pot*—” His answer likewise, “—and so long am I at the least,”—shews that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was mistaken in supposing that these words allude to the *thickness* of Grumio's *skull*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Why, thy horn is a foot;*] The meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Jack boy! ho boy!*] is the beginning of an old round in three parts. Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

<sup>2</sup> —as thou wilt.] Old Copy—*wilt thou*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —their *white stockings*,—] The old copy reads—*the white*—. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

in,

in, the jills fair without<sup>4</sup>, the carpets laid<sup>5</sup>, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news<sup>6</sup>?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [striking him.

Curt. This is<sup>7</sup> to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech list'ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd<sup>8</sup>; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse

<sup>4</sup> *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?*] i. e. Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dress'd? WARBURTON.

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this. The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside like the leather. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the carpets laid*,] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *I pray thee, news?*] I believe the author wrote—I pray, *thy* news. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *This is—*] Old Copy—*This 'tis—*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *bemoil'd*;] i. e. be-draggled, bemired. STEEVENS.

stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before<sup>9</sup>; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst<sup>1</sup>; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarfop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd<sup>2</sup>, and their garters of an indifferent knit<sup>3</sup>: let them cur'fy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

<sup>9</sup> — *how he swore*;

*how she pray'd—that never pray'd before*;] These lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *K. Lear*, published before that of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *her bridle was burst*;] See p. 244, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *their blue coats brush'd*;] The dress of servants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, fig. E. 3: “—the other act their parts in blue coates, as they were serving men—.” REED.

<sup>3</sup> — *garters of an indifferent knit*;] What is the sense of this I know not, unless it means, that their garters should be *fellows*; *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet*:

“As the indifferent children of the earth.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps by “garters of an indifferent knit” the author meant *particoloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakspeare's time *indifferent* was sometimes used for *different*. Thus Speed (*Hist. of Gr. Brit.* p. 770,) describing the French and English armies at the battle of Agincourt, says, “—the face of these hoatts were diverse and *indifferent*.”

That garters of a *different* knit were formerly worn, appears from *TEXNOFAMIA, or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following stage direction occurs. “Phantastes in a branched velvet jerkin,—red silk stockings, and *particoloured garters*.”

MALONE.

*Curt.*



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*Curt.* Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Gru.* Thou, it seems; that call't for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several Servants.*

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio.

*Phil.* How now, Grumio!

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nath.* How now, old lad?

*Gru.* Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nath.* All things is ready<sup>4</sup>: How near is our master?

*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and CATHARINA<sup>5</sup>.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What, no man at door\*, To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

*All Serv.* Here, here, fir; here, fir.

*Pet.* Here, fir! here, fir! here, fir! here, fir!—

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Gru.* Here, fir; as foolish as I was before.

<sup>4</sup> *All things is ready:*] Though in general it is proper to correct the false concords that are found in almost every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; because the language suits the character.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Petruchio and Catharina.*] The old *Taming of a Shrew*, already mentioned, furnished our author with materials for this scene.

MALONE.

\* — at door,] Door is here, and in other places, used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* You peasant swain! you whorson malt-horse  
drudge!

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, fir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat<sup>6</sup>,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;  
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

*Where is the life that late I led—*<sup>7</sup> [*sings.*

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—  
Soud, soud, soud, soud!<sup>8</sup>!

*Re-enter Servants, with supper.*

Why when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

*It was the friar of orders grey*<sup>9</sup>, [*sings.*  
*As he forth walked on his way:—*

<sup>6</sup> — no link to colour Peter's hat,] A link is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mibil Mumchance*, says—"This cozenage is used likewise in felling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, blackt over with the swoake of an old linke." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Where is the life that late I led—*] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book, intitled *A gorgeous Gallery of galliant inventions* is a song *To the tune of "Where is the life that late I led."* ANONYMOUS.

<sup>8</sup> *Soud, soud, &c.*] This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to expresse the noise made by a person heated and fatigued. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once shews his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

Out,

Out, out, you rogue<sup>1</sup>! you pluck my foot awry:  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—  
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither<sup>2</sup>:— [*Exit Ser.*  
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—  
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[*A basin is presented to him.*]

Come, Kate, and wash<sup>3</sup>, and welcome heartily:—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*]

You, whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*]

*Cath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know, you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—

What's this? mutton?

1. *Ser.* Ay.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

1. *Ser.* I.

<sup>1</sup> *Out, out, you rogue!*] The second word was inserted by Mr. Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the same line, the compositor very frequently omits one of them. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither;*] This cousin *Ferdinand*, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Catharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Come, Kate, and wash,*] It has been already observed, that it was the custom in our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of K. Henry VII.] was returned and *washed*, the Archbishop said grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: C. "The meate is coming, let us sit downe. S. I would wash first.— What ho, bring us some water to wash our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the same dialogue it appears that it was customary to wash after meals likewise, and that setting the water on the table was then (as at present) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland. "Bring some water (says one of the company, when dinner is ended,) to wash our hands, and set the basin upon the board, *after the English fashion*, that all may wash." MALONE.

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*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat :  
What dogs are these ?—Where is the rascal cook ?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?  
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves !  
What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

*Cath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away ;  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;  
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,  
And, for this night, we'll fast for company :—  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt PET. CATH. and CURTIS.*]

*Nath.* [*advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like ?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter CURTIS.*

*Gru.* Where is he ?

*Curt.* In her chamber,  
Making a sermon of continency to her :  
And rails, and swears, and rates ; that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politickly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;  
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd \*,

For

\* — *full-gorg'd, &c.*] A hawk too much fed was never tractable.  
The

For then she never looks upon her lure.  
 Another way I have to man my haggard<sup>5</sup>,  
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call;  
 That is,—to watch her<sup>6</sup>, as we watch these kites,  
 That bate\*, and beat, and will not be obedient.  
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;  
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
 I'll find about the making of the bed;  
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—  
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend<sup>7</sup>,  
 That all is done in reverend care of her;  
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,  
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour:—  
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to shew. [Exit.]

The *lure* was only a thing stuff'd like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — to man my haggard,] A *baggard* is a wild hawk; to man a hawk is to tame her. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> That is,—to watch her,] To keep her waking. MALONE.

Thus in the book of *Haukyng*, &c. b. l. commonly called, *The Book of St. Albans*: "And then the same night after the teding, wake her all night, and on the morrowe all day." Again, in the *Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; watching you until you leave your wildness." STEEVENS.

\* That bate,] To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey. Minshew supposes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to descend. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — amid this hurly, I intend,] *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, so used here. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

"Intending deep suspicion." MALONE.

SCENE



## S C E N E II.

Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.*

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

*[They stand aside.]*

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What, master, read you? first, resolve me that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the art to love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

*[They retire.]*

*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry<sup>s</sup>! Now, tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Lov'd none<sup>9</sup> in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* O despightful love! unconstant womankind!—  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:  
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

<sup>s</sup> *Quick proceeders, marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoue was intended. To proceed Master of Arts, &c. is the academical term. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Lov'd none—*] Old Copy—*Lov'd me.* Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction. MALONE.

I will

I will with you,—if you be so contented,—  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See, how they kifs and court!—Signior Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—  
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal<sup>1</sup>.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—  
Ne'er to marry with her, though she would entreat:  
Fye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

*Hor.* 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!  
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:  
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit HOR.—LUC. and BIAN. advance.]

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, blest you with such grace  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;  
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest; But have you both forsworn me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy!

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> — flatter'd her withal.] The old copy reads—*them* withal. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Ay, and he'll tame her, &c.] Thus in the original play:

“ ——— he means to tame his wife ere long.

“ *Val.* Hee saies so.

“ *Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-schoole.

“ *Val.* The taming-schoole! why is there such a place?

“ *Aurel.* I: and *Ferando* is the maister of the schoole.” STEEVENS.

*Bian,*

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* 'Faith he is gone unto the taming school.

*Bian.* The taming school! what, is there such a place?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue<sup>3</sup>.

*Enter BIONDELLO, running.*

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied  
An ancient angel<sup>4</sup> coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant<sup>5</sup>,  
I know not what; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father<sup>6</sup>.

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?

<sup>3</sup> — charm *her chattering tongue*.] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *An ancient angel*.—] *Angel* primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense is not strictly applicable to the passage before us. Chapman, in his translation of *Homer*, always calls a messenger an *angel*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant*.] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio and quarto, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary.—A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a musician, seen in his lodgings." STEEVENS.

*Mercatantè*. So, Spenser, in the third book of his *Fairy Queen*:

"Sleves dependant Albanese-wife."

And our author has *Veroneè* in his *Othello*. FARMER.

<sup>6</sup> — *surely like a father*.] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARREURTON.

The editor of the second folio reads—*surly*, which Mr. Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addressed by Tranio to the pedant, in support of the emendation:

"'Tis well; and hold your own in any case,

"With such *austerity* as *longer* to a father." MALONE.

*Tra.*

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*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio.  
Take in your love<sup>7</sup>, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUC. and BIAN.]

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, sir!

*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:  
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;  
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.* Of Mantua.

*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!  
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

*Ped.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua<sup>8</sup>  
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke  
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:  
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you;—  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them, know you one Vincentio?

<sup>7</sup> *Take in your love,*] The old copy reads—*Take me.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *'Tis death for any one in Mantua &c.*] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ ——— if any Syracusan born

“ Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies. STEEVENS.

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*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him ;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*aside.*]

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake ;  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,  
That you are like to sir Vincentio.  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd ;—  
Look that you take upon you as you should ;  
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city :  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good ;  
This, by the way, I let you understand ;—  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance <sup>9</sup> of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :  
Go with me <sup>1</sup>, to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> *To pass assurance &c.* ] To pass *assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common assurances of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. So, in a subsequent scene of this act, "they are busied about a counterfeit assurance." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Go with me, &c.* ] There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from *Aristophanes*, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakspeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewise he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenafese*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna to Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.  
In the same play our author likewise found the name of *Licio*.  
MALONE.

SCENE



## S C E N E III.

*A Room in Petruchio's House.**Enter CATHARINA and GRUMIO<sup>2</sup>.**Gru.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.*Cath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:  
What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—

Nor never needed that I should entreat,—

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;

As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;

I care not what; so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?*Cath.* 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.*Gru.* I fear, it is too cholerick a meat<sup>3</sup>:—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

*Cath.* I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.*Gru.* I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

*Cath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.*Cath.* Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Catharina and Grumio.*] Our author (as Mr. Steevens has observed) was furnished with some hints for this scene, from the old *Taming of a Shrew*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *I fear it is too cholerick a meat:*] So before:

“And I expressly am forbid to touch it;

“For it engenders cholera.”

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—*too phlegmatick a meat*; which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

*Gru.*

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*Gru.* Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard  
Or else you get no Beef of Grumio.

*Cath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why, then the mustard without the beef.

*Cath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
[beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :  
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,  
That triumph thus upon my misery !  
Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, *with a dish of meat* ; and HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amorn<sup>4</sup> ?

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer ?

*Cath.* 'Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look chearfully upon me.  
Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,  
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :.

[sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;  
And all my pains is sorted to no proof<sup>5</sup> :—  
Here, take away this dish.

*Cath.* I pray you, let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Cath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fye ! you are to blame :  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.— [aside]  
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !  
Kate, eat apace :—And now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house ;  
And revel it as bravely as the best,

<sup>4</sup> What, sweeting, all amorn ?] That is, all sunk and dispirited.

MALONE.

This gallicism is common to many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And all my pains is sorted to no proof :] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or proved nothing. "We tried an experiment, but it sorted not." BACON. JOHNSON.

With filken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things<sup>6</sup>;  
 With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,  
 With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.  
 What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,  
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. —

<sup>6</sup> — *fardingals, and things*;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the authour had not another that would rhyme. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, Act II. sc. v. when the rhyme did not force it upon him:

*We will have rings, and things, and fine array.*

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hamlet*, 1632:

“ ’Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,

“ And golden rings, &c.”

A *thing* is a trifle too inconsiderable to deserve particular discrimination. \*STEEVENS.

— *with his ruffling treasure*.] This is the reading of the old copy, which Mr. Pope changed to *ruffling*, I think, without necessity. Our author has indeed in another play, — “ *Prouder than ruffling* in unpaid for silk;” but *ruffling* is sometimes used in nearly the same sense. Thus in *K. Lear*:

“ — the high winds

“ Do forely *ruffle*.”

There clearly the idea of noise as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler* in our author's time signified a noisy and turbulent swaggerer; and the word *ruffling* may here be applied in a kindred sense to dress. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“ And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,

“ That *ruffles* it with such a troop of ladies,

“ As strangers in the court take her for queen.”

Again, more appositely, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: “ There was a nobleman merry conceited and riotously given, that having lately sold a mannor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a new sute, saying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houses on my backe?”

Boyle speaks of the *ruffling* of silk, and *ruffled* is used by so late an author as Addison in the sense of *plaited*; in which last signification perhaps the word *ruffling* should be understood here. Petruchio has just before told Catharine that she should “ revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs;” from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the sense of *plaited*, seems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be understood either in this sense, or that first suggested, (which I incline to think the true one,) I have adhered to the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;

*Enter Haberdasher<sup>s</sup>.*

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir ?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer<sup>9</sup> ;

A velvet dish ;—tye, tye ! 'tis lewd and filthy :

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

*Cath.* I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in haste.

[*aside.*

*Cath.* Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak ;

And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin<sup>1</sup>, a bauble, a filken pye :

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

*Cath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown ? why, ay :—Come, tailor, let us see't.  
O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?

<sup>8</sup> Enter Haberdasher.] To a scene in the old play of *the Taming of a Shrew*, (which Mr. Steevens has quoted at length,) the author is indebted for the outline of the following dialogue between Petruchio, the Tailor and Haberdasher. Some of the expressions are copied almost literally. But the play having been lately re-printed, I have not transcribed them. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — on a porringer ;] The same thought occurs in *K. Henry VIII.* “ — rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head.” STEEV.

<sup>1</sup> A custard coffin,—] A coffin was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pye or custard. STEEVENS.

What's

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:  
 What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?  
 Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,  
 Like to a censer<sup>2</sup> in a barber's shop:—

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

*Hor.* I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[*aside*;

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
 According to the fashion, and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,  
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir:  
 I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

*Cath.* I never saw a better fashion'd gown,  
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:  
 Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She says, your worship means to make a puppet  
 Of her.

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! thou liest,  
 Thou thread, thou thimble<sup>3</sup>,  
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,  
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou:—  
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!  
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;  
 Or I shall so be-mete<sup>4</sup> thee with thy yard,  
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!  
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made  
 Just as my master had direction:

<sup>2</sup> Like to a censer—] *Censers* in barber's shops, are now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices.

JOHNSON.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Doll calls the beadle "thou thin man in a censer." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *thou thimble*,] The taylor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *be-mete*—] i. e. be-measure thee. STEEVENS.



Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things<sup>5</sup>.

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast braved many men<sup>6</sup>; brave not me; I will neither be faced, nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* *Imprimis*, a loose-body'd gown:

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-body'd gown<sup>7</sup>, sow me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* *With a small compass'd cape*<sup>8</sup>;

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* *With a trunk sleeve*;—

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

<sup>5</sup> — faced many things.] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with facings, &c. So, in *K. Henry IV*:

“To face the garment of rebellion

“With some fine colour.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — brav'd many men;] i. e. made many men fine. Bravery was the ancient term for elegance of dress. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — loose-body'd gown,] I think the joke is impair'd, unless we read with the original play already quoted—a *loose body's* gown. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied* gowns were the dress of *barlots*. Thus, in the *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: “Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go.” STEEV.

<sup>8</sup> — a small compass'd cape;] Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Aliuses* 1595, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women; and adds—“Some have *capcs* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about, very bravely.” STEEVENS.

A *compass'd cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is to come round.

JOHNSON.

*Tai.*

*Tai.* The sleeves curiously cut.

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villainy.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, fir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill<sup>9</sup>, give me thy mete-yard<sup>1</sup>, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, fir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, fir; 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, fir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O, fir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fye, fye, fye!

*Pet.* Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

[*aside.*

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take nunkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's, Even in these honest mean habiliments;

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

<sup>9</sup> — take thou the bill,] The same quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-soldiers, is to be met with in *Timon*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — thy mete-yard,] i. e. thy measuring-yard. STEEVENS.

Or is the adder better than the eel,  
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
 O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
 For this poor furniture, and mean array.  
 If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:  
 And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,  
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—  
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;  
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,  
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—  
 Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,  
 And well we may come there by dinner time.

*Cath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;  
 And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there,

*Pet.* It shall be seven, ere I go to horse;  
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
 You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone;  
 I will not go to-day; and ere I do,  
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so! this gallant will command the sun,

[*Exeunt*,

#### SCENE IV<sup>a</sup>.

Padua. Before Baptista's House.

*Enter* TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house<sup>3</sup>; Please it you, that I call

*Ped.* Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived<sup>4</sup>,  
 Signior Baptista may remember me,  
 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,  
 Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Johnson thinks that the fifth act should begin here. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Sir, *this is the house*;] The old copy has—*Sirs*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —but *I be deceived*,] But has here the signification of *unless*.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus*.] This line in the old copy is by mistake given to Tranio. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Shakspeare has taken a sign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:  
 "Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in *Cheapside*."  
*Return from Parnassus*, 1606. STEEVENS.

*Tra.* 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Ped.* I warrant you: But, fir, here comes your boy;  
'Twere good, he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;  
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut! fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

*Bion.* I told him, that your father was at Venice;  
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.  
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, fir.—

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—

Sir, [*to the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of;  
I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself:  
And,—for the good report I hear of you;  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like  
No worse than I, fir, upon some agreement,  
Me shall you find ready and willing  
With one consent to have her so bestow'd:  
For curious I cannot be with you<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> *For curious I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is scrupulous. So, in Holinshed, p. 890:—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at the table. STEEVENS.

Signior

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—  
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.  
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :  
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,—  
That like a father you will deal with him,  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,  
The match is made, and all is done :  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,  
We be affy'd ; and such assurance ta'en,  
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :  
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;  
And, happily, we might be interrupted<sup>7</sup>.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir<sup>8</sup> :  
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,  
We'll pass the business privately and well :  
Send for your daughter by your servant here,  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,  
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you home,  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight :  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :—  
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may, with all my heart<sup>9</sup> !

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone<sup>1</sup>.

Signior

<sup>7</sup> *And happily we might be interrupted.*] Happily, in Shakspeare's time, signified accidentally, as well as fortunately. TYRWHITT.

<sup>8</sup> — *an it like you, sir :*] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Luc. I pray &c.*] In the old copy this line is by mistake given to Biondello. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *get thee gone.*] In the old copy Lucentio here goes out ; but I have



Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?  
 Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:  
 Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. [Exeunt TRA. PED. and BAP.]

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; But he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect<sup>2</sup>;—they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church<sup>3</sup>;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [going.]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint Luke's, to bid

have not followed it; the regulation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in the subsequent note appearing to me clearly the true one. MALONE.

It seems odd management to make Lucentio go out here for nothing that appears, but that he may return again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to suppose that he lingers upon the stage, till the rest are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> — expect;—] i. e. wait the event. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — to the church:—] i. e. go to the church. TYRWHITT.

the

the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.]

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented :  
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt ?  
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her ;  
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.]

## S C E N E V<sup>4</sup>.

*A publick road.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.*

*Pet.* Come on, o' God's name ; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !

*Cath.* The moon ! the sun ; it is not moon-light now.

*Pet.* I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Cath.* I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house :—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore crost, and crost ; nothing but crost !

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Cath.* Forward I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :  
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say, it is the moon.

*Cath.* I know, it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

*Cath.* Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun<sup>5</sup> :—  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;  
And the moon changes, even as your mind.  
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;

<sup>4</sup> Some part of this scene likewise is borrowed from the old play.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — it is the blessed sun : ] For in the old copy has in. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

And so it shall be so<sup>6</sup>, for Catharine.

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.—  
But soft; company is coming here.

*Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—

[*to VINCENTIO.*]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman<sup>7</sup> of him.

*Cath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,  
Whither away; or where is thy abode<sup>8</sup>?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child<sup>9</sup>;  
Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:  
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Cath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

<sup>6</sup> *And so it shall be so,*] A modern editor very plausibly reads—*And so it shall be, sir*— MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *to make a woman*—] The old copy reads—*the woman*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *where is thy abode?*] Instead of *where*, the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither*. Corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Happy the parents of so fair a child;*]

— *qui te genuere beati;*

*Et mater felix, & fortunata profecto*

*Si qua tibi soror est, & quæ dedit ubera nutrix;*

*Sed longe cunctis, longeque beatior illa est*

*Si qua tibi sponsa est, si quam dignabere tæda.* OVID. WARB.

That

That every thing I look on seemeth green<sup>1</sup> :  
 Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father ;  
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grand-fire; and, withal, make known  
 Which way thou travell'st: if along with us,  
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,—  
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;  
 My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa ;  
 And bound I am to Padua; there to visit  
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name ?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.  
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
 I may entitle thee—my loving father ;  
 'The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
 Thy son by this hath marry'd: Wonder not,  
 Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,  
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;  
 Beside, so qualify'd as may beseem  
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio :  
 And wander we to see thy honest son,  
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,  
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
 Upon the company you overtake ?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;  
 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt PET. CATH. and VIN.*]

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.  
 Have to my widow; and if she be froward,  
 Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. *Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> *That every thing I look on seemeth green.*] Shakspeare's observations on the phenomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on optics.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;  
GREMIO walking on the other side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, fir; for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master<sup>2</sup> as soon as I can.

*[Exeunt LUC. BIAN. and BION.]*

*Gre.* I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, fir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. *[knocks.]*

*Gre.* They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

*Enter Pedant above, at a Window.*

*Ped.* What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is signior Lucentio within, fir?

*Ped.* He's within, fir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua.—

<sup>2</sup> — and then come back to my master—] The old copy reads—to my mistress, owing probably to an M. only being written in the Ms. See p. 267, n. 4. The same mistake has happened again in this scene: "Didst thou never see thy mistress' father, Vincentio?" The present emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who observes rightly, that by "master" Biondello means his pretended master, Tranio. MALONE.



Do you hear, fir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa<sup>3</sup>, and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, fir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why, how now, gentleman! [*to Vin.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp. [*seeing BION.*

*Bion.* I hope, I may choose, fir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no, fir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father Vincentio<sup>4</sup>?

*Bion.* What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, fir; see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so indeed? [*beats BIONDELLO.*

<sup>3</sup> — *from Pisa,*] The old copy reads—from *Padua*; which is certainly wrong. The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. "Both parties (he observes) agree that Vincentio's father is come from Pisa, as indeed they necessarily must; the point in dispute is whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out at the window*." I suspect we should read—from *Manzua*, from whence the pedant himself came, and which he would naturally name, supposing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Pisa. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different scenes, instead of *Milan*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *thy master's father Vincentio?*] Old Copy—*thy mistress' father*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. See p. 337, n. 2.

MALONE.

*Bion.*

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.

*Ped.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[Exit, from above.

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

*Re-enter Pedant, below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat<sup>s</sup>! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatick?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—*Tranio*.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is *Lucentio*; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me signior *Vincentio*.

*Vin.* *Lucentio*! O, he hath murdered his master!—

<sup>s</sup> — a copatain-hat!] is I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

In Stubb's *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

"Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a sterple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowns of their heads, &c." STEEVENS.

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Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name :—  
O, my son, my son !—tell me, thou villain, where is my  
son Lucentio ?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer : [*Enter one with an officer.*]  
carry this mad knave to the jail :—father Baptista, I  
charge you, see, that he be forth-coming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the jail !

*Gre.* Stay, officer ; he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, signior Gremio ; I say, he shall go to  
prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-  
catch'd <sup>6</sup> in this business ; I dare swear, this is the right  
Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou dar'st.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard ; to the jail with him.

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be haled and abused :—O  
monstrous villain !

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

*Bion.* O, we are spoil'd, and—yonder he is ; deny  
him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father.

[*kneeling.*

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son ?

[*Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, run out.*

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.

[*kneeling.*

*Bap.* How hast thou offended ?—

Where is Lucentio ?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio ;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne <sup>7</sup>.

*Gre.*

<sup>6</sup> — coney-catch'd—] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.] The modern editors  
read *supposers*, but wrongly. This is a plain allusion to Gascoigne's  
comedy entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents in this  
play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

*Gre.* Here's packing<sup>8</sup>, with a witness, to deceive us all!

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain, Tranio,  
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love  
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,  
While he did bear my countenance in the town;  
And happily I have arriv'd at last  
Unto the wish'd haven of my bliss:—  
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;  
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent  
me to the jail.

*Bap.* But do you hear, sir? [*to Luc.*] Have you married  
my daughter without asking my good-will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:  
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*]

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.  
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

*Gre.* My cake is dough<sup>9</sup>: But I'll in among the rest;  
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

[*Petruchio and Catharine advance.*]

*Cath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Cath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou asham'd of me?

*Cath.* No, sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

This is highly probable; but yet *supposes* is a word often used in its  
common sense, which, on the present occasion is sufficiently commodi-  
ous. Shakspeare uses the word in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“That we come short of our *suppose* so far, &c.”

*To blear the eye*, was an ancient phrase signifying to *deceive*. So, in  
Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale*, v. 17202. late edit.

“For all thy waiting, *bleared is thine eye*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Here's packing*,] i. e. Plotting, double-dealing. See Vol. II. p. 294,  
n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *My cake is dough*:] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.  
It was generally used when any project miscarried. MALONE.

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*Pet.* Why, then let's home again :—Come, firrah, let's away.

*Cath.* Nay, I will give thee a kifs : now pray thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well ?—Come, my sweet Kate ;  
Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

*A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.*

*Luc.* At last, though long, our jarring notes agree :  
And time it is, when raging war is done<sup>1</sup>,  
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.—  
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine ;—  
Brother Petruchio,—sister Catharina,—  
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—  
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house ;  
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ;  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [They sit at table.]

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> — *when raging war is done,*] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—when raging war is *come*, which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—when raging war is *calm* (formerly spelt *calme*). So, in *Othello* :

“ If after every tempest comes such *calms*—.”

The word “overblown,” in the next line, adds some little support to this conjecture. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *fears his widow.*] To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense ; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former. MALONE.

*Wid.*



*Wid.* Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense ;  
 I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

*Wid.* He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly reply'd.

*Cath.* Mistress, how mean you that ?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended : Kifs him for that, good widow.

*Cath.* He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round :  
 I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,  
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :  
 And now you know my meaning.

*Cath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

*Cath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, Kate !

*Hor.* To her, widow !

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

*Hor.* That's my office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer :—Ha' to thee, lad<sup>3</sup>.

[*drinks to Hortensio.*]

*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

*Gre.* Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

*Bian.* Head, and butt ? an hasty-witted body  
 Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frighted me ; therefore I'll sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not ; since you have begun,  
 Have at you for a bitter jest or two<sup>4</sup>.

*Bian.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ha' to thee, lad.*] The old copy has—to *the*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —*for a bitter jest or two.*] The old copy reads—a *better* jest. The emendation (of the propriety of which there cannot, I conceive, be the smallest doubt,) is one of the very few corrections of any value made by Mr. Capell. So before in the present play :

“ Hiding his *bitter jests* in blunt behaviour.”

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*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—  
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, CATHARINA, and Widow.

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here, signior Tranio,  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;  
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* O, fir, Lucentio slip'd me like his greyhound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift<sup>5</sup> simile, but something curriish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, fir, that you hunted for yourself;  
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird<sup>6</sup>, good Tranio.

*Hor.* Confess, confess; hath he not hit you here?

*Pet.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright<sup>7</sup>.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance<sup>8</sup>,  
Let's each one send unto his wife<sup>9</sup>;

Again, in *Lowe's Labour's Lost*:

"Too bitter is thy jest."

Again, in *Bastard's Epigrams*, 1598:

"He shut up the matter with this bitter jest." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *swift*—] besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in *As You Like It*, the Duke says of the Clown, "*He is very swift and sententious*." *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a nimble disputant*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *that gird*,] A *gird* is a *sarcastm*, a *gibe*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *you two outright*.] Old Copy—you too. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *for assurance*,] Instead of *for* the original copy has *fir*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Let's each one send unto his wife*;] This incident,—the ladies' refusal to obey the summons,—that of Catharine's pulling off her cap and offering to lay her hand under her husband's foot,—are all borrowed from the anonymous play entitled *the Taming of a Shrew*. The lady in that piece likewise makes a speech on the duty of a wife. MALONE.

And he, whose wife is most obedient  
To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content ;—What's the wager ?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match ; 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin ?

*Luc.* That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go.

[*Exit.*

*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

How now ! what news ?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

*Pet.* How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !  
Is that an answer ?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too :  
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope, better.

*Hor.* Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*

*Pet.* Oh, ho ! entreat her !  
Nay, then she must needs come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

Now, where's my wife ?

*Bion.* She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;  
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse ; she will not come ! O vile,  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd !

Sirrah,

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Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me.

[Exit Grumio,

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter CATHARINA.*

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Catharina!

*Cath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

*Cath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit CATHARINA,

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
An awful rule, and right supremacy;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!  
The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet;  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter CATHARINA, with BIANCA, and Widow.*

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*Cath. pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

*Bian.* Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would, your duty were as foolish too:

The

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me an hundred crowns<sup>1</sup> since supper-time.

*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

*Pet.* Catharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong  
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no  
telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

*Cath.* Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads<sup>2</sup>;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband:

And, when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,

And, not obedient to his honest will,

<sup>1</sup> — an hundred crowns—] Old Copy—five hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expressed in figures, which has been the occasion of many mistakes in the early editions. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — as frosts bite the meads;] The old copy reads—frosts do bite. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

What



What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—  
 I am ashamed, that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;  
 But that our soft conditions<sup>3</sup>, and our hearts,  
 Should well agree with our external parts?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,  
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:  
 But now, I see our lances are but straws;  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—  
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
 Then vail your stomachs<sup>4</sup>, for it is no boot;  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
 In token of which duty, if he please,  
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me,  
 Kate.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white<sup>5</sup>;

[*to Lucentio.*]

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, and CATHARINA.*]

*Hor.*

<sup>3</sup> — *our soft conditions*,—] The gentle qualities of our minds. See p. 16, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Then vail your stomachs*,—] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Though you hit the white*;] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

*Hor.* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so<sup>6</sup>. [Exeunt.]

So, in Feltham's *Answer* to Ben Jonson's ode at the end of his *New Inn*:

"As oft you've wanted brains

"And art to strike *the white*,

"As you have levell'd right." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakspeare's own; and its intrinsic merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision.

May I add a few reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of *the Taming of a Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John* in two parts, 1591, to have been the work of Shakspeare? He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays, (like that of *Henry V.* in which Oldcastle is introduced) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary players. Shakspeare saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own.

STEEVENS.

It is almost unnecessary to vindicate Shakspeare from being the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*. Mr. Pope in consequence of his being very superficially acquainted with the phraseology of our early writers, first ascribed it to him, and on his authority this strange opinion obtained credit for half a century. He might with just as much propriety have supposed that our author wrote the old *King Henry IV.* and *V.* and *the History of King Lear and his three daughters*, as that he wrote two plays on the subject of *Taming a Shrew*, and two others on the story of *King John*.—The error prevailed for such a length of time, from the difficulty of meeting with the piece, which is so extremely scarce, that I have never seen or heard of any copy existing but one in the collection of Mr. Steevens, and another in my own: and one of our author's editors searched for it for thirty years in vain. Mr. Pope's copy is supposed to be irrecoverably lost.

I suspect that the anonymous *Taming of a Shrew* was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene. MALONE.  
From

From this play the TATLER formed a Story, Vol. IV. N<sup>o</sup> 251.

It cannot but seem strange that Shakspeare should be so little known to the author of the Tatler, that he should suffer this story to be obtruded upon him; or so little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a real narrative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Catharine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

## Persons Represented<sup>1</sup>.

*King of France.*

*Duke of Florence.*

*Bertram, Count of Rouffillon.*

*Lafeu, an old Lord.*

*Parolles<sup>2</sup>, a follower of Bertram.*

*Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.*

*Steward,*

*Clown,*

*A Page.*

} *Servants to the Countess of Rouffillon.*

*Countess of Rouffillon, mother to Bertram.*

*Helena, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

*An old widow of Florence.*

*Diana, daughter to the widow.*

*Violenta<sup>3</sup>,*

*Mariana,*

} *Neighbours and friends to the widow.*

*Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.  
French and Florentine.*

*SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

<sup>1</sup> There is no enumeration of persons in the old copy.

<sup>2</sup> *Parolles*,] I suppose we should write this name *Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Violenta* only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to. STEEVENS.



# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL<sup>1</sup>.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.*

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward<sup>2</sup>, evermore in subjection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose

<sup>1</sup> The story of *All's well that ends well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Lowe's Labour wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspeare from *Painter's Gillette of Narbon*, in the first Vol. of the *Palace of Pleasure*, quarto, 1566, p. 88. FARMER.

Shakspeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comick business appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — in ward,] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's wards. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to enquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JOHNSON.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but the supposition of the contrary furnished Shakspeare with a reason why the king compelled Rouffillon to marry Helen. TOLLET.

The prerogative of *wardship* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be supposed to be incorporated with the constitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II.

SIR J. HAWKINS:

worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *bad*! how sad a passage 'tis<sup>3</sup>!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

<sup>3</sup> O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!] Imitated from the *Heautimorumenos* of Terence, (then translated,) where Menedemus says:

"Filiū unicū adolescentulū

"*Habec.* Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo

"—*babui*, Chreme,

"Nunc *habeam* necne incertū est." BLACKSTONE.

*Passage* is any thing that passes, so we now say, a *passage* of an author, and we said about a century ago, the *passages* of a reign. When the countess mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily that word *bad* passes through her mind. JOHNSON.

Thus Shakspeare himself. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. i:

"Now in the stirring *passage* of the day."

Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"I knew the *passages* 'twixt her and Scudamore." STEEVENS.

*Count.*

*Count.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities<sup>4</sup>, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness<sup>5</sup>; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in<sup>6</sup>. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes

4 — virtuous qualities,] i. e. qualities of good breeding and erudition, (in the same sense that the Italians say, *qualità virtuosa*,) and not moral ones. WARBURTON.

*Virtue and virtuous*, as I am told, still keep this signification in the north, and mean ingenuity, and ingenious. STEEVENS.

5 — they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness;] Her virtues are the better for their simpleness, that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained virtues, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word traitors, and therefore has not shewn the full extent of Shakspeare's masterly observation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a young man who falls into their way, is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions. JOHNSON.

In *As you like it*, virtues are called traitors on a very different ground:

“ ——— to some kind of men

“ Their graces serve them but as enemies;

“ No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

“ Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

“ O what a world is this, when what is comely

“ Envenoms him that bears it!” MALONE.

6 — can season her praise in.] To season has here a culinary sense; to preserve by salting. A passage in *Twelfth Night* will best explain its meaning:

“ — all this to season

“ A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,

“ And lasting in her remembrance.” MALONE.

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all livelihood<sup>7</sup> from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have<sup>8</sup>.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too<sup>9</sup>.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal<sup>1</sup>.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

<sup>7</sup> — all livelihood—] i. e. all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.] Our author sometimes is guilty of such slight inaccuracies; and concludes a sentence as if the former part of it had been constructed differently.— Thus in the present instance, he seems to have meant—lest you be rather thought to affect a sorrow, than to have. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that she does not wish should be understood by the countess. Her affected sorrow was for the death of her father; her real grief for the lowness of her situation, which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully support this interpretation:

“ ————— I think not on my father;—

“ ————— What was he like?

“ I have forgot him; my imagination

“ Carries no favour in it but Bertram's:

“ I am undone.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.] *Lafeu*, says, excessive grief is the enemy of the living: the countess replies, If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal: that is, if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess. By the word mortal I understand that which dies, and Dr. Warburton, [who reads—be not enemy—] that which destroys. I think that my interpretation gives a sentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge. JOHNSON.

A passage in the *Winter's Tale*, in which our author again speaks of grief destroying itself by its own excess, adds support to Dr. Johnson's interpretation:

“ ————— scarce any joy

“ Did ever live so long; no sorrow,

“ But kill'd itself much sooner.”

In *Romeo and Juliet* we meet with a kindred thought:

“ These violent delights have violent ends,

“ And in their triumph die.” MALONE,

In

In manners, as in shape ! thy blood, and virtue,  
 Contend for empire in thee ; and thy goodness  
 Share with thy birth-right ! Love all, trust a few,  
 Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy  
 Rather in power, than use ; and keep thy friend  
 Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,  
 But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,  
 That thee may furnish <sup>2</sup>, and my prayers pluck down,  
 Fall on thy head ! Farewell.—My lord,  
 'Tis an unseason'd courtier ; good my lord,  
 Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best,  
 That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him !—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

*Ber.* The best wishes, that can be forged in your  
 thoughts, [*to Helena.*] be servants to you <sup>3</sup> ! Be comfort-  
 able to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady : You must hold the credit  
 of your father. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

*Hel.* O, were that all <sup>4</sup> !—I think not on my father ;  
 And these great tears <sup>5</sup> grace his remembrance more,  
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like ?  
 I have forgot him : my imagination  
 Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.  
 I am undone ; there is no living, none,

<sup>2</sup> *That thee may furnish,*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The best wishes, &c* ] That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *O were that all ! &c.*] Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, (or, not to act unbecoming the daughter of such a father,—for such perhaps is the meaning,) were my only solicitude ! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *these great tears &c.*] The tears which the king and countess shed for him. JOHNSON.

Perhaps she means rather,—And these great tears which are now falling in abundance from my eyes, on another account, appear to do more honour to his memory than those which I really shed for him when he died ; which flowed in a less copious stream. For the hint of this interpretation I am indebted to Mr. Mason. MALONE.



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If Bertram be away. It were all one,  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me :  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere<sup>6</sup>.  
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,  
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
To see him every hour ; to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table<sup>7</sup> ; heart, too capable  
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour<sup>8</sup> :  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here ?

<sup>6</sup> *In his bright radiance &c.*] I cannot be united with him and move in the same sphere, but must be comforted at a distance by the radiance that shoots on all sides from him. JOHNSON.

Milton, b. x :

“ — from his radiant seat he rose

“ Of high collateral glory.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — ‘Twas pretty, though a plague,  
To see him every hour, to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table ;] So, in our author's 24th Sonnet :

“ Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd

“ Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.”

A table was formerly a term for a picture. *Tableau*, Fr. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the possession of the Hon. Horace Walpole :

“ The Queen to Walsingham this table sent,

“ Mark of her people's and her own content.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — trick of his sweet favour :] So, in *King John* : “ he hath a trick of Cœur de Lion's face.” Trick seems to be some peculiarity of look or feature. JOHNSON.

Trick is an expression taken from drawing, and is so explained in another place. The present instance explains itself :

—— to sit and draw

His arched brows, &c.

—— and trick of his sweet favour.

Trick, however, may mean peculiarity. STEEVENS.

Tricking is used by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c. MALONE.

Enter

*Enter PAROLLES.*

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake ;  
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;  
 Yet these fix'd evils fit so fit in him,  
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
 Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full oft we see  
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly <sup>9</sup>.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monârch <sup>1</sup>.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no <sup>2</sup>.

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity ?

*Hel.* Ay. You have some stain of soldier <sup>3</sup> in you ; let me ask you a question : Man is enemy to virginity ; how may we barricado it against him ?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails ; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak : unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none ; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up !—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city <sup>4</sup>. It is  
 not

<sup>9</sup> Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.] Cold for naked ; as superfluous for over-cloathed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> And you, monârch.] Perhaps here is some allusion designed to *Monârch*, a ridiculous fantastical character of the age of Shakspeare. Concerning this person, see the notes on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. II. p. 362, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> And no.] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monârch*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — stain of soldier—] Stain for what we now say tincture ; some qualities, at least superficial, of a soldier. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint* :

not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase<sup>5</sup>; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself<sup>6</sup>; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offenders against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin<sup>7</sup> in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten<sup>8</sup>, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

*Hel.*

" And long upon these terms I held my city,

" Till thus he 'gan besiege me."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" This makes in him more rage, and lesser pity,

" To make the breach, and enter this sweet city." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Loss of virginity is rational increase*;—] I believe we should read, *rational*. TYRWHITT.

*Rational increase* may mean the regular increase by which rational beings are propagated. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself*;] i. e. he that hangs himself, and a virgin, are in this circumstance alike; they are both *self-destroyers*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *inhibited sin*—] i. e. forbidden. So, in *Othello*:

" ——— a practiser

" Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *within ten years it will make itself ten*,] The old copy reads — *within ten years it will make itself two*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. It was also suggested by Mr. Steevens, who likewise

*Hel.* How might one do, fir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes<sup>9</sup>. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now<sup>1</sup>. Your date is better<sup>2</sup> in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a

wife proposed to read—within *two* years it will make itself *two*. Mr. Tollet would read—within ten years it will make itself *twelve*.

I formerly proposed to read—"Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itself *two*." Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itself; i. e. it will produce a child.

I now mention this conjecture (in which I once had some confidence) only for the purpose of acknowledging my error. I had not sufficiently attended to a former passage in this scene,—“Virginity, by being once lost, may be *ten* times found,” i. e. may produce *ten* virgins.” Those words likewise are spoken by Parolles, and add such decisive support to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, that I have not hesitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been observed, that many passages in these plays, in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly.

“Out with it,” is used equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies, put it out to interest. In *the Tempest* we have—“Each *putter out* on five for one,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.] Parolles, in answer to the question, *how one shall lose virginity to her own liking?* plays upon the word *liking*, and says, *she must do ill, for virginity, to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginity.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —which wear not now.] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakespeare often uses the active for the passive. The modern editors read,—“which *we* wear not now.” TYRWHITT.

The old copy has *were*. Mr. Rowe corrected it. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —Your date is better—] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both *age*, and a kind of candied fruit much used in our author's time. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.”

The same quibble occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*: “—and then to be baked with no *date* in the pye, for then the man's *date* is out.”

STEEVENS.

wither'd

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wither'd pear : it was formerly better ; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear : Will you any thing with it ?

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet<sup>3</sup>.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
A phoenix, captain<sup>4</sup>, and an enemy,  
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,

<sup>3</sup> *Not my virginity yet.*] Something, which should connect Helena's words with those of Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hammer has made a fair attempt by reading :

*Not my virginity yet.—You're for the court,  
There shall your master &c.*

Some such clause has, I think, dropped out, but still the first words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, said, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply,—I know not what to do with the passage. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive so great a want of connection as my predecessors have apprehended ; nor is that connection always to be sought for, in so careless a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the speaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableness of virginity, especially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena, properly enough replies, that hers is not yet in that state ; but that in the enjoyment of her, his master should find the gratification of all his most romantick wishes. It does not however appear that this rapturous effusion of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read : “ Will you any thing with us ? ” i. e. will you send any thing with us to court ? to which Helena's answer would be proper enough—

“ Not my virginity yet.”

A similar phrase occurs in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. i :

“ You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ? ” TYRWHITT.

Perhaps something has been omitted in Parolles's speech. “ *I am new bound for the court ; will you any thing with it* [i. e. with the court] ? ” So, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ Tell me what you have to the king.”

I do not agree with Mr. Steevens in the latter part of his note ; “ —that in the enjoyment of her,” &c. See note 5. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *captain*,] Our author often uses this word for a head or chief. So, in one of his Sonnets :

“ Or captain jewels in the carcanet.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens* : “ — the ass more captain than the lion.” Again more appositely, in *Othello*, where it is applied to Desdemona :

“ — our great captain's captain. MALONE.

A coun-



A counsellor, a traitress<sup>5</sup>, and a dear;  
His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms<sup>6</sup>,  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—  
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—  
The court's a learning place ;—and he is one—

*Par.* What one, i'faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

5 — a traitress,] *Traditora*, a traitress, in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of *Helen* is, that she shall prove every thing to *Bertram*. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and alway characterize love by contrarieties.

STEEVENS.

Falstaff, in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, says to Mrs. Ford : “Thou art a traitor to say so.” In his interview with her, he certainly meant to use the language of love.

Helena however, I think, does not mean to say that she shall prove every thing to *Bertram*, but to express her apprehension that he will find at the court some lady or ladies who shall prove every thing to him; (“a phoenix, captain, counsellor, traitress; &c.”) to whom he will give all the fond names that “blinking Cupid gossips.” MALONE.

I believe it would not be difficult to find in the love poetry of those times an authority for most, if not for every one, of these whimsical titles. At least I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyric poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied. HEATH.

6 — christendoms,] This word, which signifies the collective body of christianity, every place where the christian religion is embraced, is surely used with much licence on this occasion. STEEVENS.

It is used by another ancient writer in the same sense; so that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the signification which he has affixed to it. So, in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661 :

“She is baptiz'd in *Christendom*,

[i. e. by a christian name,]

“The Jew cries out he's undone—.”

These lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the story of *the Merchant of Venice*, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew's daughter, and not Portia, that saves the Merchant's life by pleading his cause. There should seem therefore to have been some novel on this subject, that has hitherto escaped the researches of the commentators. In the same book are ballads founded on the fables of *Much ado about Nothing*, and *the Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

*Par.*

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*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And shew what we alone must think<sup>7</sup>; which never  
Returns us thanks.

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee,  
I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars?

*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward, when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well<sup>8</sup>.

*Par.*

<sup>7</sup> *And shew what we alone must think ;]* And shew by realities what we now must only think. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.]* Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleness or fleetness in running away. The phrase, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following passage in Marston's *Farone*, 1606: " — I love my horse after a journeying easiness, as he is easy in journeying; my hawk for the goodnes of his wing, &c."

STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy (which Dr. Warburton changed to *wing*,) is supported by a passage in *K. Henry V.* in which we meet with a similar expression: " Though his *affections* are higher mounted than

*Par.* I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel<sup>9</sup>, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.  
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye<sup>1</sup>?  
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kiss like native things<sup>2</sup>.

Impossible

than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wings." Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"Yet let me wonder, Harry,

"At thy affections, which do hold a wing

"Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel,*] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. See a note in *Hamlet*, on the words—

"Whose form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

"Would make them capable." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *What power is it, which mounts my love so high;*

*That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?*] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The mightiest space in fortune nature brings*

*To join like likes, and kiss like native things.*] I understand the meaning to be this — *The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity; and cause them to join, like likes, (instar parium) like persons in the same situation or rank of life.* Thus (as Mr. Steevens has observed) in *Timon of Athens*:

"Thou foldere'st close impossibilities,

"And mak'st them kiss."

This interpretation is strongly confirmed by a subsequent speech of the countess's steward, who is supposed to have over-heard this soliloquy

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Impossible be strange attempts, to those  
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,  
What hath been cannot be: Whoever strove  
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?  
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,  
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the king of France, with letters;  
Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys<sup>3</sup> are by the ears;  
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
A braving war.

1. Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it  
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
With caution, that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.

guy of Helena: "Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put  
such difference betwixt their two estates."

The mightiest space in fortune, for persons the most widely separated by  
fortune, is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a licence as  
Shakspeare often takes. Thus in *Cymbeline*, the diminution of space is  
used for the diminution of which space, or distance, is the cause.

If he had written spaces (as in *Troilus and Cressida*,

" ——— her whom we know well

" The world's large spaces cannot parallel,)

the passage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the  
metre. We might, however, read—

The mightiest space in nature fortune brings  
To join &c.

i. e. accident sometimes unites those whom inequality of rank has separated.  
But I believe the text is right. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — Senoys—] The *Sanesi*, as they they are term'd by *Boccace*.  
*Painter*, who translates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people  
of a small republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines  
were at perpetual variance with them. STEEVENS.

1. Lord.

1. *Lord.* His love and wisdom,  
 Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead  
 For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
 And Florence is deny'd before he comes :  
 Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see  
 The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
 To stand on either part.

2. *Lord.* It may well serve  
 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
 For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

1. *Lord.* It is the count Roussillon<sup>4</sup>, my good lord,  
 Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;  
 Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,  
 Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts  
 May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness now,  
 As when thy father, and myself, in friendship  
 First try'd our soldiership ! He did look far  
 Into the service of the time, and was  
 Discipled of the bravest : he lasted long ;  
 But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
 To talk of your good father : In his youth  
 He had the wit, which I can well observe  
 To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest,  
 Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> — Roussillon,] The old copy reads—*Rosignoll*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Ere they can hide their levity in honour.*] I believe, *honour* is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputation : Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit, with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity in honour, cover petty faults with great merit.

This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies, and slight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.



So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
 Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,  
 His equal had awak'd them<sup>6</sup>, and his honour,  
 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
 Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,  
 His tongue obey'd his hand<sup>7</sup>: who were below him  
 He us'd as creatures of another place<sup>8</sup>;  
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
 Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise he humbled<sup>9</sup>: Such a man

Might

<sup>6</sup> *So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness*

*Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,*

*His equal had awak'd them;]* Nor was used without reduplication.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"More nor less to others paying,

"Than by self-offences weighing."

The text needs to be explained. He was so like a courtier, that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his equal. This is the complete image of a well bred man, and somewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

Sir William Blackstone would point this passage differently, and perhaps rightly:

"—Ere they can hide their levity in honour,

"So like a courtier. Contempt &c." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *His tongue obeyed his hand:]* We should read—His tongue obeyed the hand. That is, the hand of his honour's clock, shewing the true minute when exceptions bid him speak. JOHNSON.

His is put for its. So, in *Othello*:

"——— her motion

"Blush'd at herself,"—instead of *itself*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *He us'd as creatures of another place;]* i. e. He made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated those below him with becoming condescension, as creatures not indeed in so high a place as himself, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largest, of the great chain of society. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Making them proud of his humility,*

*In their poor praise he humbled:]* I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving such marks of condescension and affability from a person in so elevated a situation, and at the same time lowering or humbling himself, by stooping to accept of the encomiums of mean persons

Might be a copy to these younger times ;  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, fir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;  
So in approof lives, not his epitaph,  
As in your royal speech<sup>1</sup>.

*King.* 'Would, I were with him ! He would always say,  
(Methinks, I hear him now ; his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live*,—  
Thus \* his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,  
*After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff*  
*Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses*

persons for that humility.—The construction seems to be, “he being humbled in their poor praise.” MALONE.

Every man has seen the mean too often proud of the humility of the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be humbled in the praises of the mean, of those who commend them without conviction or discernment : this, however, is not so common ; the mean are found more frequently than the great. . . JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> So in approof lives not his epitaph,

As in your royal speech.] *Approof* is approbation. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“Either of condemnation or approof.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is this : *His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech.*

TOLLET.

There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently used in the sense of *approbation*, but that is not always the case ; and in this place it signifies *proof* or *confirmation*. The meaning of the passage appears to be this : The truth of his epitaph is in no way so fully proved as by your royal speech. It is needless to remark, that epitaphs generally contain the praises and character of the deceased. *Approof* is used in the same sense by *Bertram* in the second act :

*Lafeu.* But I hope your lordship thinks him not a soldier.

*Bertram.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant *approof*. MASON.

Mr. Heath supposes the meaning to be this : “His epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not so well established by the specimens he exhibited of his worth, as by your royal report in his favour.” The passage above quoted from *Act II.* supports this interpretation. MALONE.

\* Thus—] Old Copy—*This*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Vol. III.

B b

All

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*All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are  
Mere fathers of their garments<sup>2</sup> ; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions :—*This he wish'd :  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourers room.

2. *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir ;  
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,  
Since the physician at your father's died ?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet ;—  
Lend me an arm ;—the rest have worn me out  
With several applications :—nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;  
My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majesty. [Exeunt.]

2 — *whose judgments are*

*Mere fathers of their garments ;*] Who have no other use of their  
faculties, than to invent new modes of dress. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy, *fathers*, (instead of which Mr. Tyrwhitt  
suspects that the author wrote—*seathers*,) is supported by a similar  
passage in *Cymbeline*:

“ — some jay of Italy

“ Whose mother was her painting—.”

Again, by another in the same play:

“ — No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

“ Who is thy grandfather ; he made those cloaths,

“ Which, as it seems, make thee.”

There the garment is said to be the father of the man :—in the text,  
the judgment, being employed solely in forming or giving birth to new  
dresses, is called *the father of the garment*. MALONE.

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.**Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown<sup>3</sup>.*

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

3 — and Clown.] A *Clown* in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or domestick *fool*. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is *Patison the fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wife.

In some plays, a servant, or a rustick, of remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Wolfey after his disgrace, wishing to shew King Henry VIII. a mark of his respect, sent him his fool *Patche*, as a present, whom, says Stowe, "the king received very gladly." MALONE.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth Night*, between *Olivia* and the *Clown*, seems to have been particularly censured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Shakspeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies

"I th' lady's questions, and the fool's replies;

"Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town

"In trunk-hose, which our fathers call'd the *Clown*."

In the Ms. register of lord Stanhope of Harrington, treasurer of the chamber to King James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: "Tom Derry, his majesty's *fool*, at 2s. per diem,—1615. Paid John Mawe, for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majesty's *jester*, for 13 weeks, 10l. 18s. 6d.—1616. STEEVENS.

The following lines in *The Careless Shepherdess*, a comedy, 1656, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

"Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,

"Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd

"Untill I cry'd again, to see what faces

"The rogue will make.—O, it does me good

"To see him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,

"And twirl his bable. There is ne'er a part

"About him but breaks jests.—

"I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,

"Than hear the gravest speech in all the play.

"I never saw READE peeping through the curtain,

"But ravishing joy enter'd into my heart." MALONE.

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*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content<sup>4</sup>, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them<sup>5</sup>.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, firrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours<sup>6</sup>.

*Clown.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clown.* No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd<sup>7</sup>: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world<sup>8</sup>, I'll be the woman and I<sup>9</sup> will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clown.* I do beg your good will in this case.

4 — to even your content,] To act up to your desires. JOHNSON.

5 — when of ourselves we publish them.] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

"If he that's prais'd, himself brings the praise forth."

MALONE.

6 — you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.] After premising that the accusative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cause, stands for the freaks which occasioned those complaints, the sense will be extremely clear. *You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither, as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability.*

HEATH.

It appears to me that the accusative *them* refers to *knaveries*, and the natural sense of the passage seems to be this: "You have folly enough to desire to commit these knaveries, and ability enough to accomplish them." MASON.

\* — are damn'd:] See S. Mark x. 25; S. Luke xviii. 25. GREY.

7 — to go to the world,] This phrase has already occurred in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and signifies to be married: and thus, in *As you like it*, Audrey says: "— it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world." STEVENS.

8 — and I—] I, which was inadvertently omitted in the first copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

*Count.*



*Count.* In what case?

*Clown.* In Ibel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clown.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clown.* 'Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clown.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clown.* I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clown.* You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends<sup>9</sup>; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land<sup>1</sup>, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my

<sup>9</sup> *You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends;*] The old copy reads — *in great friends*; evidently a mistake for *e'en*, which was formerly written *e'n*. The two words are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The same mistake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. So, in the present comedy, Act III. sc. ii. folio, 1623:

*Lady.* What have we here?

*Clown.* In that you have there.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"No more but *in* a woman."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"'Tis with him *in* standing water, between boy and man."

The corruption of this passage was pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt: For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *that ears my land,*—] To *ear* is to *plough*. STEEVENS.

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flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyfam the papist, howsoever their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

*Clown.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way<sup>2</sup>:

*For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind*<sup>3</sup>.

*Count.* Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

*Clown.* *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she*<sup>4</sup>, [singing.

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?*

*Fond done's, done fond,*

*Was this king Priam's joy.*

*With*

<sup>2</sup> *A prophet, I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:* It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that natural fools have something in them of divinity. WARBURTON.

*Next way, is nearest way.* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" 'Tis the next way to turn tailor," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *sings by kind.* I find something like two of the lines of this ballad in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577:

"Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your minde;

"As cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes sing by kinde."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Was this fair face the cause, &c.* The name of *Helen*, whom the countess has just called for, brings an old ballad on the sacking of Troy to the clown's mind. MALONE.

This is a stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally necessary to make the sense and the alternate rhyme. For it

*With that she sigh'd as she stood,  
 With that she sigh'd as she stood,  
 And gave this sentence then;  
 Among nine bad if one be good,  
 Among nine bad if one be good,  
 There's yet one good in ten<sup>6</sup>.*

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, firrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but or every<sup>7</sup> blazing star, or

it was not Helen, who was king Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore should be read thus:

*Fond done, fond done,* for Paris, he— WARBURTON.

If this be a stanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the restoration may be made with authority. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted from Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*, the following stanza of another old ballad:

“ And here fair *Paris* comes,  
 “ The hopeful youth of *Troy*,  
 “ Queen Hecuba's darling son,  
 “ King *Priam*'s only joy.”

This renders it extremely probable, that Paris was the person described as “ king Priam's joy” in the ballad quoted by our author; but Mr. Heath has justly observed, that Dr. Warburton, though he has supplied the words supposed to be lost, has not explained them; nor indeed do they seem, as they are connected, to afford any meaning. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *fond done,*] is foolishly done. See p. 66, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Among nine bad if one be good,*

*There's yet one good in ten.*] This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song; which shews the song said, *nine good in ten*.

*If one be bad amongst nine good,*

*There's but one bad in ten.*

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippobous, Pemmon, Paris, and Polites*. WARE.

<sup>7</sup> — or every—] The old copy reads—o'er every—, which cannot be right. I suppose o'er was a misprint for or, which was used by our old writers for before. MALONE.

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at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well<sup>8</sup>; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clown.* That man should be at woman's command<sup>9</sup>, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan<sup>1</sup>, yet

<sup>8</sup> — 'twould mend the lottery well;] This surely is a strange kind of phraseology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *wheels* were employed, I should be inclined to read—*lottery-wheel*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *That man &c.*] The clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is commanded. He answers with the licentious petulance of his character, that if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss; that he does not amiss, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodness, but of his own honesty, which, though not very nice or puritanical, will do no hurt; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the puritans, will comply with the injunctions of superiors, and wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart; will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the puritans refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride. JOHNSON.

The aversion of the puritans to a surplice is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reason that your sincere puritans cannot abide a surplice, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, of your prophane holland." STEEVENS.

[*Though honesty be no puritan, &c.*] I cannot help thinking we should read—*Though honesty be a puritan*—. TYRWHITT.

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had meant to say, "*— though honesty be no puritan,*"—why should he add "that it would wear the surplice &c." or, in other words, that it would be content to assume a covering that puritans in general reprobated? What would there be extraordinary in this? Is it matter of wonder, that he who is no puritan, should be free from the scruples and prejudices of one?

The clown, I think, means to say, "*Though honesty be rigid and conscientious as a puritan, yet it will not be obstinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its superiors, while at the same time its proud spirit inwardly revolts against them.*" I suspect however a still farther corruption; and that the compositor caught the words "*no hurt*"

yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth : the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit* :

*Count*. Well, now.

*Stew*. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

*Count*. 'Faith, I do : her father bequeath'd her to me ; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her, than is paid ; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

*Stew*. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son : Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level \* ; Diana, no queen of virgins <sup>2</sup>, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward : This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in : which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Count*. You have discharged this honestly ; keep it to yourself : many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could nei-

*bur* from the preceding line. Our author perhaps wrote—" Though honesty be a puritan, yet it will do *what is enjoined* ; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." I will therefore obey my mistress, however reluctantly, and go for Helena. MALONE.

\* — *only where qualities were level* ; ] The meaning may be, where qualities only, and not fortunes or conditions, were level. Or perhaps only is used for *except*. " — that would not extend his might, *except* where two persons were of equal rank." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Diana, no queen of virgins, — ] The first two words, which are not in the old copy, were introduced by Mr. Theobald. The compositor, it is highly probable, inadvertently omitted them, " Her knight," in the next line, is Helena. See Vol. II. p. 300, n. 3. MALONE.

ther



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ther believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall  
this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care:  
I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:  
If we are nature's<sup>2</sup>, these are ours; this thorn  
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;  
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;  
It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth:  
By our remembrances<sup>3</sup> of days foregone,  
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none<sup>4</sup>.  
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,  
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;  
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,  
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;  
And put you in the catalogue of those  
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,  
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds<sup>5</sup>:

<sup>2</sup> *If we are nature's,*] The old copy reads—*If ever we are nature's.*  
STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *By our remembrances—*] That is, according to our recollection. So  
we say, he is old by my reckoning. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.*] Such were  
the faulty weaknesses of which I was guilty in my youth, or such at  
least were then my feelings, though perhaps at that period of my life I  
did not think they deserved the name of faults. Dr. Warburton, with-  
out necessity, as it seems to me, reads—"O! then we thought them  
none;"—and the subsequent editors adopted the alteration. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— and choice breeds

*A native slip to us from foreign seeds:*] And our choice furnishes  
us with a slip propagated to us from foreign seeds, which we educate  
and treat, as if it were native to us, and sprung from ourselves.

HEATH.  
You

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
 Yet I express to you a mother's care :—  
 God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,  
 To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,  
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
 The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye <sup>6</sup> ?  
 Why ?—that you are my daughter ?

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, madam ;

The count Rouffillon cannot be my brother :  
 I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;  
 No note upon my parents, his all noble :  
 My master, my dear lord he is ; and I  
 His servant live, and will his vassal die :  
 He must not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your mother ?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam ; 'Would you were  
 (So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)  
 Indeed, my mother !—or were you both our mothers,  
 I care no more for, than I do for heaven,  
 So I were not his sister <sup>7</sup> : Can't no other,  
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother <sup>8</sup> ?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law ;  
 God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,  
 So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?

<sup>6</sup> *That this distemper'd messenger of wet,*

*The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?* ] There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears. The poet hath described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ And round about her tear-distained eye,

“ Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky.” HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> ——— or were you both our mothers,

*I care no more for, than I do for heaven,*

*So I were not his sister :* ] There is a designed ambiguity : *I care no more for, is, I care as much for.*—I wish it equally. FARMER.

<sup>8</sup> ——— Can't no other,

*But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?* ] The meaning is obscured by the elliptical diction. *Can it be no other way, but, if I be your daughter, he must be my brother ?* JOHNSON.

My

My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see  
 The mystery of your loneliness<sup>9</sup>, and find  
 Your salt tears' head<sup>1</sup>. Now to all sense 'tis gross,  
 You love my son ; invention is asham'd,  
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
 To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;  
 But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks  
 Confess it, one to the other ; and thine eyes  
 See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours,  
 That in their kind they speak it ; only sin  
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
 That truth should be suspected : Speak, is't so ?  
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;  
 If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,  
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
 To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me !

*Count.* Do you love my son ?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress !

*Count.* Love you my son ?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam ?

*Count.* Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,  
 Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose  
 The state of your affection ; for your passions  
 Have to the fall appeach'd.

<sup>9</sup> ———— Now I see

*The mystery of your loneliness,*] The old copy reads—*loneliness*. In the first folio an *u* is always used where our present printers employ a *v* ; in consequence of which in many places in these plays the former letter, being accidentally reversed at the press, appears as an *n*, and vice versa. In the Mss. of that time *u* and *n* are scarcely distinguishable. The present correction was made by Mr. Theobald ; who has well supported his emendation by a former passage, relative to Helena : "*Alone she was, and did communicate her own words to her own ears.*"

See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. MALONE.

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—your *loneliness*. TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's correction as plausible. To choose solitude is a mark of love. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Your salt tears' head.*] The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief. JOHNSON.

*Hel.* Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heaven,  
I love your son :—  
My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :  
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,  
That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit ;  
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;  
Yet, in this captious and intemible sieve<sup>2</sup>,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still<sup>3</sup> : thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love,  
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,

<sup>2</sup> *Yet, in this captious and intemible sieve,*] By *captious*, I believe, Shakspeare only meant *recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it ; and by *intemible*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and passive adjectives, has been already more than once observed.

The original copy reads—*intemible*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

Dr. Farmer supposes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And lack not to lose still :*] Perhaps we should read :

*And lack not to love still.* TYRWHITT.

I believe *lose* is right. So afterwards, in this speech :

“ ——— whose state is such, that cannot choose

“ But lend and give, where she is sure to *lose*.”

Helena means, I think, to say that, like a person who pours water into a vessel full of holes, and still continues his employment though he finds the water all lost, and the vessel empty, so, though she finds that *the waters of her love* are still *lost*, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom she thinks she never can deserve, she yet is not discouraged, but perseveres in her hopeless endeavour to accomplish her wishes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite story of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

Whose

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Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth<sup>4</sup>,  
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,  
 With chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian  
 Was both herself and Love<sup>5</sup>; O then, give pity  
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose  
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;  
 That seeks not to find that, her search implies,  
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
 To go to Paris.

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.  
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions  
 Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,  
 And manifest experience, had collected  
 For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me  
 In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,  
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were  
 More than they were in note<sup>6</sup>: amongst the rest,  
 There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,  
 To cure the desperate languishings, whereof  
 The king is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive  
 For Paris, was it? speak.

<sup>4</sup> *Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,*] i. e. Whose respectable conduct in age *shows or proves* that you were no less virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by citing witnesses, or examples from books, our author with his usual licence uses to *cite* in the sense of *to prove*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *With chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian Was both herself and Love;*] i. e. Venus. Helena means to say— if ever you wished that the deity who presides over chastity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the same person; or, in other words, if ever you wished for the honest and lawful completion of your chaste desires. I believe, however, the words were accidentally transposed at the press, and would read—

Love dearly, and with chastly, that your Dian &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *notes, whose faculties inclusive were* &c.] Receipts in which greater virtues were *inclosed* than appeared to observation. JOHNSON.

*Hel.*



*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think of this ;  
 Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
 Had, from the converſation of my thoughts,  
 Haply, been abſent then.

*Count.* But think you, Helen,  
 If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,  
 He would receive it ? He and his phyſicians  
 Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,  
 They, that they cannot help : How ſhall they credit  
 A poor unlearn'd virgin, when the ſchools,  
 Embowell'd of their doctrine<sup>7</sup>, have left off  
 The danger to itſelf ?

*Hel.* There's ſomething hints<sup>8</sup>,  
 More than my father's ſkill, which was the greateſt  
 Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt  
 Shall, for my legacy, be ſanctified  
 By the luckieſt ſtars in heaven : and, would your honour  
 But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture  
 The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,  
 By ſuch a day,<sup>9</sup> and hour.

*Count.* Doſt thou believe't ?

*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly.

*Count.* Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave, and love,  
 Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings  
 To thoſe of mine in court ; I'll ſtay at home,  
 And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt<sup>9</sup> :  
 Be gone to-morrow ; and be ſure of this,  
 What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs. [Exeunt.]

<sup>7</sup> Embowell'd of their doctrine,] i. e. exhausted of their ſkill.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> There's ſomething hints—] i. e. (ſays Dr. Warburton,) I have a ſecret preſage. The old copy has—ſomething in't. This neceſſary correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —into thy attempt:] Thus the old copy. Mr. Steevens propoſed to read—unto. Such, I find, is the reading of the third folio.

MALONE.

ACT

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King, with young lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.*

*King.* Farewel, young lords, these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewel<sup>1</sup>:—  
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

*1. Lord.* 'Tis our hope, fir,  
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
Will not confesse, he owes the malady  
That does my life besiege. Farewel, young lords;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy  
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy,) see<sup>2</sup>, that you come

Not

<sup>1</sup> — and you, my lords, farewel:] It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (besides Bertram) went to serve in Italy; and therefore I think the king's speech should be corrected thus:

"Farewel, young lord; these warlike principles

"Do not throw from you; and you, my lord, farewel:"

What follows, shews this correction to be necessary:

"Share the advice betwixt you; if both" &c. TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> — — — let higher Italy

(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall

Of the last monarchy,) see, &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Appennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower: and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatick being called the upper sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the lower. Now the Senones or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. HANMER.

Dr.

Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when  
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2. *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty !

*King.* Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;  
They say, our French lack language to deny,  
If they demand : beware of being captives,  
Before you serve<sup>3</sup>.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*]

1. *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us !

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault ; the spark—

2. *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars !

*Par.* Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil with ;  
*Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.*

*Par.* An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

Dr. Warburton's observation is learned, but rather too subtle ; Sir Thomas Hanmer's alteration [*Those bastards that inherit, &c.*] is merely arbitrary. The passage is confessedly obscure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *bigber* is to be understood of situation rather than of dignity. The sense may then be this : *Let upper Italy*, where you are to exercise your valour, *see that you come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is, to the disgrace and depression of those that have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy.* To *abate* is used by Shakspeare in the original sense of *abatere*, to *depress*, to *sink*, to *deject*, to *subdue*. So, in *Coriolanus* : "*—as most abated captives.*" The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law. JOHNSON.

Both Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton understood by the words *those that inherit but the fall of the last monarchy*, the several cities and petty states of Italy which arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world. In this Dr. Johnson seems to have concurred with them, differing from them only in the explanation of the word *abated*. Dr. Warburton's note I have not preserved, for the reason assigned by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Before you serve.*] The word *serve* is equivocal ; the sense is, *Be not captives before you serve in the war. Be not captives before you are soldiers.* JOHNSON.

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But one to dance with<sup>4</sup>! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1. *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, count.

2. *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body<sup>5</sup>.

1. *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2. *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice<sup>6</sup>, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2. *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.* What will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king—

[*seeing him rise.*

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait<sup>7</sup>,  
eat,

4 ——— and no sword worn,

*But one to dance with!*] It should be remembered that in Shakespeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on —Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient custom in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— He, at Philippi, kept

" His sword, even like a dancer."

See Mr. Steevens's note there. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*] We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, ("like to a double cherry, seeming parted,") our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a disruption of limbs which are now common to both. MALONE.

I read thus:—*Our parting* is the parting of a tortured body. Our parting is as the disruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cause of mistakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the sentence is omitted. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* Act II. sc. iii:

" ——— it is a sufferance, panging

" As soul and body's severing." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — with *his cicatrice,*] The old copy reads—his cicatrice *with.* Mr. Theobald restored the words to their proper order. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, &c.*] To wear themselves in the cap of the time, signifies to be  
be

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eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure \*, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [*Exeunt BER. and PAR.*]

*Enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll see thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man

Stands, that has brought <sup>8</sup> his pardon. I would, you

Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and

That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Good faith, acrofs<sup>9</sup>:

But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd Of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,

My noble grapes, an if my royal fox

Could reach them<sup>1</sup>: I have seen a medicine<sup>2</sup>,

That's able to breathe life into a stone;

be the foremost in the fashion: the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistress's favours in their caps. WARBURTON.

Perhaps this passage might be read thus:—They do muster with the true gait, that is, they have the true military step. Every man has observed something peculiar in the strut of a soldier. JOHNSON.

\* — lead the measure,] See Vol. II. p. 225, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — brought—] Some modern editions read—*bought*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — acrofs:] Mr. Davies with some probability supposes the meaning to be,—“With all my heart, sir; though you had broken my head acrofs;” and supports his idea by a passage in *Twelfth Night*: “He has broke my head acrofs, and given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — yes, but you will,

*My noble grapes, &c.*] You will eat, says Lafeu, no grapes. Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes as I bring you, if you could reach them. JOHNS.

<sup>2</sup> — medicine,] is here put for a *she* physician. HANMER.

C c 2

Quicken



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Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary <sup>2</sup>  
 With sprightly fire and motion ; whose simple touch  
 Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,  
 To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,  
 And write \* to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this ?

*Laf.* Why, doctor she : My lord, there's one arriv'd,  
 If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,  
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
 With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession <sup>3</sup>,  
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
 Than I dare blame my weakness <sup>4</sup> : Will you see her,  
 (For that is her demand,) and know her business ?  
 That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,  
 Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee  
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,  
 By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither.

[*Exit Lafeu.*]

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.*

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways ;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

<sup>2</sup> — *dance canary*] A species of dance formerly in use. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And *write*—] I believe a line preceding this has been lost.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *her years, profession,*] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Than I dare blame my weakness :*] This is one of Shakspeare's perplexed expressions. To acknowledge how much she has astonished me, would be to acknowledge a weakness ; and this I have not the confidence to do. STEEVENS.

Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this :—That the amazement she excited in him was so great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it. MASON.

That

His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle<sup>s</sup>,  
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [Exit.

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was  
My father ; in what he did profess, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;  
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience the only darling,  
He bad me store up, as a triple eye<sup>6</sup>,  
Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :  
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden ;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,—  
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and  
The congregated college have concluded,  
That labouring art can never ransom nature  
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To empiricks ; or to dissever so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains ;  
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;  
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :  
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,  
As one near death to those that wish him live :  
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

<sup>s</sup> — Cressid's uncle,] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — a triple eye,] i. e. a third eye. STEEVENS.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:  
 He that of greatest works is finisher,  
 Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shewn,  
 When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown  
 From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,  
 When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd<sup>7</sup>.  
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
 Where most it promises; and oft it hits,  
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits<sup>8</sup>.

*King.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;  
 Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:  
 Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:  
 It is not so with him that all things knows,  
 As 'tis with us that square our guesses by shows:  
 But most it is presumption in us, when  
 The help of heaven we count the act of men.  
 Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;  
 Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.  
 I am not an impostor, that proclaim  
 Myself against the level of mine aim<sup>9</sup>;  
 But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
 My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? Within what space  
 Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace<sup>1</sup>,  
 Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;

<sup>7</sup> *When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.*] i. e. miracles have continued to happen, while the wisest men have been writing against the possibility of them. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *and despair most sits.*] The old copy reads—*sists*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Myself against the level of mine aim;*] *I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud; I think what I speak.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *The greatest grace lending grace,*] I should have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been superfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the speech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes.

STEEVENS.

Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
 Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp \* ;  
 Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
 Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;  
 What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
 Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
 What dar'st thou venture ?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,—

A strumpet's boldness ; a divulged shame,—  
 Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name  
 Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,  
 With vilest torture let my life be ended <sup>2</sup>.

\* — his *sleepy lamp* ;] Old Copy—*her* sleepy lamp. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Tax of impudence*,—

*A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—&c.] I would bear (says she) the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet, would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads ; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded ; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me, (meaning violation) let my life be ended with the worst of tortures. The poet for the sake of rhyme has obscured the sense of the passage. The worst that can befall a woman, being extended to me, seems to be the meaning of the last line. STEEVENS.*

*Tax of impudence*, that is, to be charged with having the boldness of a strumpet :—*a divulged shame* ; i. e. to be traduced by odious ballads :—*my maiden's name seared otherwise* ; i. e. to be stigmatized as a prostitute : *no worse of worst extended* ; i. e. to be so defamed that nothing severer can be said against those who are most publicly reported to be infamous. Shakspeare has used the word *sear* and *extended* in the *Winter's Tale*, both in the same sense as above :

“ ————— for calumny will *sear*

“ *Virtue itself !* ”—

And “ The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought.” HENL.

The old copy reads, not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *may*, or *the*. I would wish to read and point the latter part of the passage thus :

————— *my maiden's name*

*Sear'd otherwise ; nay, worst of worst, extended*

*With vilest torture, let my life be ended.*

i. e. Let me be otherwise branded ;—and (what is *the worst of worst*, the consummation of misery,) my body being extended on the rack by the most cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my presumption.

So, in *Daniel's Cleopatra*, 1594 :

“ — the *worst of worst* of ills.”

*No* was introduced by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

*King.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak ;  
 His powerful sound, within an organ weak<sup>3</sup> ;  
 And what impossibility would slay  
 In common sense, sense saves another way<sup>4</sup>.  
 Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate  
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue<sup>6</sup>, all  
 That happiness and prime can happy call<sup>7</sup> :  
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
 Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try ;  
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property<sup>8</sup>  
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;

<sup>3</sup> *Metbinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak ;*  
*His powerful sound, witbin an organ weak :*] The verb, *doth speak*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus :

*His powerful sound speaks witbin a weak organ.* HEATH.

<sup>4</sup> *And what impossibility would slay*

*In common sense, sense saves another way.*] i. e. And that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *in thee bath estimate ;*] May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *virtue,*] This word was supplied by Dr. Warburton to complete the metre. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *That happiness and prime can happy call :*] By *prime* Dr. Johnson understands *youth*, the spring or morning of life. "But how," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "does that interpretation suit with the context? *You have all that is worth the name of life ; youth, beauty, &c. all, That happiness and youth can happy call.*"

I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *prime* is here used as a substantive, but that it means, that *sprightly vigour* which usually accompanies us in the prime of life. So, in Montaigne's *Essays*, translated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. 6 : "Many things seeme greater by imagination, than by effect. I have passed over a good part of my age in sound and perfect health. I say, not only sound, but blithe and wantonly-lustful. That state, full of lust, of *prime* and mirth, made me deeme the consideration of sicknesses so yrkfome, that when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *in property*] *In property* seems to be here used, with much laxity, for—*in the due performance*. In a subsequent passage it seems to mean either a thing possessed, or a subject discriminated by peculiar qualities :

"The *property* by what it is should go,

"Not by the title." MALONE.



And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even ?

*King.* Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven<sup>9</sup>.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,  
What husband in thy power I will command :  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state<sup>1</sup> :  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :  
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must ;  
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest  
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—  
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

Roussillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the height  
of your breeding.

<sup>9</sup> — *and my hopes of heaven,*] The correction of the old copy, which reads *help* instead of *beaven*, was made by Dr. Thirlby. The rhyme fully supports the change. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *With any branch or image of thy state ;*] *Image* may mean any representation of thine ; i. e. any one who resembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your state and majesty. STEEVENS.

Our author again uses the word *image* in the same sense as here, in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou hast torn.” MALONE.

*Clown.*

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*Clown.* I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught : I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court ! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt ? But to the court !

*Clown.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court : but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

*Clown.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks<sup>2</sup> ; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

*Clown.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger<sup>3</sup>, as a pancake for

<sup>2</sup> It is like a barber's chair, &c.] This expression is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*. So, in *More foolish yet*, by R.S. a Collection of Epigrams, quarto, 1610 :

" Moreover fatten futes he doth compare

" Unto the service of a barber's chayre ;

" As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,

" As for a knight or worthy gentleman." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,] An anonymous writer, with some probability, supposes that this is one of those covert allusions in which Shakspeare frequently indulges himself. The following lines of Cleiveland on an *Hermaphrodite* seem to countenance the supposition :

" Nay, those which modesty can mean,

" But dare not speak, are Epicene.

" That gamester needs must overcome,

" That can play both with Tib and Tom."

Sir John Hawkins conceives, the allusion is to the ancient practice of marrying with a *rush* ring. He would therefore read—"as Tom's rush for Tib's fore-finger. But if this were the author's meaning, it would be necessary to alter still farther, and to read—As Tom's rush for Tib's fourth finger. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins's alteration is unnecessary. It was the practice in former times for the woman to give the man a ring as well as for the man to give her one. So, in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*, the priest giving an account of Olivia's marriage, says, it was

" Attested by the holy clove of lips,

" Strengthen'd by enterchangement of your rings." MASON.

Shrove-

Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clown.* From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

*Clown.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again<sup>4</sup>, if we could:—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clown.* O Lord, sir<sup>5</sup>,—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clown.* O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clown.* O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whip'd, sir, as I think.

*Clown.* O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, O Lord, sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clown.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—O

<sup>4</sup> *To be young again,*] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *O Lord, sir,*] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"You conceive me, sir?"—"O Lord, sir."

Cleiveland, in one of his songs, makes his gentleman,

"Answer, O Lord, sir! and talk play-book oaths." FARMER.

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*Lord, fir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count*. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clown*. O Lord, fir,—Why, there't serves well again.

*Count*. An end, fir, to your business: Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son; This is not much.

*Clown*. Not much commendation to them.

*Count*. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

*Clown*. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

*Count*. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

*Laf*. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern<sup>6</sup> and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear<sup>7</sup>.

*Par*. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

*Ber*. And so 'tis.

*Laf*. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

*Par*. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus<sup>8</sup>.

*Laf*.

<sup>6</sup> — modern—] i. e. common, ordinary. So, in *As you like it*:

“ Full of wise saws, and modern instances.”

Again, in another play: “ —and with her modern grace—.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — unknown fear.] Fear is here the object of fear. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — of Galen and Paracelsus.] As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this passage thus:

*Laf*.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentick fellows<sup>9</sup>,—

*Par.* Right, so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be help'd,—

*Par.* Right ; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an—

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

*Par.* Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed : if you will have it in shewing<sup>1</sup>, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

*Laf.* A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor<sup>2</sup>.

*Par.* That's it I would have said ; the very same.

*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier<sup>3</sup> : 'fore me I speak in respect—

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he is of a most facinorous spirit<sup>4</sup>, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf.* Very hand of heaven.

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists——

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentick fellows—

*Par.* Right, so I say. JOHNSON.

9 — authentick fellows,] The phrase of the diploma is, *authentick licentiatu*s. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>1</sup> *Par.* It is indeed : if you will have it in shewing, &c.] We should read, I think : “ It is, indeed, if you will have it a shewing—you shall read it in what do you call there”— TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> *A shewing of a heavenly effect &c.*] The title of some pamphlet here ridiculed. WAREBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Why, your dolphin is not lustier :*] By *dolphin*, is meant the *dau-phin*, the heir apparent, and hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

What Mr. Steevens observes is certainly true ; and yet the additional word *your* induces me to think, that by *dolphin*, in the passage before us, the fish so called was meant. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ————— his delights

“ Were *dolphin*-like ; they shew'd his back

“ Above the element he liv'd in.”

*Lafeu*, who is an old courtier, if he had meant the king's son, would surely have said—the *Dolphin*. I use the old spelling. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — facinorous spirit,] *Facinorous* is wicked. STEEVENS.

*Par.*



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*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak—

*Par.* And debile minister<sup>s</sup>, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

*Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants:*

*Par.* I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

*Laf.* Lustick, as the Dutchman says<sup>6</sup>: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a corrantio.

*Par.* *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

*[Exit an Attendant.]*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

<sup>s</sup> *And debile minister, &c.]* I believe Parolles has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus:

*Laf.* In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.

*Par.* As to be—

*Laf.* Generally thankful. JOHNSON.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakspeare were printed (as there is good reason to suspect) from these piece-meal transcripts, how easily may the mistake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has judiciously strove to remedy?

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Lustick, as the Dutchman says:] *Lustigb* is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful, pleasant. STEEVENS.

O'er

O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice  
I have to use: thy frank election make ;  
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when love please !—marry, to each, but one<sup>7</sup> !

*Laf.* I'd give bay Curtal<sup>8</sup>, and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken<sup>9</sup> than these boys',  
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well :  
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid :—  
Please it your majesty, I have done already :  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
*We blush, that thou should'st choose ; but, be refus'd,*  
*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;*  
*We'll ne'er come there again<sup>1</sup>.*

*King.*

<sup>7</sup> — to each, but one ! ] The words *but one* do not mean *one only*, but, *except one*. Helena wishes a fair and virtuous mistress to each of the young lords who were present, one only *excepted* ; and the person *excepted* is Bertram, whose mistress she hoped she herself should be.

MASON.

<sup>8</sup> — bay Curtal, ] i. e. a bay, dock'd horse. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *My mouth no more were broken—*] A broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *We blush, that thou should'st choose ; but, be refus'd,*

*Let the white death &c.*] In the original copy these lines are pointed thus :

We blush that thou should'st choose, but be refus'd ;

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ; &c.

This punctuation has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. The present regulation of the text appears to me to afford a much clearer sense. “ My blushes, (says Helen) thus whisper me. We blush that thou should'st have the nomination of thy husband. However, choose him at thy peril. But, if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale ; we will never revisit them again.”

The blushes, which are here personified, could not be supposed to know that Helena would be refused, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do ; and, even if the poet had meant this, he would surely have written “ —and be refused,” not—“but be refused.”

Be

400 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

*King.* Make choice ; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;  
And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1. *Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute<sup>3</sup>.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-  
ace<sup>4</sup> for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies :  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2. *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,  
Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her<sup>5</sup> ? An they were sons of  
mine, I'd have them whipt ; or I would send them to the  
'Turk, to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid [*to a Lord.*] that I your hand should  
take ;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :  
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her :  
sure, they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er  
got them.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good,

*Be refus'd* means the same as—"thou being refused,"—or, "be  
thou refused." MALONE.

*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,*] The white death is  
the chlorosis. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — all the rest is mute.] i. e. I have no more to say to you. So  
Hamlet: "—the rest is silence." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — ames-ace—] i. e. the lowest chance of the dice. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Do all they deny her ?*] None of them have yet denied her, or deny  
her afterwards but Bertram. The scene must be so regulated that  
Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes  
between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that they know not  
by whom the refusal is made. JOHNSON.

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet<sup>6</sup>,—I am sure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an afs, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say, I take you; [*to Ber.*] but I give Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

*King.* Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness, In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram, What she has done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord; But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising? I know her well; She had her breeding at my father's charge: A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever!

*King.* 'Tis only title<sup>7</sup> thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat<sup>8</sup>, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty: If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislike'st, A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislike'st Of virtue for the name: but do not so:

<sup>6</sup> *There's one grape yet, &c.*] Old Lafeu having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood;—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an afs.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *'Tis only title—*] i. e. the want of title. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Of colour, weight, and heat,*] That is, which are of the same colour, weight, &c. MALONE.

402 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

From lowest place when virtuous things<sup>9</sup> proceed,  
 The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:  
 Where great additions swell\*, and virtue none,  
 It is a drop'd honour: good alone  
 Is good, without a name; vileness is so<sup>1</sup>:  
 The property by what it is should go,  
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
 In these to nature she's immediate heir<sup>2</sup>;  
 And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,  
 Which challenges itself as honour's born<sup>3</sup>,  
 And is not like the fire: Honours thrive<sup>4</sup>,  
 When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,  
 Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,  
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,  
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb  
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?  
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
 I can create the rest: virtue, and she,  
 Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

<sup>9</sup> — when *virtuous things*—] The old copy has—*whence*. Dr. Thirlby corrected it. MALONE.

\* *Where great additions swell*] *Additions* are the titles and descriptions by which men are distinguished from each other. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— good alone

*Is good, without a name; vileness is so:*] The meaning is,—Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title: so, vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear. The same phraseology is found in *Macbeth*:

“ Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
 “ Yet grace must still look so.”

i. e. must still look like grace,—like itself. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *In these to nature she's immediate heir*;] To be immediate heir is to inherit without any intervening transmitter. She inherits youth, beauty, &c. immediately from nature; but honour is transmitted by ancestors. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — as *honour's born*,] Perhaps we might read more elegantly—as *honour-born*; honourably descended; the child of honour. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And is not like the fire: Honours thrive*, &c.] The modern editors read—*Honours best thrive*, in which they have followed the editor of the second folio, who introduced the word *best* unnecessarily, not observing that *fire* was used by our author, like *fire*, *hour*, &c. as a dissyllable.

MALONE.

*Ber.*



*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad ;  
Let the rest go.

*King.* My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat,  
I must produce my power<sup>5</sup> : Here, take her hand,  
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,  
We, poizing us in her defective scale,  
Shall weigh thee to the beam<sup>6</sup> ; that wilt not know,  
It is in us to plant thine honour, where  
We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :  
Obey our will, which travails in thy good :  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,  
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,  
Into the staggers<sup>7</sup>, and the careless lapse

<sup>5</sup> *My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat*

*I must produce my power :*] The implication or clause of the sentence (as the grammarians say) serves for the antecedent ; “ —which danger to defeat.” FARMER.

The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies *to free, to disembarass*, as well as *to destroy*. *Defaire un noeud*, is *to untie a knot* ; and in this sense, I apprehend, *defeat* is here used. It may be observed, that our verb *undo* has the same varieties of signification ; and I suppose even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the sense of this passage, if it had been written ;—*My honour's at the stake ; which to undo, I must produce my power.* TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> ——— that canst not dream,

*We, poizing us in her defective scale,*

*Shall weigh thee to the beam :*] That canst not understand, that if you and this maiden should be weighed together, and our royal favours should be thrown into her scale, (which you esteem so light,) we should make that in which you should be placed, to strike the beam. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Into the staggers,*] One species of the *staggers*, or the horse's *apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has the same expression in *Cymbeline*, where Posthumus says :—“ Whence come these *staggers* on me ?” STEEVENS.

404 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate,  
 Looking upon thee in the name of justice,  
 Without all terms of pity : Speak ; thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit  
 My fancy to your eyes : When I consider,  
 What great creation, and what dole of honour,  
 Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late  
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
 The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,  
 Is, as 'twere, born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
 And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise  
 A counterpoize ; if not to thy estate,  
 A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the king,  
 Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony  
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
 And be perform'd to-night<sup>3</sup> : the solemn feast  
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
 Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BER. HEL. Lords, and Attendants.*]  
*Laf.*

<sup>3</sup> ——— whose ceremony

*Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
 And be perform'd to-night ;]* The *brief* is the contract of espousal,  
 or the licence of the church. JOHNSON.

*Expedient* is used in other places for *expeditions*. So, in *K. Richard II.*

“ *Expedient* manage must be made, my liege—.”

Again, in *As you like it* :

“ Do this *expediently*, and turn him going.”

Our author often uses *brief* in the sense of a short note, or intimation concerning any business ; and sometimes without the idea of writing. So, in the last act of this play :

“ — she told me

“ In a sweet verbal *brief* &c.

The meaning therefore of the present passage, I believe, is ;—Good fortune, and the king's favour smile on this short contract ; the ceremonial part of which shall immediately pass,—shall follow close on the troth now plighted between the parties, and be performed this night ; the solemn feast shall be delayed to a future time. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy has this singular stage-direction : *Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.* STEEVENS.

To

*Laf.* Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation?—My lord? my master?

*Laf.* Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the count Rouffillon?

*Par.* To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man; count's master is of another stile.

*Par.* You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, firrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries<sup>1</sup>, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up<sup>2</sup>; and that thou art scarce worth.

*Par.* Had'st thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

To comment means, I believe, to assume the appearance of persons deeply engaged in thought. See p. 56, l. 5. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — for two ordinaries,] While I sat twice with thee at table.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — taking up;] To take up, is to contradict, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground. JOHNSON.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shall find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default<sup>3</sup>, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave<sup>4</sup>. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me<sup>5</sup>; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

<sup>3</sup> — in the default.] That is, at a need. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.] The conceit, which is so thin that it might well escape a hasty reader, is in the word *past*: I am past, as I will be past by thee.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Mr. Edwards has, I think, given the true meaning of Lafeu's words. "I cannot do much, says Lafeu; doing I am past, as I will by thee in what motion age will give me leave; i. e. as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able:—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *past*: the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakspeare plainly meant it." MALONE.

*Doing* is here used obscenely. So, in Ben Jonson's translation of a passage in an Epigram of Petronius:

*Brevis est, &c. et fœda voluptas.*

"*Doing*, a filthy pleasure is, and short."

See Vol. II. p. 15. COLLINS.

<sup>5</sup> *Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;*] This the poet makes Parolles speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his poltroonery even from himself.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession.

WARBURTON.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission<sup>6</sup>. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What is the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me;—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

<sup>6</sup> — *than the heraldry of your birth &c.*] In former copies:—*than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.* Sir Thomas Hanmer restored it. JOHNSON.



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*Ber.* There's letters from my mother; what the import is,  
I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy,  
to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Marses fiery steed: To other regions!  
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;  
'Therefore, to the war!

*Ber.* It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
'That which I durst not speak: His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike: Wars are no strife  
To the dark house, and the detested wife<sup>7</sup>.

*Par.* Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

<sup>7</sup> *That bugs his kicksy-wicksy &c.*] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a poem in disdain of his debtors, intitled, a *kicksey-twinsey*, or a *Lerry come-ttvang*. GREY.

<sup>8</sup> *To the dark house, &c.*] The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. Milton says of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat:

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

"Grew darker at their frown." JOHNSON.

Perhaps this is the same thought we meet with in *K. Henry IV.* only more solemnly express'd:

"——— he's as tedious

"As is a tired horse, a railing wife;

"Worse than a smoky house."

The old copy reads—*detested* wife. STEEVENS.

The emendation, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is fully supported by a subsequent passage:

"'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife

"Of a detesting lord." MALONE.

*Par.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 409

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—

'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HELENA and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly; Is she well?

*Clow.* She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

*Clown.* Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clown.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes<sup>9</sup>.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

*Clown.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clown.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have

<sup>9</sup> — fortunes.] Old Copy—*fortune.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

nothing,

nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Clown.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave this had been truth, sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*Clown.* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint<sup>1</sup>;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *But puts it off to a compell'd restraint*;] Thus the original and only authentick ancient copy. The editor of the third folio reads—*by a compell'd restraint*; and the alteration has been adopted by the modern editors; perhaps without necessity. Our poet might have meant, in his usual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wishes to a future day, till which he is *compelled to restrain* his desires. This, it must be confessed, is very harsh; but our author is often so licentious in his phraseology, that change on that ground alone is very dangerous. In *King Henry VIII.* we have a phraseology not very different:

“ ——— All-souls day

“ Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.”

i. e. the day to which my wrongs are respited. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,*] The sweets which are distilled, by the restraint said to be imposed on Bertram, from “the want and delay of the great prerogative of love,” are the sweets of *expectation*. Parolles is here speaking of Bertram's feelings during this “curbed time,” not, as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought, of those of Helena. The following lines in *Troilus and Cressida* may prove the best comment on the present passage:

“ I am giddy; *expectation* whirls me round.

“ The imaginary relish is so sweet

“ That it enchants my sense. What will it be,

“ When that the watery palate *tastes* indeed

“ Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me,

“ Swooning destruction; &c.” MALONE.

Which

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 411

Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o'the king,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need<sup>3</sup>.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, firrah. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a  
soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for  
a bunting<sup>4</sup>.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in  
knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience, and  
transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is  
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:  
Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pur-  
sue the amity.

3 — *probable need.*] A specious appearance of necessity. JOHNSON.

4 — *a bunting.*] Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of this bird: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ similis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra versetur et nidificet." STEEVENS.

*Enter*

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [to Ber.]

Laf. 'Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [aside to Parolles.]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,  
Given order for our horses; and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,—  
And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard<sup>s</sup>; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of

<sup>s</sup> You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard;] It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh, as our poet says in his *Hamlet*. See the *Devil's an Ass*, by Ben Jonson, Act I. sc. i. THEOBALD.

you,



you, than you have or will to deserve \* at my hand ; but  
we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I know him well ; and common speech  
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,  
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave  
For present parting ; only, he desires  
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required office  
On my particular : prepar'd I was not  
For such a business ; therefore am I found  
So much unsettled : This drives me to entreat you,  
That presently you take your way for home :  
And rather muse <sup>6</sup>, than ask, why I entreat you :  
For my respects are better than they seem ;  
And my appointments have in them a need,  
Greater than shews itself, at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother :  
[giving a letter,

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you ; so  
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that,  
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

\* — *than you have or will to deserve*—] Something seems to have been omitted ; but I know not how to rectify the passage. Perhaps we should read—*than you have qualities or will to deserve*. The editor of the second folio reads—*than you have or will deserve*— MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And rather muse,*] *To muse* is to *wonder*. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Do not *muse* at me, my most noble friends.” STEEVENS.

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To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewel; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, fir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe<sup>7</sup>;

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have?

*Hel.* Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—'faith, yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do funder, and not kifs.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel<sup>8</sup>.

[*Exit* HELENA.]

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—

Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, coragio!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you heard  
The fundamental reasons of this war;  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirsts after.

<sup>7</sup> —the wealth I owe;] i. e. I own. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel.] This line which in the original copy is given to Helena, was very properly attributed by Mr. Theobald to Bertram. MALONE.

Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a shew of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dimission. THEOBALD.

1. *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France  
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

2. *Lord.* Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield<sup>9</sup>,  
But like a common and an outward man<sup>1</sup>,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion<sup>2</sup>: therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it; since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

2. *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature<sup>3</sup>,  
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,  
Come here for physick.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be;  
And all the honours, that can fly from us,  
Shall on them settle: You know your places well;  
When better fall, for your avails they fell:  
To-morrow to the field. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would have had it, save,  
that he comes not along with her.

*Clown.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very  
melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

9 — *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *an outward man,*] i. e. one not in the secret of affairs. WARB.  
So *inward* is familiar, admitted to secrets. "I was an inward of  
his." *Measure for Measure.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *self unable motion:*] Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton would  
read—*motion* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *the younger of our nature,*] i. e. as we say at present, *our young  
fellows.* STEEVENS.

*Clown.*

*Clown.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing \*; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song<sup>4</sup>.

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [opening a letter.]

*Clown.* I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country, are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clown.* E'en that<sup>5</sup> you have there. [Exit.]

*Count.* [reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM.*

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a king;  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clown.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clown.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

\* — mend the ruff and sing;] The tops of the boots in our author's time turned down, and hung loosely o'er the leg. The folding is what the clown means by the ruff. B. Jonson calls it *ruffe*, and perhaps it should be so here. See *Every man out of his humour*, Act IV. sc. vi.

WHALLEY.

<sup>4</sup> — sold a goodly manor for a song.] The old copy reads—bold a goodly—. The emendation was made in the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> E'en that—] Old Copy—In that. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

*Count.*

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [Exit Clown.]

Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.

1. Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray you?

2. Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence: We met him thitherward; for thence we came, And, after some dispatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[reads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger<sup>6</sup>, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1. Gen. Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engross'st all the griefs are thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son; But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2. Gen. Ay, madam.

<sup>6</sup> *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,*] i. e. When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. WARB.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed incontestably by these lines in the fifth act, in which Helena repeats the substance of this letter:

" ——— there is your ring;

" And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:

" *When from my finger you can get this ring, &c.*" MALONE.



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*Count.* And to be a soldier?

2. *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,  
The duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.

*Count.* Return you thither?

1. *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

*Hel.* [reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in  
France.* 'Tis bitter.

*Count.* Find you that there?

*Hel.* Ay, madam.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which  
His heart was not consenting to.

*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no wife!  
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,  
But only she; and she deserves a lord,  
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,  
And call her hourly, mistress.—Who was with him?

1. *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman  
Which I have some time known.

*Count.* Parolles, was't not?

1. *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:  
My son corrupts a well-derived nature  
With his inducement.

1. *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,  
Which holds him much to have<sup>7</sup>.

*Count.* You are welcome, gentlemen.  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him, that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you  
Written to bear along.

2. *Gen.* We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

<sup>7</sup> — a deal of that, too much,

Which holds him much to have.] That is, his vices stand him in  
stead. WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath thinks the meaning is, this fellow hath a deal too much  
of that which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e.  
folly and ignorance. MALONE.

*Count.*

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies<sup>8</sup>.  
 Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*  
*Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*  
 Nothing in France, until he has no wife!  
 Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,  
 Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I  
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
 Of the none-sparing war? and is it I  
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
 Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,  
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
 Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air<sup>9</sup>,  
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!  
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
 I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;  
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
 His death was so effected: better 'twere,  
 I met the ravin lion<sup>1</sup> when he roar'd  
 With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,  
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,  
 Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,

<sup>8</sup> *Not so, &c.*] The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the countess; she replies, No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *move the still-piecing air,*] i. e. the air that closes immediately, after a ball has passed through it. So, in another play:

“ — the wind that still doth join.”

The only authentick ancient copy reads—*still-peering*. The present emendation was proposed by some former annotator, and adopted by Mr. Steevens. *Piece* was formerly spelt—*peece*: so that there is but the change of one letter. See *Twelfth Night*, first folio, p. 262:

“ Now, good Cæsario, but that *peece* of song—.” MALONE.

I have no doubt that *still-piecing* was Shakspeare's word. But the passage is not yet quite found. We should read, I believe,—*rove the still-piecing air*. i. e. *fly at random through*. The allusion is to *shooting at rovers* in archery, which was shooting without any particular aim. TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> — *the ravin lion*—] i. e. the *ravenous* or ravening lion. To *ravin* is to swallow voraciously. MALONE.

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Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,  
As oft it loses all \*; I will be gone:  
My being here it is, that holds thee hence;  
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,  
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,  
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
To the extreme edge of hazard<sup>2</sup>.

Duke. Then go thou forth;  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
As thy auspicious mistress<sup>3</sup>!

Ber.

\* *Whence honour but of danger &c.*] The sense is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself. HEATH.

<sup>2</sup> *We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,*

*To the extreme edge of hazard.*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

"But bears it out even to the edge of doom." MALONE.

Milton has borrowed this expression; Par. Reg. B. i:

"You see our danger on the utmost edge

"Of hazard." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,*

*As thy auspicious mistress!*] So, in the *Tempest*:

"—— bountiful fortune,

"Now my dear lady, &c."

Perhaps Lee, who has frequently imitated our author, had this passage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines:

"Can none remember? Yes, I know, all must;

"When

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:  
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exit.

## S C E N E IV.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Countess and Steward.*

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her?  
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.  
*Stew.* I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim<sup>4</sup>, thither gone;  
*Ambitious love hath so in me offended,*  
*That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,*  
*With fainted vow my faults to have amended.*  
*Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,*  
*My dearest master, your dear son, may bye;*  
*Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,*  
*His name with zealous fervour sanctify:*  
*His taken labours bid him me forgive;*  
*I, his despightful Juno<sup>5</sup>, sent him forth*  
*From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,*  
*Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:*  
*He is too good and fair for death and me;*  
*Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

*Count.* Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!  
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much<sup>6</sup>,  
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

"When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood,  
"Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood;  
"When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,  
"And the pale Fates" &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *Saint Jaques' pilgrim,*] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another saint might easily have been found, Florence being somewhat out of the road from Rouffillon to Compostella. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *Juno,*] Alluding to the story of Hercules. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *lack advice so much,*] Advice, is discretion or thought. JOHNSON.

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*Stew.* Pardon me, madam :  
If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

*Count.* What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
That he does weigh too light<sup>7</sup> : my greatest grief,  
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Dispatch the most convenient messenger :—  
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love : which of them both  
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—  
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Without the Walls of Florence.*

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the fight.

*Dia.* They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

<sup>7</sup> That he does weigh too light :] To weigh here means to value, or esteem. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ You weigh me not, O, that's you care not for me.” MALONE.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions<sup>8</sup> for the young earl. —Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under<sup>9</sup>: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers<sup>1</sup> lodge, I do beseech you?

<sup>8</sup> — *in those suggestions*—] i. e. temptations. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *are not the things they go under*;] They are not really so true and sincere, as in appearance they seem to be. THEOBALD.

*To go under* the name of any thing is a known expression. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *palmers*—] Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had some dwelling-place, a *palmer* had none; the *pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* must go at his own charge, the *palmer* must profess wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profession, the *palmer* must be constant." See Blount's *Glossography*. ANONYMOUS.

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*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*]  
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,  
But till the troops come by,  
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;  
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess  
As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you?

*Dia.* The count Roussillon; Know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;  
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him  
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth<sup>2</sup>; I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that serves the count,  
Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* O, I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examin'd<sup>3</sup>.

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!  
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

<sup>2</sup> — mere the truth;] The exact, the entire truth. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — examin'd.] That is, question'd, doubted. JOHNSON.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* A right good creature<sup>4</sup>: wherefoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean?  
May be, the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does, indeed;  
And brokes<sup>5</sup> with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

*Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine  
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

*Mar.* The gods forbid else!

*Wid.* So, now they come:—  
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;  
That, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* He;  
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;  
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,  
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentle-  
man?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'Tis pity, he's not honest: Yond's that same  
knave,  
That leads him to these places<sup>6</sup>; were I his lady,

<sup>4</sup> *A right good creature*:] There is great reason to believe, that when these plays were copied for the press, the transcriber trusted to the ear, and not to the eye; one person dictating, and another transcribing. Hence probably the error of the old copy, which reads—*I write good creature*. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. The same expression is found in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"*A right good creature*, more to me deserving," &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *brokes*—] Deals as a *broker*. JOHNSON.

To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker* in our author's time meant a bawd or pimp. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *Yond's that same knave*,

*That leads him to these places*;] The *places* are, apparently, where he  
— *brokes with all that can in such a suit*

*Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.* STEEVENS.

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I'd poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

*Par.* Lose our drum! well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you!

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers and Soldiers.*]

*Wid.* The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound, Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,  
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,  
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts on this \*virgin,  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*Camp before Florence.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *and the two French Lords.*

1. *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2. *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1. *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1. *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

\* —on this—] Old Copy—of this. Corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

2. *Lord.*

2. *Lord.* It were fit you knew him ; left, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

*Ber.* I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2. *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1. *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprize him ; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy : we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents : Be but your lordship present at his examination ; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum ; he says, he has a stratagem for't : when your lordship sees the bottom of his <sup>7</sup> success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore<sup>8</sup> will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment<sup>9</sup>, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

7 — of his—] Old Copy—of *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

8 — of ore—] Old Copy—of *ours*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

9 *If you give him not John Drum's entertainment,*] Holinshed, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Sarsfield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family : so that his "porter or any other officer, durst not, for both his eares, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." THEOBALD.

A contemporary writer has used this expression in the same manner that our author has done ; so that there is no reason to suspect the word *John* in the text to be a misprint : "In faith good gentlemen, I think we shall be forced to give you right *John Drum's entertainment*, [i. e. to treat you very ill,] for he that composed the book we should present, hath—snatched it from us at the very instant of entrance." Introduction to *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, a comedy, 1601.

MALONE.

*Enter*



Enter PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand<sup>1</sup>.

*Ber.* How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2. *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own foldiers.

2. *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had, in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

*Par.* It might have been recover'd.

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*<sup>2</sup>.

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

<sup>1</sup> — in any band.] The usual phrase is—at any band, but in any band will do. It is used in Holland's *Pliny*, p. 456:—"he must be a free citizen of Rome in any band." Again, p. 508, 553, and 546.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.] i. e. Here lies;—the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or die in the attempt. MALONE.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas<sup>3</sup>, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership<sup>4</sup>, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

*Par.* I love not many words. [Exit.]

1. *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water<sup>5</sup>.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2. *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

3 — *I will presently pen down my dilemmas*—] By this word, Parolles is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. WARBURTON.

I think, Parolles means, that he will pen down his plans on the one side, and the probable obstructions he was to meet with on the other.

MASON.

4 — *possibility of thy soldiership*,—] *I will subscribe* (says Bertram) to the possibility of your soldiership. He suppresses that he should not be so willing to vouch for its probability. STEEVENS.

I believe, Bertram means no more than that he is confident Parolles will do all that soldiership can effect. He was not yet certain that he was "a hilding." MALONE.

5 *I love not many words.*

1. *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.] Here we have the origin of this boaster's name, which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) ought in strict propriety to be written—*Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwise; having made it a trisyllable:

"Rust sword, cool blushes, and *Parolles* fire."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

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1. *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embos'd him<sup>6</sup>, you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2. *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him<sup>7</sup>. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1. *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1. *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you<sup>\*</sup>.  
[Exit.]

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The last I spoke of.

2. *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wond'rous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'th' wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

2. *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.]

<sup>6</sup> — *we have almost embos'd him,*] To *imbos*: a deer is to inclose him in a wood. Milton uses the same word:

“ Like that self-begotten bird

“ In th' Arabian woods *imbest*,

“ Which no second knows or third.” JOHNSON.

It is probable that Shakspeare was unacquainted with this word in the sense which Milton affixes to it, viz. from *emboscure*, Ital. to enclose in a thicket.

When a deer is run hard and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is said to be *embos'd*. See p. 245, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *ere we case him.*] i. e. before we strip him naked. JOHNSON.

<sup>\*</sup> — *I'll leave you.*] This line is given in the old copy to the second lord, there called Captain G, who goes out; and the first lord, there called Captain E, remains with Bertram. The whole course of the dialogue shews this to have been a mistake. See p. 427:

“ 1. *Lord.* [i. e. Captain E.] I, with a troop of Florentines,” &c.

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA, and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you further,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon<sup>3</sup>.

*Wid.* Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;  
And, what to your sworn counsel<sup>9</sup> I have spoken,  
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you;  
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves  
You are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,  
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,  
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,  
Now his important blood<sup>1</sup> will nought deny  
That she'll demand: A ring the county<sup>\*</sup> wears,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house,  
From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds  
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,

<sup>3</sup> *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.*] i. e. by discovering herself to the count. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — *to your sworn counsel*—] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *his important blood*—] Important here, and elsewhere, is important. JOHNSON.

Important from the Fr. *Emportant*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>\*</sup> — *the county*—] See p. 13, n. 4; and *Romeo and Juliet*, ACT I. SC. IV. MALONE.

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To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then: It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chafly absent: after this<sup>2</sup>,  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded:  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,  
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then, to-night  
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act<sup>3</sup>;  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:  
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> — *after this,*] The latter word was added to complete the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,*  
And lawful meaning &c.] Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

The first line relates to Bertram. The *deed* was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage, owed by the husband to the wife; but his *meaning* was *wicked*, because he intended to commit adultery. The second line relates to Helena; whose *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as she intended to reclaim her husband, and demanded only the rights of a wife. The *act* or *deed* was *lawful* for the reason already given. The subsequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *sinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, because he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* sinned: not the wife, because both her intention and action were innocent; not the husband, because he did not *accomplish* his intention; he did not commit adultery.—This note is partly Mr. Heath's. MALONE.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Without the Florentine Camp.*

*Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

1. *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you fall upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1. *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1. *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1. *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1. *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1. *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment<sup>4</sup>. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose<sup>5</sup>: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done?

<sup>4</sup> — *some band of strangers in the adversary's entertainment.*] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *so we seem to know, is to know &c.*] I think the meaning is—Our seeming to know what we speak one to another, is to make him to know our purpose immediately; to discover our design to him. *To know*, in the last instance, signifies to make known. Sir Thomas Hanmer very plausibly reads—to show straight our purpose. MALONE.

It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*aside.*]

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet flight ones will not carry it; they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the instance<sup>6</sup>? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule<sup>7</sup>, if you prattle me into these perils.

1. *Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*aside.*]

*Par.* I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1. *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*aside.*]

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1. *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*aside.*]

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stript:

1. *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*aside.*]

*Par.* Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

1. *Lord.* How deep? [*aside.*]

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

1. *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*aside.*]

*Par.* I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recover'd it.

1. *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*aside.*]

<sup>6</sup> — the instance? ] The proof. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — of Bajazet's mule, ] Dr. Warburton would read—*mule*. MALONE.  
As a mule is as dumb by nature, as the mute is by art, the reading may stand. In one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a mule to the Divan. STEEVENS.

*Par.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*]

i. Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O, ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*]

i. Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the Muskos' regiment,  
And I shall lose my life for want of language:  
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,  
I will discover that which shall undo  
The Florentine.

i. Sold. *Boskos vauvado*:—I understand thee, and can  
speak thy tongue:—*Kerelybonto*:—Sir, betake thee to thy  
faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

i. Sold. O, pray, pray, pray.—

*Manka revania dulce.*

i. Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

i. Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;  
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on,  
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform  
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,  
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

i. Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

i. Sold. *Acordo linta*.—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

i. Lord. Go, tell the count Roufillon, and my brother,  
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled  
Till we do hear from them.

2. Sold. Captain, I will.

i. Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—  
Inform 'em<sup>s</sup> that.

\* *Inform 'em*—] Old Copy—*Inform on*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

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2. *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1. *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's house.*

*Enter* BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

*Ber.* They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern<sup>9</sup>;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows<sup>1</sup>:

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By

<sup>9</sup> *You are no maiden, but a monument:*

— *for you are cold and stern;*] Our author had here probably in his thoughts some of the *stern* monumental figures with which many churches in England were furnished by the rude sculptors of his own time. He has again the same allusion in *Cymbeline*:

“ And be her sense but as a monument,

“ Thus in a chapel lying.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:*] *Against his vows*, I believe, means *against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena*; and this *vow*, or *resolution*, he had very strongly expressed in his letter to the countess. STEEVENS.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by Webster, 1612:

“ Henceforth I'll never lie with thee,”

“ My vow is fix'd.” MALONE.

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,  
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn?

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;  
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we swear not by<sup>2</sup>,  
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,  
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes<sup>3</sup>,  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,  
To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him<sup>4</sup>: Therefore, your oaths  
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;  
At least, in my opinion.

<sup>2</sup> *What is not holy, that we swear not by,*] The sense is, We never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity.—The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with this: If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, that I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of course. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we swear by him we profess to love and honour, when at the same time we give the strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which we know will offend and dishonour him. HEATH.

<sup>3</sup> *If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,*] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not distinguishable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be something less difficult. I am still as a loss. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *To swear by him whom I protest to love, &c.*] This passage likewise appears to me corrupt. She swears not by him whom she loves, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read—*To swear to him*. There is, says she, no bolding, no consistency, in swearing to one that I love him, when I swear it only to injure him. JOHNSON.

This appears to me a very probable conjecture. Mr. Heath's explanation, which refers the words—"whom to protest I love"—to *Jove*, can hardly be right. Let the reader judge. MALONE.



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*Ber.* Change it, change it;  
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,  
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever  
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

*Dia.* I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,  
That we'll forsake ourselves<sup>6</sup>. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

<sup>6</sup> *I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,*

*That we'll forsake ourselves.*] i. e. I perceive that while our lovers are making professions of love, and *acting* their assumed parts in this kind of amorous *interlude*, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our passions to yield to their desires. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's detage, and no such matter,—that's the *scene* that I would see," &c. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"—— It shall be so my care

"To have you royally appointed, as if

"The *scene* you play, were mine."

The old copy reads:

I see, that men make *ropes* in such a *scarre*, &c.

which Mr. Rowe altered to—make *hopes* in such *affairs*; and all the subsequent editors adopted his correction. It being entirely arbitrary, any emendation that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the same time an easy sense, is better entitled to a place in the text.

A corrupted passage in the first sketch of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, suggested to me the emendation now introduced in the text. In the fifth act Fenton describes to the host his scheme for marrying Anne Page:

And in a robe of white this night disguised

(Wherein fat Falstaff had [r. hath] a mighty *scare*)

Must Slender, take her, &c.

It is manifest from the corresponding lines in the folio, that *scarre* was printed by mistake for *scene*; for in the folio the passage runs—

"—— fat Falstaff

"Hath a great *scene*." MALONE.

In

In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring :  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world  
In me to lose : Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honour on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring :  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber  
window ;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :  
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know them,  
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :  
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put  
Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds,  
May token to the future our past deeds.  
Adieu, till then ; then, fail not : You have won  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heaven and me !  
You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in his heart ; she says, all men  
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me,  
When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him,  
When I am bury'd. Since Frenchmen are so braid<sup>7</sup>,  
Marry that will, I live and die a maid :  
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin  
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*

<sup>7</sup> — Since Frenchmen are so braid,] *Braid* signifies crafty or deceitful.  
*Bred* is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying *fraus*, *astus*. STEEVENS.

## S C E N E III.

*The Florentine Camp.**Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*1. Lord<sup>s</sup>. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2. Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1. Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2. Lord. Especially he hath incurr'd the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1. Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1. Lord. Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal them-

<sup>s</sup> 1. Lord.] The latter editors have with great liberality bestowed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called with more propriety *capt. E.* and *capt. G.* JOHNSON.

These two personages may be supposed to be two young French Lords serving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military capacity. In the first scene where the two French Lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, Lord E, and Lord G.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed these characters. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Ecclestone, to whom these insignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, these performers first represented the French lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confusion of the old copy. In the first scene of this act, one of these captains is called throughout, 1. Lord E. The matter is of no great importance. MALONE.

selves,

selves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends<sup>9</sup>; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself<sup>1</sup>.

1. *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us<sup>2</sup>, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2. *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1. *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company<sup>3</sup> anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments<sup>4</sup>, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit<sup>5</sup>.

2. *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

9 — till they attain to their abhorr'd ends;] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. STEEVENS.

1 — in his proper stream o'erflows himself.] That is, betrays his own secrets in his own talk. The reply shews that this is the meaning.

JOHNSON.

2 Is it not meant damnable in us,] I once thought that we ought to read—Is it not most damnable; but no change is necessary. Adjectives are often used as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,

"And damnable ungrateful."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: "—and as thou drawest, swear horrible—."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound."

Again, in *Massinger's Very Woman*:

"I'll beat thee damnable." MALONE.

3 — his company—] i. e. his companion. The word is so used in *King Henry V.* See Vol. II. p. 450, n. 1. MALONE.

4 — he might take a measure of his own judgments,] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition.

JOHNSON.

5 — wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.] Parolles is the person whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification,—[a person pretending to be what he is not,] signified also, in our author's time, a false coin, and a picture. The word *set* shews that it is here used in the first and the last of these senses. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

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1. *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2. *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1. *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2. *Lord.* What will count Rouffillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1. *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2. *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

2. *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2. *Lord.* How is this justified?

1. *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2. *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1. *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2. *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1. *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2. *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1. *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath



hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2. *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

1. *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2. *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module<sup>6</sup>; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2. *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long\*. How does he carry himself?

<sup>6</sup> — bring forth this counterfeit module;] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by counterfeit virtue pretended to make himself a *pattern*.

JOHNSON.

It appears from Minshew that *module* and *model* were synonymous.

In *K. Richard II.* *model* signifies a thing fashioned after an archetype:

"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

Again, in another play:

"The *model* of our chaste loves, my young daughter."

Our author, I believe, uses the word here in the same sense:—Bring forth this counterfeit representation of a soldier. MALONE.

\* — in usurping his spurs so long.] The punishment of a recreant or coward, was to have his spurs hacked off. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* I have told your lordship already ; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood ; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk : he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks : And what, think you, he hath confess'd ?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he ?

2. *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face : if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him ! muffled ! he can say nothing of me ; hush ! hush !

1. *Lord.* Hoodman comes !—*Porto tartarossa.*

1. *Sold.* He calls for the tortures ; What will you say without 'em ?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint : if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1. *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2. *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1. *Sold.* You are a merciful general :—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that ?

*Par.* Five or six thousand ; but very weak and unserviceable : the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so ?

*Par.* Do ; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* All's one to him<sup>7</sup>. What a past-saving slave is this !

1. *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord ; this is monsieur

<sup>7</sup> *All's one to him.*] In the old copy these words are given by mistake to Parolles. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick<sup>8</sup> of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2. *Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1. *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't<sup>9</sup>, in the nature he delivers it<sup>1</sup>.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1. *Sold.* Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour<sup>2</sup>, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not

<sup>8</sup> — *the whole theorick*] i. e. the whole theory. So, in Montaigne's *Essais* translated by J. Florio, 1603: "They know the *theorique* of all things, but you must seek who shall put it in practice." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *I con him no thanks for't*,—] To con thanks may exactly answer the French *savoir gré*. To con is to know. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *in the nature he delivers it*.] He has said truly that our numbers are about five or six thousand; but having described them as "weak and unserviceable," &c. I am not much obliged to him. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *if I were to live this present hour*, &c.] I do not understand this passage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correspondent observes) we should read "—if I were to live *but* this present hour. STEEVENS.

Perhaps he meant to say—if I were to *die* this present hour. But fear may be supposed to occasion the mistake, as poor frightened Scrub cries, "Spare all I have, and take my life." TOLLET.

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shake the snow from off their cassocks<sup>3</sup>, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

1. *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions<sup>4</sup>, and what credit I have with the duke.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighting sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?*

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories<sup>5</sup>: Demand them singly.

1. *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay<sup>6</sup>. [*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*]

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1. *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1. *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship<sup>7</sup> anon.

3 — *off their cassocks,*] *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

4 — *my conditions,*—] i. e. my disposition and character. See p. 136, n. 6. MALONE.

5 — *of the interrogatories:*] i. e. *interrogatories.* The word was frequently so written in our author's time. MALONE.

6 — *he was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.*] *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an *idiot* or *natural fool*. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish Register of *Charlewood* in *Surrey*: "Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19<sup>th</sup> September, 1605." WHALLEY.

7 — *your lordship*—] The old copy has *Lord*. In the Mss. of our author's age they scarcely ever wrote *Lordship* at full length. MALONE.

1. *Sold.*

1. *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1. *Sold.* Marry, we'll searcho.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1. *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know, if it be it, or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

1. *Lord.* Excellently.

1. *Sold.* Dian, *The count's a fool, and full of gold*<sup>1</sup>,—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rouffillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1. *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable, both sides rogue!

1. *Sold.* *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

*After he scores, he never pays the score:*

*Half-won, is match-well made; match, and well make it*<sup>2</sup>;

*He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;*

<sup>1</sup> *Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,*] After this line there is apparently a line lost, there being no rhyme that corresponds to *gold*.

JOHNSON.  
I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written:  
Dian.

*The count's a fool, and full of golden store—or ore;*

and this addition rhymes with the following alternate verses. STEEV.

May we not suppose the former part of the letter to have been prose, as the concluding words are? The sonnet intervenes. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Half-won, is match-well made; match, and well make it:*] Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain secure. MALONE.

*And*



*And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,  
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs:  
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,  
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.  
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*

PAROLLES.

*Ber.* He shall be whip'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2. *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, fir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1. *Sold.* I perceive, fir, by the general's looks<sup>1</sup>, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, fir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, fir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1. *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour; What is his honesty?

2 *Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs:]* Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—"boys are *but* to kifs." I do not see any need of change, nor do I believe that any opposition was intended between the words *mell* and *kifs*. Parolles wishes to recommend himself to Diana, and for that purpose advises her to grant her favours to *men*, not to *boys*.—He himself calls his letter, "An advertisement to Diana to take heed of the allurements of one count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy."

To *mell* is used by our author's contemporaries in the sense of *meddling*, without the indecent idea which Mr. Theobald supposed to be couched under the word in this place. So, in Hall's *Satires*, 1597:

"Hence, ye profane; *mell* not with holy things."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 1:

"With holy father fits not with such things to *mell*."

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — by the general's looks,] The old copy has—by *your*. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio, and the misprint probably arose from *ye* in the Ms. being taken for *ye*. MALONE.

*Par.*

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister<sup>2</sup>; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions\*, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1. *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1. *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end<sup>3</sup>, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1. *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him! he's a cat still<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> — an egg out of a cloister;] Perhaps the meaning is, *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON.

\* — his conditions,] See p. 446, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — at a place there call'd Mile-end,] See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. sc. ii. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — he's a cat still.] The count had said, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his aversion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next list of falsehoods, the count adds, "he's more and more a cat,"—still more and more the object of my aversion than he was. As Parolles proceeds still further, one of the Frenchmen observes, that the singularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the count; "he's a cat still;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot therefore, I think, be any doubt that Dr. Johnson's interpretation, "—throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a misapprehension. MALONE.

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1. *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*<sup>5</sup> he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Du-main?

2. *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me<sup>6</sup>?

1. *Sold.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rou-fillon.

1. *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition<sup>7</sup> of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*aside.*]

1. *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headf-man, off with his head.

<sup>5</sup> — *for a quart d'ecu*—] The fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eight pence of our money. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Why does he ask him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is on such occasions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *to beguile the supposition*—] That is, to deceive the opinion, to make the count think me a man that *deserves well*. JOHNSON.

*Par.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 45†

*Par.* O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1. *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[unbinding him.]*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

*Ber.* Good-morrow, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* God blefs you, captain Parolles.

1. *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafau? I am for France.

1. *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouffillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

*[Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.]*

1. *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1. *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.]*

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,  
'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall: simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,  
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.  
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live  
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! }  
There's place, and means, for every man alive.  
I'll after them. *[Exit.]*

## S C E N E IV.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful.  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:  
Time was, I did him a desired office,  
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,  
His grace is at Marseilles<sup>8</sup>; to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know,  
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be, before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,

You never had a servant, to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you\*, mistress,

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompence your love; doubt not, but heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
As it hath fated her to be my motive<sup>9</sup>  
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

<sup>8</sup> *His grace is at Marseilles; &c.*] From this line, and others, it appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced by our author as a word of three syllables. The old copy has here *Marcellæ*, and in the last scene of this act *Marcellus*. MALONE.

\* *Nor you,*] Old Copy—*Nor your*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *my motive*] *Motive* for assistant. WARBURTON.

Rather for *mower*. So, in the last act of this play:

“ — all impediments in fancy's course

“ *Are motives of more fancy.*” MALONE.

When



When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night<sup>1</sup>! so lust doth play  
With what it loaths, for that which is away:  
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions<sup>2</sup>, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you,—  
But with the word, the time will bring on summer<sup>3</sup>;  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp<sup>4</sup>. We must away;  
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us<sup>5</sup>:  
*All's well that ends well*: still the fine's<sup>6</sup> the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> *When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night!*] *Saucy* may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ——— as to remit

“ Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image

“ In stamps that are forbid.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *your impositions*,] i. e. your commands. See Vol. I. p. 168, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *But with the word, the time will bring on summer*,] *With the word*, i. e. in an instant of time. WARBURTON.

I would read:

Yet I 'fray you

But with the word: the time will bring &c.

And then the sense will be, “ I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*; for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight.” BLACKSTONE.

<sup>4</sup> *When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,*

*And be as sweet as sharp.*] The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall these troubles be recompensed with joy. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us*;] *Time revives us*, may mean, it *rouses* us. So, in another play of our author:

“ ——— I would *revive* the soldiers' hearts,

“ Because I found them ever as myself.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the fine's*—] i. e. the end. So, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605:

“ Nature hath done the last for me, and there's the *fine*.”

MALONE.

## SCENE V.

Rouffillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.**Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour<sup>7</sup>: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would, I had not known him<sup>8</sup>! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand fallads, ere we light on such another herb.

*Clown.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjor a of the fallat, or, rather, the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not fallat-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Clown.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grafs<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> — *whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:*] Whose evil qualities are of so deep a dye, as to be sufficient to corrupt the most innocent, and to render them of the same disposition with himself. Parolles is the person meant. Dr. Warburton thinks that there is an allusion here to Mrs. Turner, (the infamous accomplice of the Earl of Somerset, in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury,) "who was hanged at Tyburn in 1613, in a yellow ruff of her own invention." But the play was probably written several years before that event. MALONE.

The general custom of that time, of colouring *paste* with saffron, is alluded to. So, in the *Winter's Tale*: "I must have saffron to colour the warden pyes." WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *I would, I had not known him!*] This dialogue serves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *in grafs,*] The old copy, by an evident error of the press, reads — *grace*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The word *fallat* in the preceding speech was also supplied by him. MALONE.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

*Clown.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clown.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clown.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service<sup>1</sup>.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

*Clown.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clown.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

*Clown.* Faith, sir, he has an English name<sup>2</sup>; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there<sup>3</sup>.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clown.* The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee<sup>4</sup> from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

<sup>1</sup> — *I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.*] Part of the furniture of a fool was a *bauble*, which though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool anciently carried in his hand. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

In the *STULTIFERA NAVIS*, 1497, are several representations of this instrument, as well as in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. An ancient proverb in Ray's collection points out the materials of which these *baubles* were made: "If every fool should wear a *bauble*, fewel would be dear." See figure 12, in the plate at the end of the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *an English name;*] The old copy reads—*maine*. STEEVENS. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.*] The allusion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *to suggest thee—*] To suggest anciently signified to seduce. See Vol. I, p. 139, n. 6. STEEVENS.

*Clown.* I am a woodland fellow, fir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world<sup>5</sup>, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*Clown.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, fir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy<sup>6</sup>.

*Count.* So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will<sup>7</sup>.

*Laf.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no sitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

<sup>5</sup> — But, sure, he is the prince of the world,] I think we should read — But since he is &c. and thus Sir F. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — unhappy.] That is, mischievously waggish, unlucky. JOHNSON. See Vol. II. p. 234, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — he has no pace, but runs where he will.] Should not we read — no place, that is, no station, or office in the family. TYRWHITT.

A pace is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his paces, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has no paces. JOHNSON,

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clown.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so, belike, is that\*.

*Clown.* But it is your carbonado'd face<sup>s</sup>.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clown.* 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [Exeunt.]

\* *Laf.* *A scar nobly got, &c.*] This speech in the second folio and the modern editions is given to the countess, and perhaps rightly. It is more probable that she should have spoken thus favourably of Bertram, than Lafew. In the original copy, to each of the speeches of the countess *Lad.* or *La.* [i. e. *Lady*] is prefixed; so that the mistake was very easy. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — *your carbonado'd face.*] *Carbonado'd* means scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. STEEVENS.

The word is again used in *King Lear*. Kent says to the Steward, "I'll carbonado your thanks for you." MALONE.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

Marfeilles. *A Street.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;  
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;—

*Enter a gentle Astringer*<sup>9</sup>.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness ;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will ?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king ;  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

<sup>9</sup> *Enter a gentle Astringer.* ] An *astringer* or *astringer* is a falconer, and such a character was probable to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diversion. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ We'll e'en to it like French *Falconers*.”

A *gentle astringer* is a *gentleman falconer*. The word is derived from *ostrercus* or *austercus*, a gothawk, [from the French *austour* ;] and thus, says Cowell in his *Law Dictionary* : “ We usually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawk, an *astringer*.” STEEVENS.

*Gent.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, fir?

*Gent.* Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* *All's well that ends well*, yet;

Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, fir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it:  
I will come after you, with what good speed  
Our means will make us means<sup>1</sup>.

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,  
What-e'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—  
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

Rousillon. *The inner Court of the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Clown and PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafew this  
letter: I have ere now, fir, been better known to you,  
when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I  
am now, fir, muddy'd in fortune's mood, and smell  
somewhat strong of her strong displeasure<sup>2</sup>.

*Clown.*

<sup>1</sup> *Our means will make us means.*] Shakspeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, *they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *but I am now, fir, muddy'd in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.*] By the whimsical caprice of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and smell somewhat strong of her displeasure. In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we meet with the same phrase:

“ — but

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*Clown.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind<sup>3</sup>.

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clown.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clown.* Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter LAFEU.*

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort<sup>4</sup>, and leave him to your lordship. [Exit Clown.]

" ——— but *Fortune's mood*

" *Varies again.*"

*Mood* is again used for *resentment* or *caprice*, in *Othello*: "You are but now cast in his *mood*, a punishment more in policy than in malice." Again, for *anger*, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:

" ——— This brain-sick man,

" That in his *mood* cares not to murder me."

Dr. Warburton in his edition changed *mood* into *moat*, and his emendation was adopted, I think, without necessity, by the subsequent editors. All the expressions enumerated by him,—"I will eat no *fish*,"—"he hath fallen into the unclean *fishpond* of her displeasure," &c.—agree sufficiently well with the text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the displeasure of fortune, the clown, to render him ridiculous, supposes him to have actually fallen into a *fishpond*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — allow the wind.] i. e. stand to the windward of me. STEEV.

<sup>4</sup> I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,] The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile. The old reading [which Dr. Warburton changed to *smiles*] may stand. HEATH.

*Par.*

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her<sup>5</sup>? There's a *quart de'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word<sup>6</sup>.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then<sup>7</sup>.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat<sup>8</sup>; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> — under her?] *Her*, which is not in the first copy was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — save your word.] i. e. you need not ask;—here it is. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> You beg more than one word then.] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French is plural, and signifies words. One, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unnecessarily, by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — you shall eat;] *Parolles* has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices fit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve. JOHNSON.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem<sup>9</sup> Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home<sup>1</sup>.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege:  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, donè i'the blade of youth<sup>2</sup>; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady,  
I have forgiven and forgotten all:  
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,—  
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey

<sup>9</sup> — esteem] *Esteem* is here reckoning or estimate. Since the loss of *Helen* with her virtues and qualifications, our account is sunk; what we have to reckon ourselves king of, is much poorer than before. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — home.] That is, completely, in its full extent. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*: "That thrust home," &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — blade of youth;] In the spring of early life, when the man is yet green. Oil and fire suit but ill with blade, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads—blaze of youth. JOHNSON.

This very probable emendation was first proposed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced these two passages in support of it:

" ——— I do know

" When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

" Lends the tongue vows. These blazes" &c. Hamlet.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" For Hector, in his blaze of wrath," &c. MALONE.



Of richest eyes<sup>3</sup>; whose words all ears took captive;  
 Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,  
 Humbly call'd mistrefs.

*King.* Praising what is lost,  
 Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—  
 We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
 All repetition<sup>4</sup>:—Let him not ask our pardon;  
 The nature of his great offence is dead,  
 And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
 The incensing relicks of it: let him approach,  
 A stranger, no offender; and inform him,  
 So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.]

*King.* What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters  
 sent me,

That set him high in fame.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,  
 For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail  
 In me at once: But to the brightest beams  
 Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,

<sup>3</sup> *Of richest eyes*;] Shakspeare means that her beauty had astonished those, who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty. So, in *As you like it*:

“—to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *the first view shall kill*

*All repetition*:] *The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.* Shakspeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on other such occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakspeare could not be ignorant, but Shakspeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

The

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The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repented blames<sup>5</sup>,

Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole ;

Not one word more of the consumed time.

Let's take the instant by the forward top ;

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time

Steals, ere we can effect them : You remember

The daughter of this lord ?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege : At first

I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :

Where the impression of mine eye infixing,

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;

Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;

Extended or contracted all proportions,

To a most hideous object : Thence it came,

That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye

The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd :

That thou did'st love her, strikes some scores away

From the great compt : But love, that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,

To the great sinder turns a sour offence,

Crying, That's good that's gone : our rash faults

Make trivial price of serious things we have,

Not knowing them, until we know their grave :

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,

Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon<sup>6</sup>.

Be

<sup>5</sup> *My high-repented blames,*] *High-repented blames*, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. Shakspeare has *high-fantastical* in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Our own love waking cries to see what's done,*

*While shameful hate &c.*] The meaning may be, that hatred still continues to sleep at ease, while love is weeping. JOHNSON.

I cannot

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :  
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear heaven  
blefs !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease ? !

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
Must be digested, give a favour from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,  
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,  
The last that e'er I took her leave<sup>s</sup> at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—  
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,

I cannot comprehend this passage as it stands, and have no doubt that we should read—Our old love waking, &c. *Extinctus amabitur idem.* Our own love can mean nothing but our self-love, which would not be sense in this place ; but our old love waking means, our former love being revived. MALONE.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable ; but waking will not, I think, here admit of Mr. Mason's interpretation, being revived ; nor indeed is it necessary to his emendation. It is clear from the subsequent line that waking is here used in its ordinary sense. Hate sleeps at ease, unmolested by any remembrance of the dead, while old love, reproaching itself for not having been sufficiently kind to a departed friend, " wakes and weeps ;" crying, " that's good that's gone."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Which better than the first, O dear heaven, blefs !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease ! ] These two lines in the old copy are attributed to the king. The present regulation, which is evidently right, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The last that e'er I took her leave— ] The last time that I saw her, when she was leaving the court. Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—that e'er she took &c. MALONE.

466 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL:

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessity'd to help, that<sup>9</sup> by this token  
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her  
Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious fovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure, I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me<sup>1</sup>,  
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought  
I stood ingag'd<sup>2</sup>; but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honour

<sup>9</sup> I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood

*Necessity'd to help, that—*] Our author here, as in many other places, seems to have forgotten in the close of the sentence how he began to construct it. See p. 356, n. 8. The meaning however is clear, and I do not suspect any corruption. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,*] Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — noble she was, and thought

*I stood ingag'd;*] The first folio reads—*ingag'd*, which perhaps may be intended in the same sense with the reading proposed by Mr. Theobald, [*ungag'd*] i. e. *not engaged*; as Shakspeare in another place uses *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. i. TYRWHITT.

*Gaged* is used by other ancient writers, as well as by Shakspeare, for *engaged*. So, in a *Pastoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

“Not that the earth did gage

“Unto the husbandman

“Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.”

*Ingaged* in the sense of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

The plain meaning is, she saw me receive the ring, and thought me engaged to her. JOHNSON.

As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine<sup>3</sup>,  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,  
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 'twas hers<sup>4</sup>, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;  
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—  
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close

3 *Plutus himself,*

*That know the tinct and multiplying medicine,*] Plutus the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which gold is multiplied, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of metal.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to multiply gold, or use any craft of multiplication*. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

4 ————— *Then, if you know*

That you are well acquainted with yourself,

*Confess 'twas hers,*] i. e. confess the ring was hers, for you know it as well as you know that you are yourself. EDWARDS.

The true meaning of this expression is, *If you know that your faculties are so sound, as that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, tell me, &c.* JOHNSON.



468 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little<sup>5</sup>.—Away with him ;—  
We'll lift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. [*Exit Bertram, guarded.*]

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I am wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not ;  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short  
To tender it herself<sup>6</sup>. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending : her business looks in her  
With an importing visage ; and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

*King.* [*reads.*].—*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Roussillon a widower ; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole*

<sup>5</sup> *My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*

*Shall tax my fears of little vanity,*

*Having vainly fear'd too little.] The proofs which I have already had, are sufficient to shew that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have unreasonably had too little fear. JOHNSON.*

<sup>6</sup> *Who hath, for four or five removes, come short &c.] Who hath missed the opportunity of presenting it in person to your majesty, either at Marseilles, or on the road from thence to Roussillon, in consequence of having been four or five removes behind you. MALONE.*

*Removes are journies or post-stages. JOHNSON.*

*from*

from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this<sup>7</sup>. I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—Go, speedily, and bring again the count.—

[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants:*

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you<sup>8</sup>,  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship<sup>9</sup>,  
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

<sup>7</sup> *I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this.*] The meaning, I think, is I will purchase a son-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthless fellow, by *tolling* him out of it. To toll a person out of a fair was a phrase of the time. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "At a Bartholomew Faire at London there was an escheator of the same city, that had arrested a clothier that was outlawed, and had seized his goods, which he had brought into the faire, *tolling him out of the faire*, by a traine."

And toll for this may however mean—and I will sell this fellow in a fair, as I would a horse, publickly entering in the *toll-book* the particulars of the sale. For the hint of this latter interpretation I am indebted to Dr. Percy. I incline, however, to the former exposition. MALONE.

The words seem to mean, I'll buy me a new son-in-law &c. and toll the bell for this, i. e. look upon him as a dead man. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I wonder, sir, since wives &c.*] The old copy reads—I wonder, sir, *sir*, wives &c. The indisputable emendation, now adopted, was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —as you swear them lordship,] I suppose *lordship* is put for that *protection*, which the husband in the marriage-ceremony promises to the wife. TYRWHITT.

*At,* I believe, here signifies *as soon as*. MALONE.

470 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

*Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.*

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capulet;  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease<sup>1</sup>, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embody'd yours,  
That she, which marries you, must marry me,  
Either both, or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation [*to Ber.*] comes too short for my  
daughter, you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness  
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to  
friend,  
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,  
Than in my thought it lies!

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her?

<sup>1</sup> — [*shall cease,*] i. e. de cease, die. So, in *King Lear*: "Fall and  
cease." I think the word is used in the same sense in a former scene in  
this comedy. STEEVENS,

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord;

And was a common gamester to the camp<sup>2</sup>.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price:  
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect, and rich validity<sup>3</sup>,  
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,  
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it<sup>4</sup>:  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem  
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought, you said<sup>5</sup>,  
You saw one here in court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loth am to produce  
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave<sup>6</sup>,  
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd<sup>7</sup>;  
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth<sup>8</sup>:

<sup>2</sup> — a common gamester to the camp.] A gamester was formerly used to signify a wanton. So, in *Pericles*, p. 125, edit. 1780, Lyfimachus asks Marina, Were you a gamester at five or at seven? MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Whose high respect, and rich validity,] Validity means value. So, in *King Lear*:

"No less in space, validity, and pleasure."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Of what validity and pitch soever." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — 'tis it:] The old copy has—'tis *bit*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In many of our old chronicles I have found *bit* printed instead of *it*. Hence probably the mistake here. Mr. Pope reads—and 'tis *bit*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Methought, you said,] The poet has here forgot himself. Diana has said no such thing. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>6</sup> He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,] Quoted has the same sense as noted. See Vol. II. p. 432, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — debosh'd;] See Vol. I. p. 61. n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — but to speak a truth:] i. e. only to speak a truth. TYRWHITT.

472 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy<sup>9</sup>; and, in fine,  
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,  
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;  
And I had that, which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient;  
You, that turn'd off<sup>1</sup> a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me<sup>2</sup>. I pray you yet,  
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

9 — all impediments in fancy's course

*Are motives of more fancy; &c.] Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring. I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word modern, which, perhaps, signifies rather meanly pretty. JOHNSON.*

*I believe modern means common. The sense will then be this.—Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common, i. e. with the appearance of her being to be bad, as we say at present. Shakspeare uses the word modern frequently, and always in this sense. STEEVENS.*

*Dr. Johnson's last interpretation is certainly the true one. See p. 163, n. 5; and p. 396, n. 6. I think with Mr. Steevens that modern here, as almost every where in Shakspeare, means common, ordinary; but do not suppose that Bertram here means to call Diana a common gamester, though he has styled her so in a former passage. MALONE.*

*1 You, that turn'd off—] The old copy reads—You that have &c. The latter word was probably caught by the compositor's eye from a preceding line. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.*

*2 May justly diet me.] May justly loath or be weary of me, as people generally are of a regimen or prescribed diet. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Mr. Collins thinks, she means, "May justly make me fast, by depriving me (as Desdemona says) of the rites for which I love you." MALONE.*

*Ber.*



*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.* Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—  
Is this the man you speak of?

*Dia.* Ay, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, firrah, but tell me true, I charge you,  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)  
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

*Par.* So please your majesty, my master hath been an  
honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which  
gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose; Did he love this  
woman?

*Par.* Faith, fir, he did love her; But how<sup>3</sup>?

*King.* How, I pray you?

*Par.* He did love her, fir, as a gentleman loves a  
woman.

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He lov'd her, fir, and lov'd her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an  
equivocal companion is this?

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com-  
mand.

<sup>3</sup> — *he did love her*; But how?] *But how* perhaps belongs to the  
king's next speech:

*But how*, how, I pray you?

This suits better with the king's apparent impatience and solicitude for  
Helena. MALONE.

*Laf.*

474 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

*Dia.* Do you know, he promised me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are marry'd: But thou art too fine in thy evidence<sup>4</sup>; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.—

<sup>4</sup> But thou art too fine in thy evidence;] *Too fine* is, too full of finesse; too artful. A French expression;—*trop fine*. So, in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated *Parallel*: "We may rate this one secret, as it was finely carried, at 4000*l*. in present money." MALONE.

Unless

Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring,  
Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer<sup>5</sup>.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;  
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:  
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.  
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;  
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;

[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,  
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:  
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd<sup>6</sup>;  
And at that time he got his wife with child:  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;  
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:  
And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist<sup>7</sup>,  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is't real, that I see?

*Hel.*

<sup>5</sup> — *customer.*] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Othello*:

“ I marry her!—what?—a *customer*!” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He knows himself, &c.*] This dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the king and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathological interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the king. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *exorcist,*] This word is used, not very properly, for *enchanter*.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare

476 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

*Hel.* No, my good lord ;  
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both ; O, pardon !

*Hel.* O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,  
And, look you, here's your letter ; This it says,  
*When from my finger you can get this ring,*  
*And are \* by me with child,*—This is done :  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you !—  
O, my dear mother, do I see you living ?

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :—  
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief : So, I thank  
thee ; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee : Let  
thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—

Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorcist* to imply a person who  
can raise spirits, not in the usual sense of one that can lay them. So,  
Ligarius in *Julius Cæsar* says,

“ Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjur'd up

“ My mortified spirit.” MASON.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time.  
So Minshieu in his *Dict.* 1617 : “ An *Exorcist*, or *Conjurer*.”—So  
also, “ To conjure or *exorcise* a spirit.”

The difference between a *Conjurer*, a *Witch*, and an *Incchanter*, ac-  
cording to that writer, is as follows :

“ The *Conjurer* seemeth by praiers and invocations of God's power-  
full names, to compell the Divell to say or doe what he commandeth  
him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie confer-  
ence or agreement between him or her and the Divell or Familiar, to  
have his or her turne served, in lieu or stead of blood or other gift offer-  
ed unto him, especially of his or her soule :—And both these differ  
from *Incchanters* or *Sorcerers*, becaufe the former two have personal  
conference with the Divell, and the other meddles but with medicines  
and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition.”

MALONE.

\* *And are*—] The old copy reads—*And is*. Mr. Rowe made the  
emendation, MALONE.

If

If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [to Diana.  
 Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;  
 For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,  
 Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—  
 Of that, and all the progress, more and less,  
 Resolvedly more leisure shall express:  
 All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,  
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*Advancing.*

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done*<sup>8</sup>:  
 All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
 That you express content; which we will pay,  
 With strife to please you, day exceeding day:  
 Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts<sup>9</sup>;  
 Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts<sup>1</sup>. [Exeunt.

<sup>8</sup> *The king's a beggar, now the play is done:*] Though these lines are sufficiently intelligible in their obvious sense, yet perhaps there is some allusion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the subject of a ballad, and, as it should seem from the following lines in *K. Richard II.* of some popular interlude also:

"Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,

"And now chang'd to—the beggar and the king." MALONE;

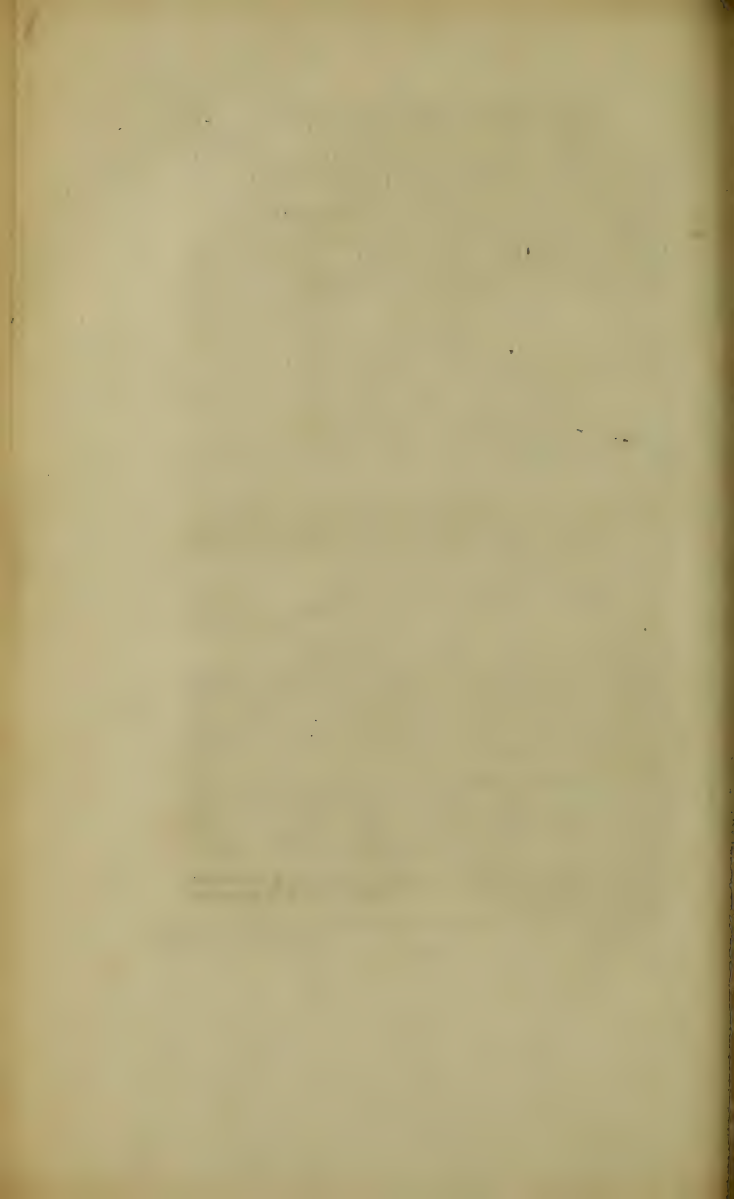
<sup>9</sup> *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*] The meaning is: Grant us then your patience; hear us without interruption. And take our parts; that is, support and defend us. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakespeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage; is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. JOHNSON.





P E R I C L E S.

VOL. III.

H h 8

## Persons Represented.

Antiochus, *king of Antioch.*  
 Pericles, *prince of Tyre.*  
 Helicanus, } *two lords of Tyre.*  
 Escanes, }  
 Simonides, *king of Pentapolis\*.*  
 Cleon, *governour of Tharsus.*  
 Lyfimachus, *governour of Mitylene.*  
 Cerimon, *a lord of Ephesus.*  
 Philemon, *servant to Cerimon.*  
 Thaliard, *servant to Antiochus.*  
 Leonine, *servant to Dionyza.*  
 Marshall.  
 A Pandar, *and his wife.*  
 Boulton, *their servant.*  
 Gower, *as chorus.*

*The daughter of Antiochus.*  
 Dionyza, *wife to Cleon.*  
 Thaïsa, *daughter to Simonides.*  
 Marina, *daughter to Pericles and Thaïsa.*  
 Lychorida, *nurse to Marina.*  
 Diana.

*Lords, ladies, knights, gentlemen, sailors, pirates, fishermen, and messengers, &c.*

SCENE, *dispersedly in various countries.*

\* — *Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet indeed in history with *Pentapetiana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of *five cities*; and from thence perhaps some novelist furnished the sounding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tarsus* the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene* the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea, and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia. STEEVENS.

"PENTAPOLIN of the naked arm" is the hero of a romance alluded to by Cervantes. See Skelton's *Don Quixote*, Vol. I. p. 144, 4to. 1612. MALONE.

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

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## A C T I.

*Before the Palace of Antioch. Enter GOWER.*

To sing a song that old was sung<sup>2</sup>,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;

Assuming

<sup>1</sup> The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488; in that edition the history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a Mss. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the play. There is also an ancient romance on this subject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Tbyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing “*The most excellent, pleasant, and variable historie of the strange adventures of Prince Appolonius, Lucine his wyfe, and Tharfa his daughter.*” The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower’s poem, as in the present play, called *prince of Tyre*; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland’s prose romance, he is entitled *king*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower’s expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story, from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, “*The patterne of painful adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable historie of the strange accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharfia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this*

Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

*Pericles* was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Goffson; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play of PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE*; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico or Rasc Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

" Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd  
" Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:  
" As at a new play, all the rooms  
" Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;  
" So that I truly thought all these  
" Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*."

In a former edition of this play I said, on the authority of another person, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596; but I have since met with the piece itself, and find that *Pymlico*, &c. was published in 1609. It might, however, have been a re-publication.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614, likewise exhibits a proof of this play's uncommon success. The poet speaking of his piece, says

" ——— if it prove so happy as to please,  
" We'll say 'tis fortunate, like *Pericles*."

By *fortunate*, I understand *highly successful*. The writer can hardly be supposed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy on his own performance.



It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy ales<sup>3</sup>;

And

An obscure poet, however, in 1652, insinuates that this drama was ill received, or at least that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

“ But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was

“ Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.”

*Verbes* by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Brome's  
*Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 4to. 1652.

The passages above quoted shew that little credit is to be given to the assertion contained in these lines; yet they furnish us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very distant period after Shakspeare's death, was considered as unquestionably his performance.

In *The Times displayed in Six Sestiads*, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Sestiad VI. Stanza 9, the author thus speaks of our poet and the piece before us:

“ See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides

“ Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may

“ Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes

“ Never like him his fancy could display:

“ Witness *The Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*:

“ His sweet and his to be admired lay

“ He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he

“ Did understand the depth of poesie.”

For the division of this piece into scenes I am responsible, there being none found in the old copies.— See the notes at the end of the play. MALONE.

The history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welser, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. 6. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—*απο Λατινικης εις Ρωμαιικην γλωσσαν*. Du Fresnoy, Index Author. ad *Gloss. Græc.* When Welser printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already (perhaps more than once) among the *Gesta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantæon* or Universal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [Ms. Reg. 14. C. xi.]:

Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore,

Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore.

Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his story from the

And lords and ladies of their lives<sup>4</sup>  
 Have read it for restoratives.  
 The purpose is to make men glorious,  
*Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius*<sup>5</sup>.  
 If you, born in these latter times,  
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhimes,  
 And that to hear an old man sing,  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.  
 'This Antioch then, Antiochus the great  
 Built up; this city, for his chiefest seat;  
 The fairest in all Syria;  
 (I tell you what mine authors say<sup>6</sup> :)  
 'This king unto him took a pheere<sup>7</sup>,  
 Who died and left a female heir,

So

*Pantbeon*; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, professes to have followed Gower. TIERWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> — *that old was sung*,] I do not know that *old* is by any author used adverbially. We might read,

To sing a song of old was sung,—

i. e. *that* of old, &c.

But the poet is so licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower in this piece, that I have not ventured to make any change.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *It hath been sung at festivals,*

*On Ember eves, and holy ales*;] i. e. says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has—*holy days*. Gower's speeches were certainly intitled to rhyme throughout.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *of their lives*—] The old copies read—in their lives. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The purpose is to make men glorious,*

*Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius*.] There is an irregularity of metre in this couplet. The same variation is observable in *Macbeth*:

"I am for the air; this night I'll spend

"Unto a dismal and a fatal end."

The old copies read—*The purchase*, &c. Mr. Steevens suggested this emendation. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> (*I tell you what mine authors say* :)] This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer to the original of their tales. These choruses resemble Gower in few other particulars. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *unto him took a pheere*,] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or companion. The old copies have—

peer.

So buxom, blithe, and full of face<sup>3</sup>,  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke:  
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By custom, what they did begin<sup>2</sup>,  
 Was, with long use, account no sin<sup>1</sup>.  
 The beauty of this sinful dame,  
 Made many princes thither frame<sup>2</sup>,  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:  
 Which to prevent, he made a law,  
 (To keep her still, and men in awe<sup>3</sup>.)  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life:  
 So for her many a wight<sup>\*</sup> did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify<sup>4</sup>.

What

*peer.* For the emendation I am answerable. See Vol. X. p. 429, n. 3. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not closely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his speeches somewhat of an antique air. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —full of face,] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A full fortune, in *Otello*, means a complete, a large one. See also Vol. VIII. p. 252, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> By custom what they did begin,] All the copies read unintelligibly, But custom, &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —account no sin.] Account for accounted. So, in *K. John*, *waft* for *wasted*:

“Than now the English bottoms have *waft* o’er. STEEVENS.  
 Again, in *Gaiscoine’s Complaint of Philomene*, 1575:

“And by the lawde of his pretence

“His lewdness was *acquit*.”

The old copies read—*account’d*. For the correction I am answerable. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —thither frame,] i. e. shape or direct their course thither.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> (To keep her still, and men in awe,)] The meaning, I think, is not, —to keep her and men in awe,—but, to keep her still to himself,—and to deter others from demanding her in marriage. MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> —many a wight—] The quarto, 1609, reads—many of wight. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> As yon grim looks do testify.] Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of those unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch:

What ensues\*, to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify<sup>5</sup>. [Exit.

## S C E N E I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre<sup>6</sup>, you have at large receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus; and with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [Musick.

Ant. Bring in our daughter cloathed like a bride<sup>7</sup>,  
For

"The fader, whan he understood  
"That thei his daughter thus besought,  
"With all his wit he cast and fought  
"Howe that he mighte fynde a lette;  
"And such a statute then he sette,  
"And in this wise his lawe taxeth,  
"That what man his daughter axeth,  
"But if he couth his question  
"Assoyle upon suggestion,  
"Of certeyn things that befell,  
"The which he wolde unto him tell,  
"He shoulde in certeyn lese his hede;  
"And thus there were many dede,  
"Her beades stondinge on the gate;  
"Till at last, long and late,  
"For lack of answere in this wise,  
"The remenant, that wexen wyse,  
"Eschewden to make assaie." MALONE.

\* *What ensues,—*] So the folio. The original copy has—*What now ensues.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *who best can justify.*] i. e. *which* (the judgment of your eye) best can justify, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. So afterwards:

When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,— STEEV.

<sup>6</sup> *Young prince of Tyre,*] It does not appear in the present drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant*. See Act II. sc. iv. and the epitaph in Act III. sc. iii. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Apollonius is king of Tyre; and Appolyn, in Copland's translation from the French, has the same title. Our author, in calling Pericles a prince, seems to have followed Gower. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Bring in our daughter cloathed like a bride,*] All the copies read: Musick, *bring in our daughter clothed like a bride.*

For embracements even of Jove himself;  
 At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,  
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence<sup>8</sup>,)  
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
 To knit in her their best perfections<sup>9</sup>.

*Enter*

The metre proves decisively that the word *musick* was a marginal direction, inserted in the text by the mistake of the transcriber or printer. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *For embracements even of Jove himself;*

*At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,*

*Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence,)* &c.] Perhaps the two last lines should be transposed; *whose conception*, otherwise, will be the conception of the antecedent, *Jove*, and the dowry will have been bestowed to glad the antecedent *Lucina*. The sense of the speech, however managed, will not be very clear without a slight alteration, *her* instead of *whose*.

"Bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride,

"For embracements even of Jove himself.

"Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence—

"At *her* conception, till Lucina reign'd,

"The senate-house of planets all did sit

"To knit in her their best perfections."

Bring forth, (says Antiochus) our daughter, &c. Nature bestowed this advantage to make her presence welcome.—From her conception, to the instant of her birth, the senate-house of planets were sitting in consultation how best she might be adorned.

The thought is expressed as follows in *Kyng Appelyn of Thyre*, 1510.

"—For nature had put nothyng in oblyvyon at the fourmyng of her, but as a chef operacyon had set her in the syght of the worlde."

In the succeeding speech of Pericles, perhaps another transposition is necessary. We might therefore read:

See where she comes, apparell'd like *the king*,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts *the spring*

Of every virtue, &c.

Antiochus had commanded that his daughter shall be cloathed in a manner suitable to the bride of Jove; and thus drest in royal robes, she may be said to be apparelled *like the king*. STEEVENS.

In the speech now before us, the words *whose* and *her* may, I think, refer to the daughter of Antiochus, without greater licence than is taken by Shakspeare in many of his plays. So, in *Othello*: "Our general cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*: *whom* [i. e. our general] let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her." I think the construction is, "at whose conception the senate-house of planets all did sit," &c. and that the words, "till Lucina reign'd, Nature," &c. are parenthetical. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The senate-house of planets all did sit,*

*To knit in her their best perfections.]*

We have here a sentiment  
 expressed



*Enter the daughter of Antiochus.*

*Per.* See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring;  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
Her face, the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures<sup>1</sup>, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever ras'd<sup>2</sup>, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion<sup>3</sup>.  
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast<sup>4</sup>,  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,

expressed with less affectation in *Julius Cæsar* :

" — the elements

" So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,

" And say to all the world, This was a man." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Her face, the book of praises, where is read*

*Nothing but curious pleasures,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

" And find delight writ there with beauty's pen."

Again in *Macbeth* :

" Thy face, my thane, is as a book, where men

" May read strange matters."

Again in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

" Where all those pleasures live, that art could comprehend."

The same image is also found in his *Rape of Lucrece* and in *Coriolanus*. *Praises* is here used for *beauties*, the cause of admiration and praise. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Sorrow were ever ras'd,*—] Our author has again this expression in *Macbeth* :

" Rase out the written troubles of the brain."

The second quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent copies, read—*rackt*. The first quarto *ratie*,—which is only the old spelling of *ras'd*; the verb being formerly written *race*. Thus in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594 :

" But I will take another order now,

" And *race* the eternal register of time."

The metaphor in the preceding line—" Her face, the book of praises," shews clearly that this was the author's word. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *her mild companion*.] By *her mild companion* Shakspeare meant the companion of her mildness. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *That have inflam'd desire in my breast*.] It should be remembered that *desire* was sometimes used as a trisyllable. See Vol. VIII. p. 340, n. 7. MALONE.

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness<sup>5</sup>!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides<sup>6</sup>,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory<sup>7</sup>, which desert must gain;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die<sup>8</sup>.  
Yon sometimes famous princes<sup>9</sup>, like thyself,

<sup>5</sup> *To compass such a boundless happiness!*] All the old copies have —*boundless*. The reading of the text was furnished by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,*] In the enumeration of the persons, prefixed to this drama. which was first made by the editor of Shakspeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Mr. Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus is, by a ridiculous mistake, called *Hesperides*, an error to which this line seems to have given rise.—Shakspeare was not quite accurate in his notion of the *Hesperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the princess of Antioch; for it appears from *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. scene the last, that he thought *Hesperides* was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; in which sense the word is certainly used in the passage now before us:

“For valour, is not love a Hercules,

“Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?”

In the first quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called *Antiochus' daughter*. If Shakspeare had wished to have introduced a female name derived from the *Hesperides*, he has elsewhere shown that he knew how such a name ought to be formed; for in *As you like it* mention is made of “*Hesperia*, the princess' gentlewoman.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Her countless glory,*—] The *countless* glory of a face seems a harsh expression; but the poet, probably, was thinking of the stars, the *countless* eyes of heaven, as he calls them in page 492. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*all thy whole heap must die.*] i. e. thy whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine eye. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. See Vol. VI. p. 488, n. 3. MALONE.

The old copies read—all *the* whole heap. I am answerable for this correction. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Yon sometimes famous princes,*—] See before, p. 485, n. 4.

MALONE.

Drawn

Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,  
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
From going on death's net<sup>1</sup>, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must<sup>2</sup>:  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.  
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe<sup>3</sup>,  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
And all good men, as every prince should do;  
My riches to the earth from whence they came;  
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the daughter of Antiochus.*

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow.

*Ant.* Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then<sup>4</sup>;  
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

<sup>1</sup> From going on death's net,] The old copies read, I think corruptly, for going, &c. MALONE.

I would read—in death's net. PERCY.

<sup>2</sup> —like to them, to what I must:] That is,—to prepare this body for that state to which I must come. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,] The meaning may be—I will act as sick men do; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and on a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —Read the conclusion then:] This and the two following lines are given in the first quarto to Pericles; and the word *Antiochus*, which is now placed in the margin, makes part of his speech. There can be no doubt that they belong to *Antiochus*. MALONE.

*Daugh.*

*Daugh.* Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!  
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness<sup>5</sup>!

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle<sup>6</sup>.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:  
I sought a husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindness in a father.  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you<sup>7</sup>.*

<sup>5</sup> *Daugh.* Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!

Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness!] As this lady utters so little, it is natural to wish that little were more easy to be understood. Perhaps we ought to read in both lines—For all said yet—.

On account of all thou hast hitherto said, (says she) I wish thee prosperity and happiness. Her conscience must suppress a farther wish in his behalf; for it should be remembered that Pericles could succeed only by his just interpretation of a riddle which tended to reveal her incestuous commerce with her father. Her wish indeed, with poetical justice, is accomplished. He is *prosperous* in achieving a more worthy bride, and is dismissed to *happiness* at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

Said is here apparently contracted for *assay'd*, i. e. tried, attempted.

PERCY.

<sup>6</sup> The riddle is thus described in Gower: *Questio regis Antiochi.*—  
*Scelere uehor, maternâ carne uescor, quero patrem meum, matris meæ  
uirum, uxoris meæ filium.*

“ With felonie I am upbore,  
“ I ete, and have it not forlore,  
“ My moders fleshe whose husbonde  
“ My fader for to seche I fonde,  
“ Which is the sonne eke of my wife,  
“ Hereof I am inquisitive.  
“ And who that can my tale save,  
“ All quite he shall my doughter have.  
“ Of his answere and if he faile,  
“ He shall be dead withouten faile.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *As you will live, resolve it you.*] This duplication is common in our ancient writers. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

“ I'll drink no more, for no man's pleasure, I.” MALONE.  
Sharp

Sharp physick is the last<sup>8</sup>: but O you powers,  
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts<sup>9</sup>,  
 Why cloud they not<sup>1</sup> their sights perpetually,  
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
 Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,  
     *[takes hold of the hand of the Princess,*  
 Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:  
 But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;  
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait<sup>2</sup>,  
 That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;  
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick<sup>3</sup>,  
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;  
 But being play'd upon before your time,  
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:  
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life<sup>4</sup>,  
 For that's an article within our law,  
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;  
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

<sup>8</sup> *Sharp physick is the last:*] i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion. PERCY.

<sup>9</sup> *That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ ——— who more engilds the night,

“ Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— countless eyes—

*Why cloud they not —*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— stars, bide your fires,

“ Let not light see,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *For he's no man on whom perfections wait,*] Means no more than — *he's no best man*, that knowing, &c. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *to make man —*] i. e. to produce for man, &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,*] This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:

“ ——— to let him be familiar with

“ My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,

“ And plighter of high hearts.” STEEVENS.

'Twould



"Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn;  
 For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,  
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear;  
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts  
 Copp'd hills<sup>6</sup> towards heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd  
 By man's oppression<sup>7</sup>; and the poor worm doth die for't<sup>8</sup>.  
 Kings

<sup>5</sup> For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself; &c.] That is, which blows dust, &c.

The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes.—When the blast is over, the eye that has been affected by the dust, suffers no farther pain, but can see as clearly as before; so by the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind (though they are affected, and turn away with horror,) are opened, and see clearly what before was not even suspected: but by exposing the crimes of others, the relater suffers himself; as the breeze passes away, so the breath of the informer is gone; he dies for his temerity. Yet, to stop the course or ventilation of the air, would hurt the eyes; and to prevent informers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudicial to mankind.

Such, I think, is the meaning of this obscure passage.

Mr. Mason is of opinion that there should be no point after the word *clear*, and that the meaning is this: "The breath is gone, and the eyes, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them." *The eyes, though sore*, he thinks, relates to those princes, who feel themselves hurt by the publication of their shames, and will of course prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged it." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Copp'd hills —] i. e. rising to a top or head. *Copped Hall*, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down. The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently called *copatain* hats. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — the earth is throng'd

By man's oppression;] Perhaps we should read — *wrong'd*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — and the poor worm doth die for't.] I suppose he means to call the *mole*, (which suffers in its attempts to complain of man's injustice) a *poor worm*, as a term of commiseration. Thus in the *Tempest*, Prospero speaking to Miranda, says,

"Poor worm! thou art infected."

The

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;  
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill.  
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
 All love the womb that their first being bred,  
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* Heaven, that I had thy head? he has found the meaning;—

But I will gloze with him<sup>1</sup>. Young prince of Tyre,  
 Though, by the tenour of our strict edict\*,  
 Your exposition mis-interpreting<sup>2</sup>,  
 We might proceed to cancel of your days<sup>3</sup>;

Yet

The mole remains secure till he has thrown up those hillocks, which by pointing out the course he is pursuing, enable the vermin-hunter to catch him. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Heaven, that I had thy head!*] The speaker may either mean to say, O, that I had thy ingenuity! or, O, that I had thy head, sever'd from thy body! The latter, I believe is the meaning. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *But I will gloze with him.*] So Gower:

“The kinge was wondre forie tho,

“And thought, if that he said it oute,

“Then were he shamed all aboute:

“*With she wordes and with felle*

“He sayth: My sonne I shall thee telle,

“Though that thou be of littel witte,” &c. MALONE.

\* —our *strict edict*.] The old copy has—*your* strict edict. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Your exposition misinterpreting.*] Your exposition of the riddle being a mistaken one; not interpreting it rightly. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —to cancel of your days;] The quarto, 1609, reads—to *counsell* of your days; which may mean, to deliberate how long you shall be permitted to live. But I believe that *counsell* was merely an error of the press, which the editor of the folio, 1664, corrected by reading to *cancel off* your days. The substitution of *off* for *of* is unnecessary; for *cancel* may have been used as a substantive. *We might proceed to the cancellation or destruction of your life.* Shakspeare uses the participle *cancell'd* in the sense required here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“An *expir'd* date, *cancell'd* ere well begun.”

The following lines in *K. Richard III.* likewise confirm the reading that has been chosen:

“Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

“That I may live to say the dog is dead.” MALONE.

To omit the article was formerly a practice not uncommon. So, in *Titus Andronicus*: “Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon,” i. e. the Pantheon. STEEVENS.

Again,

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :  
 Forty days longer we do respite you 4;  
 If by which time our secret be undone,  
 This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a son :  
 And until then, your entertain shall be,  
 As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANTIOCHUS, his daughter, and Attendants.*

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin !

When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
 If it be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;  
 Where now you are both a father and a son,  
 By your untimely claspings with your child,  
 (Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;)   
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed ;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom fees, those men  
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light 5.

One

Again, in *K. Lear* :

" Hot questriests after him met him at gate." MALONE.

4 *Forty days longer we do respite you ;*] In the *Gesta Romanorum*, *Confessio Amantis*, and the History of *Kyng Appolyn*, thirty days only are allowed for the solution of this question. It is difficult to account for this minute variation, but by supposing that our author copied some translation of the *Gesta Romanorum* hitherto undiscovered. MALONE.

5 ——— *for wisdom fees, those men*

*Blush not in actions blacker than the night,*

*Will shun no course to keep them from the light.*] All the old copies read—will *shew*—, but *shew* is evidently a corruption. The word that I have ventured to insert in the text, in its place, was suggested by these lines in a subsequent scene, which appear to me strongly to support this emendation :

" And what may make him *blush* in being known,

" He'll *stop* the course by which it might be known."

We might read *'sebw* for *esebw*, if there were any instance of such an abbreviation being used.

The

One sin, I know; another doth provoke;  
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear<sup>6</sup>,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for which we mean  
 To have his head.  
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner:  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
 Who attends us there?

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call?

*Ant.* Thaliard, you are of our chamber, and our mind  
 Partakes her private actions<sup>7</sup> to your secrecy;  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;  
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done<sup>8</sup>?

*Thal.* My lord, 'tis done.

The expression is here, as in many places in this play, elliptical: *for wisdom sees that those who do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course, in order to preserve them from being made publick.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *to keep you clear,*] To prevent any suspicion falling on you. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— always thought, that I

“ Require a clearness.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Partakes her private actions —] Our author in *The Winter's Tale* uses the word *partake* in an active sense, for *participate*:

“ ——— your exultation

“ Partake to every one.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Say, is it done?] We might point differently:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why:

Because we bid it, say is it done? MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough.—

Let your breath cool your self, telling your haste.

*Mef.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit Mef.*]

*Ant.* As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and as \* an arrow, shot

From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark

His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return,

Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

*Thal.* My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough: so farewell to your highness. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head<sup>8</sup>. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*Tyre. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us: why should this charge of thoughts<sup>9</sup>?

\* —and as—] Thus the folio. The quartos read—and like an arrow. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *My heart can lend no succour to my head.*] So the king in *Hamlet*:  
“ ——— till I know 'tis done,

“ How ere my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —why should this charge of thoughts?] The quarto, 1609, reads—*cbāge*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The folio 1664, for *cbāge* substituted *change*. *Change* is printed for *charge* in *As you like it*, 1623, Act I. sc. iii. and in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. iii.

*Thought* was formerly used in the sense of melancholy. See Vol. VII. p. 528, n. 2. MALONE.

In what respect are the thoughts of Pericles *charged*? I would read “—*charge* of thoughts,” i. e. weight of them, burthen, pressure of thought. So afterwards in this play:

“ Patience, good fir, even for this *charge*.”

The first copy reads *cbāge*. STEEVENS.



The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy<sup>1</sup>,  
 By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour,  
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
 (The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet!  
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,  
 And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,  
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:  
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
 Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,  
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
 And what was first but fear what might be done<sup>2</sup>,  
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done<sup>3</sup>.  
 And so with me;—the great Antiochus  
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)  
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour him<sup>4</sup>,  
 If he suspect I may dishonour him:  
 And what may make him blush in being known,  
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known;  
 With hostile forces he'll o'er-spread the land,  
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge<sup>5</sup>,

Amazement

<sup>1</sup> *The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,*] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

“ But moody and dull melancholy,

“ Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?” MALONE.

—dull-ey'd melancholy,] The same compound epithet occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“ I'll not be made a soft and dull ey'd fool.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —but fear what might be done,] But fear of what might happen. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —and cares it be not done.] And makes provision that it may not be done. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —to say, I honour him,] Him was supplied by Mr. Rowe, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And with the ostent of war will look so huge,] The old copies read—And with the *stent* of war. The emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and is confirmed by a passage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 (Who wants no more<sup>6</sup>, but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)  
 Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
 Peaceful and comfortable!

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.  
 They do abuse the king, that flatter him:  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
 To which that breath<sup>7</sup> gives heat and stronger glowing;  
 Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

"Like one well studied in a sad *offent*,

"To please his grandam."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

"With *offentation* of despised arms." MALONE.

6 *Which care of them, not pity of myself,*

(*Who wants no more, &c.*) The quarto 1609, has—Who *once* more, which must have been a corruption. I formerly thought the poet might have written—who *owe* no more, but am now persuaded that he wrote, however ungrammatically, "who *wants* no more," i. e. which *self wants* no more; has no other wish or desire, but to protect its subjects. The transcriber's ear, I suppose, deceived him in this as in various other instances. It should be remembered that *self* was formerly used as a substantive, and is so used at this day by persons of inferior rank, who frequently say—*his self*. Hence, I suppose, the author wrote *wants* rather than *want*. MALONE.

He means to compare the head of a kingdom to the summit of a tree. As it is the office of the latter to screen each plant that grows beneath it from the injuries of weather, so it is the duty of the former to protect those who shelter themselves under his government.

STEEVENS.

7 *To which that breath—*] i. e. the breath of flattery. The old copy reads—that *spark*; the word, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) being accidentally repeated by the compositor. He would read—that *wind*. MALONE.

When signior Sooth<sup>3</sup> here does proclaim a peace,  
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life :  
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;  
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else ; but let your cares o'er-look  
 What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,  
 And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou  
 Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven, from  
 whence

They have their nourishment ?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
 To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* I have ground the axe [*kneeling.*]  
 Myself ; do but you strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prythee rise ; sit down, thou art no flat-  
 terer :

I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid,  
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid<sup>9</sup> !  
 Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
 Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
 What would'st thou have me do ?

*Hel.* To bear with patience such griefs,  
 As you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;  
 That minister'st a potion unto me,  
 That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
 Attend me then ; I went to Antioch,

<sup>3</sup> *When signior Sooth* —] A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *the Winter's Tale* : " — and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by *sir Smile*, his neighbour." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !*] Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults ! — To let formerly signified to *binder*. See Vol. IX, p. 227, n. 2. MALONE.

Where,

Where, as thou know'st<sup>1</sup>, against the face of death,  
 I fought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
 From whence an issue I might propagate<sup>2</sup>,  
 Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
 The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;  
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth<sup>3</sup>: but thou know'st this,  
 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seem'd my good protector: and being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed:  
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years;  
 And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth<sup>4</sup>.)

<sup>1</sup> Where, as *thou know'st*,] The old copies have—*Whereas*, which had the same meaning as *where*. It is frequently thus used by our ancient writers. Probably, however, as Mr. Malon has observed, the poet meant here two distinct words; *where as*, MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> From whence an issue—] From whence I might propagate an issue, *that* are arms, &c. MALONE.

I do not understand this passage. A line seems wanting to complete the sense. It might be supplied thus:

— a glorious beauty,  
 (From whence an issue I might propagate;  
 For royal progeny are general blessings,  
 Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.)  
 Her face, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:] To *smooth* formerly signified to flatter. See Vol. VIII. p. 548, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)] The quarto 1609, reads,

And should he *doe't*, as no doubt he doth—  
 from which the reading of the text has been formed. The repetition is much in our author's manner, and the following words, to lop that *doubt*, render this emendation almost certain. MALONE.

Here is an apparent corruption. I should not hesitate to read—*doubt on't*—or,—*doubt it*. To *doubt* is to remain in suspense or uncertainty.—Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep this secret, (as there is no doubt but he is,) why, to “lop that doubt,” i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself. STEEVENS.

That I should open to the list'ning air,  
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—  
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;  
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,  
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence<sup>5</sup>:  
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
 Who now reprov'st me for it)—

*Hel.* Alas, sir!

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my  
 cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;  
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them<sup>6</sup>.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to  
 speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
 Who either by publick war, or private treason,  
 Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot;  
 Or till the destinies do cut his thread of life.  
 Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
 From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to  
 Tharsus

<sup>5</sup> —*who spares not innocence*:] Thus the eldest quarto. All the other copies read corruptly—*who fears not innocence*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *I thought it princely charity to grieve them*.] That is, to lament their fate. The eldest quarto reads *to grieve for them*—But a rhyme seems to have been intended. The reading of the text was furnished by the third quarto, 1630, which, however, is of no authority. MALONE.

Intend



Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;  
 And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
 The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it<sup>7</sup>.  
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both<sup>\*</sup>:  
 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe<sup>8</sup>,  
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince<sup>9</sup>;  
 Thou shewd'st a subject's shine<sup>1</sup>, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.**Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain,

<sup>7</sup> —*whose wisdom's strength can bear it.*] Pericles, transferring his authority to Helicanus during his absence, naturally brings the first scene of *Measure for Measure* to our mind. MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> *Will sure crack both:*] Thus the folio. The word *sure* is not found in the quarto. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,*] The first quarto reads —*will live*. For the emendation I am answerable. The quarto of 1619 has —*we live*. The first copy may have been right, if, as I suspect, the preceding line has been lost. MALONE.

*But in our orbs, &c.]*

———— in seipso totus teres atque rotundus. Horace.

STEEVENS,

<sup>9</sup> —*this truth shall ne'er convince;*] Overcome. See Vol. IV, p. 310, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Thou shewd'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.*] Shine is by our ancient writers frequently used as a substantive. So, in *Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard*, by W. Smith, 1596:

“Thou glorious sunne, from whence my lesser light

“The substance of his crystal *shine* doth borrow.”

This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff: “—I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.” MALONE.

he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—  
Hush, here come the lords of Tyre. [retires.]

*Enter* HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,  
Further to question me of your king's departure.  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* How! the king gone!

[Aside.]

*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch—

*Thal.* What from Antioch?

[Aside.]

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)  
Took some displeasure at him, at least he  
Judg'd so, and doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To shew his sorrow, he would correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* Well, I perceive

[Aside.]

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would<sup>2</sup>;  
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please<sup>3</sup>:  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—  
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;  
But, since my landing, I have understood  
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels;  
My message must return from whence it came.

<sup>2</sup> — *although I would*;] So *Autolycus*, in *The Winter's Tale*: "If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops bounties into my mouth." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *the king's seas must please*:] i. e. must do their pleasure; must treat him as they will. A rhyme was perhaps intended. We might read in the next line,

He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.

So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"I will bring you gain, or perish on the seas." MALONE.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it <sup>4</sup>,  
Commended to our master, not to us :  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre <sup>5</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*Tharfus.* *A Room in the Governour's House.*

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, *and Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it ;  
For who digs hills, because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are :  
Here they're but felt, unseen with mischief's eyes <sup>6</sup>,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.*

<sup>4</sup> *We have no reason to desire it,*] Thus all the old copies. Perhaps a word is wanting. We might read,

We have no reason to desire it *told*—

Your message being addressed to our master, and not to us, there is no reason why we should desire you to divulge it. If, however, *desire* be considered as a trisyllable, the metre, though, perhaps, not the sense, will be supplied. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—*

*As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.*] Thus also Agamemnon addresses Æneas in *Troilus and Crissida* :

“ Yourself shall feast with us, before you go,

“ And find the welcome of a noble foe.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Here they're but felt, unseen with mischief's eyes, &c.*] The quarto, 1609, reads—*and seen*. The words *and seen*, and that which I have inserted in the text, are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by a hasty pronunciation, or an inattentive transcriber. By *mischief's eyes*, I understand, “ the eyes of those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us.” The eye has been long described by poets as either propitious, or malignant and unlucky. Thus in a subsequent scene in this play :

“ Now the good gods throw their *best eyes* upon it !”

MALONE.

— *unseen with mischief's eyes,*] i. e. the eyes of malignity, which render

*Cle.* O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say, he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?  
Our tongues and sorrows too\* found deep our woes  
Into the air; our eyes too weep;  
Till lungs<sup>7</sup> fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;  
That, if heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
They may awake their helpers to comfort them<sup>8</sup>.  
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.  
*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tharilus, o'er which I have the government,  
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,

render sorrow or disgrace more bitter. I think the same kind of reasoning is discoverable in one of the songs in *As You Like it*:

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
"Thou art not so unkind  
"As man's ingratitude;  
"Thy touch is not so keen,  
"Because thou art not seen,  
"Although thy breath be rude."

The lines printed in Italicks are thus elegantly and forcibly explained by Dr. Johnson.

*Thou winter wind,* says the Duke, *thy rudeness gives the less pain,* as thou art not seen; *thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.*

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

This line is introduced to illustrate the former, in which our author has observed that solitude affords us the just measure of our misfortunes, without aggravation. But these misfortunes (he adds) if topp'd, (i. e. attempted to be reduced) increase, like trees which shoot the higher in consequence of having felt the pruning-knife. STEEVENS.

\* *Our tongues and sorrows too* —] The original copy has—*to*, here and in the next line; which cannot be right. *To* was often written by our old writers for *too*; and in like manner *too* and *two* were confounded. The quarto of 1619 reads—*do* in the first line. I think Cleon means to say—*Let our tongues and sorrows too sound deep, &c.*

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —*till lungs* —] The old copy has—*tongues*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *They may awake their helpers to comfort them.*] Thus the old copy. Perhaps however we should read—*helps*. So before:

"————— be my helps,

"To compass such a boundless happiness!" MALONE.

FOR

For riches strew'd herself even in the streets<sup>9</sup>;  
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds<sup>1</sup>.  
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;  
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd<sup>2</sup>,  
 Like one another's glass to trim them by<sup>3</sup>:  
 Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the fight,  
 And not so much to feed on, as delight;  
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our change,  
 These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
 Were all too little to content and please,  
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

<sup>9</sup> For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;] I suppose we should read—*themselves*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare generally uses *riches* as a singular noun. So, in *Othello*:

"The riches of the ship is come ashore."

Again, *ibidem*:

"But riches fineless is as poor as winter,"—

Again, in his 87th Sonnet:

"And, for *that* riches, where is my deserving?" MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,] So in *Hamlet*:

"—like the herald Mercury,

"New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy."

Again, more appositely in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —so jetted and adorn'd,] To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly. So in *Twelfth Night*: "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!" STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Like one another's glass, to trim them by;] The same idea is found in *Hamlet*. Ophelia, speaking of the prince, says, he was

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

"The observ'd of all observers."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,

"A glass that feated them."

Again, in the *Second Part of King Henry IV*:

"—He was indeed the glass,

"Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves." MALONE.

As



As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise:  
 Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's favour<sup>4</sup>,  
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:  
 Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes<sup>5</sup>,  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,  
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
 Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O, let those cities, that of plenty's cup<sup>6</sup>

And

<sup>4</sup> *Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's favour,*] The passage is so corrupt in the old copy, that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture about it. It reads—who not yet too savours younger. The words which I have inserted in the text, afford sense, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters; and *savour* and *hunger* might easily have been transposed. We have in a subsequent scene:

“All viands that I eat, do seem unsavoury.”

I do not, however, propose this emendation with the smallest confidence; but it may remain till some less exceptionable conjecture shall be offered. MALONE.

Here is a gross corruption. I would boldly read,

—— who not yet *being slaves to hunger*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —to nouzle up their babes,] read—*nurses*. A fondling is still called a *nursling*. To *nouzle*, or as it is now written *nuzzle*, is to go with the nose down like a hog. So Pope:

“The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

“Drops to a third, who *nuzzles* close behind.” STEEVENS.

In an ancient poem entitled *The strange Birth, honourable Coronation, and most unhappie Death of famous Arthur, King of Brytaine*, 1601, I find the word *nuzzle* used nearly in the same manner as in the text;

“The first fair sportive night that you shall have,

“Lying safely *nuzzled* by faire Igrene's side.”—

Again, more appositely, *ibidem*:

“Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights.”—

I have therefore retained the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *O, let those cities, that of plenty's cup, &c.*] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear*:

“—— Take

And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor<sup>7</sup>;  
And so in our's: some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd the hollow vessels with their power<sup>8</sup>,  
To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me<sup>9</sup>,

"———Take physick, pomp!

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

"That thou may'st shake the superflux to them;

"And shew the heavens more just." MALONE.

Again, *ibidem*:

"Let the *superfluous* and lust-dieted man," &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"—— sorrows never come as single spies,

"But in battalions." STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem*:

"One woe doth tread upon another's heels,

"So fast they follow." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Hath stuff'd the hollow vessels with their power,*] The quarto 1609, reads, *That* stuff'd, &c. The context clearly shews that we ought to read *Hath* instead of *That*.—By *power* is meant *forces*. The word is frequently used in that sense by our ancient writers. So, in *King Lear*:

"—— from France there comes a *power*

"Into this scatter'd kingdom." MALONE.

I would read.

*Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — of unhappy me,] I believe a letter was dropped at the press, and would read—of unhappy men, &c. MALONE.

Whereas

Whereas no glory's got to overcome<sup>1</sup>.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance<sup>2</sup>  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat<sup>3</sup>,  
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear<sup>4</sup>?

'The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there :  
Go tell their general, we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[Exit.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist<sup>5</sup>;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men,

<sup>1</sup> *Whereas no glory's—*] *Whereas*, it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *That's the least fear; for, by the semblance—*] It should be remembered that *semblance* was pronounced as a trisyllable—*semble-ance*. So, our author in the *Comedy of Errors* :

“ And these two Dromios, one in *semblance*.”

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *resembleth* is a quadrisyllable :

“ O, how this spring of love *resembleth*”—. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,*] The quarto, 1609, reads—*like himnes* untutor'd to repeat. I suppose the author wrote—*him* is—an expression which, however elliptical, is not more so than many others in this play. MALONE.

We should read—*him who is*, and regulate the metre as follows :  
—— thou speak'st

Like *him who* is untutor'd to repeat, &c.

The sense is—*Deluded by the pacific appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage*, “ that the fairest outides are most to be suspected.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *What need we fear?*] The earliest copy reads and points thus :

What need we *leave* our grounds the lowest ?

The reading which is inserted in the text, is that of the second quarto, printed in 1619. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *if he on peace consist* ;] If he *stands* on peace.—A Latin sense.  
MALONE.

Be,

Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.  
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
 And seen the desolation of your streets :  
 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
 But to relieve them of their heavy load ;  
 And these our ships you happily may think  
 Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
 With bloody views expecting overthrow<sup>6</sup>,  
 Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread<sup>7</sup>,  
 And give them life, whom hunger starv'd, half dead.

*All.* The gods of Greece protect you !  
 And we will pray for you.

*Per.* Arise, I pray you, rise ;  
 We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought<sup>8</sup>,  
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !

<sup>6</sup> *And these our ships you happily may think  
 Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
 With bloody views expecting overthrow,* ] i. e. *which you happily,* &c. The old copy reads :

And these our ships you happily may think,  
 Are like the Trojan horse, ~~was~~ stuff'd within  
 With bloody veins, &c,

For the emendation of this corrupted passage the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, as he has observed, in a former scene :

“ Hath stuff'd the hollow vessels with their power.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *to make your needy bread,* ] i. e. to make bread for your needy subjects. PERCY.

<sup>8</sup> *Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,* ] I suspect the author wrote :

Or pay you with unthankfulness in *ought*,  
 Be it our wives, &c.

If we are unthankful to you in any one instance, or refuse, should there be occasion, to sacrifice any thing for your service, whether our wives, our children, or ourselves, may the curse of heaven, and of mankind, &c.—*Ought* was anciently written *cught*. *Our wives*, &c. may however refer to *any* in the former line ; I have therefore made no change. MALONE.

Till

Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,  
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring:  
A better prince and benign lord,  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then, as men should be,  
Till he hath past necessity.  
I'll shew you those, in trouble's reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain<sup>9</sup>.  
'The good in conversation  
(To whom I give my benizon)  
Is still at Tharsus, where<sup>1</sup> each man  
'Thinks all is writ he spoken can<sup>2</sup>:

<sup>9</sup> *I'll shew you those, &c.]* I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness.—I suspect our author had here in view the title of the chapter in *Gesta Romanorum*, in which the story of Appollonius is told; though I will not say in what language he read it. It is this: "De tribulatione temporali, quæ in gaudium sempiternum postremo commutabitur." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *The good in conversation*

*(To whom I give my benizon)*

*Is still at Tharsus, where, &c.]* This passage is confusedly expressed. Gower means to say—The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged in conversation at Tharsus, where every man, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Thinks all is writ he spoken can:]* Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy writ. "As true as the gospel," is still common language. MALONE.

*Writ* may certainly mean *scripture*; the holy writing, by way of eminence, being so denominated. We might however read—*wit*, i. e. wisdom. So Gower, in this story of *Prince Appolyn*,

"Though that thou be of littel *witte*." STEEVENS.

And,



And, to remember what he does,  
Gild his statue to make him glorious<sup>3</sup>:  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought to your eyes; what need speak I?

*Dumb shew.*

*Enter at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shews the letter to Cleon; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.*

Good Helicane hath staid at home,  
Not to eat honey, like a drone,

<sup>3</sup> *Gild his statue to make him glorious:]* This circumstance, as well as the foregoing, is found in the *Conf. Amant.*

“*Appelinus*, whan that he herde  
“ The mischefe, howe the citee ferde,  
“ All freliche of his owne giste  
“ His wheate among hem for to shifte,  
“ The whiche by ship he had brought,  
“ He yave, and toke of hem right nought.  
“ But sithen fyrst this worlde began,  
“ Was never yet to fuche a man  
“ More joye made than thei hym made;  
“ For thei were all of hym so glade,  
“ That thei for ever in remembrance  
“ Made a figure in resemblance  
“ Of hym, and in a common place  
“ Thei set it up; so that his face  
“ Might every maner man beholde,  
“ So as the citee was beholde:  
“ It was of laton *over-gylte*;  
“ Thus hath he nought his yeste spilde.”

All the copies read — *Build his statue, &c.* MALONE.

*Build his statue to make him glorious:]* Read *gild*. So, in *Gower*:

“ It was of laton *over-gylte*.”

Again, in *King Appelyn of Tyre*, 1510: “—in remembrance they made an ymage or statue of *clene gold*,” &c.

The same blunder has been repeated by the printer in a subsequent scene:

“ This jewel holds his *building* on my arm—  
where I have corrected it again—*gilding*. STEEVENS,

From others' labours; for though he strive  
 To killen bad, keeps good alive;  
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,  
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre<sup>4</sup>:  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
 And had intent to murder him<sup>5</sup>;  
 And that in Tharsus was not best<sup>\*</sup>  
 Longer for him to make his rest:  
 He knowing so<sup>6</sup>, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease;  
 For now the wind begins to blow;  
 Thunder above, and deeps below,  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship  
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves, from coast to coast is tost:  
 All perishen of man, of pelf,  
 Ne aught escapen'd<sup>7</sup> but himself;

THE

4 *Good Helicane hath staid at home,—*

*And, to fulfil his prince' desire,*

*Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:]* The old copy reads:

*Good Helicane that staid at home—*

*Saw'd one of all, &c.*

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

5 *And had intent to murder him;]* The quarto, 1609, reads,

*And bid in Tent to murder him.*

This is only mentioned, to shew how inaccurately this play was originally printed, and to justify the liberty that has been taken in correcting the preceding passage. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1619. MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> — *was not best—]* The construction is, And that for him to make his rest longer in Tharsus, was not best; i. e. his best course.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *He knowing so,—]* i. e. says Mr. Steevens, by whom this emendation was made, "he being thus informed." The old copy has—*He doing so.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Ne aught escapen'd but himself;]* It should be printed either *escapen* or *escaped*. Our ancestors had a plural number in their tenses, which is now lost out of the language; i. e. in the present tense,

I escape

We escapen

Thou escapest

Ye escapen

He escapeth

They escapen.

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwise than thus: *They didden [for did] escape.* PERCY.

I do

Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad<sup>s</sup>;  
 And here he comes: what shall be next,  
 Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. [Exit.

## SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open place by the sea-side.*

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven?<sup>1</sup>  
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man

I do not believe the text to be corrupt. Our author in this instance seems to have followed Gower:

"— and with himselfe were in debate,

"*Tbynkende what he had lore,*" &c.

I think, I have observed many other instances of the same kind in the *Confessio Amantis*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —to give him glad;] Should we not read—to make him glad?  
 PERCY.

<sup>3</sup> Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man

Is but a substance, &c.] I would read:

—— ye angry stores of heaven,

Wind, rain, and thunder! remember, &c.

So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. ii. l. 175.

"—— what, if all

"Her stores were open'd, and this firmament

"Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,—."

Again, b. vi. l. 764.

"His quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd."

So Addison in his *Cato*:

"Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven."

In strictness, the old reading wants somewhat of propriety, because there are no stars beside those of heaven. We say properly—the sands of the sea, and the fishes of the sea, because there are likewise sands of the earth, and fishes that live in fresh water; but stars are to be found only in those regions of which wind, rain, and thunder are the acknowledged stores. So, in *King Lear*:

"All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

"On her ingrateful top!" &c. STEEVENS.

The amendment proposed by Mr. Steevens, is unnecessary, nor is there any impropriety in the passage as it stands; for though there be no stars except those of heaven, some of these stars were supposed to be angry or malignant, and others to be favourable and prosperous. The emphasis in speaking must be laid on the word *angry*. MASON.

Is but a substance, that must yield to you;  
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath<sup>1</sup>,  
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:  
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
 And having thrown him from your watry grave,  
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter thrce Fishermen<sup>2</sup>.*

1. *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche<sup>3</sup>!

2. *Fish.* Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.*

<sup>1</sup> —and left me breath,] The quarto, 1609, reads—and left my breath. I read—and left me breath —; that is, left me life, only to aggravate my misfortunes, by enabling me to think on the death that awaits me.

This slight change, in some measure, removes the absurdity that Mr. Steevens has justly remarked in this passage as it stands in the old copy. The rhyme, I believe, was intended; for in many of our old plays rhyme seems to have been thought an ornament, whenever it could be commodiously introduced. MALONE.

The interposition of rhyme in the middle of this speech, and the awkwardness of imputing *thought* to *breath*, incline me to believe here is some corruption. Perhaps the author wrote

— left my *breast*

Nothing to think on, &c.—

To revolve any thing in the *breast* or *bosom* is a phrase sufficiently authorized. So Milton, Par. Lost, b. ix. v. 288:

“*Thoughts*, which how found they *barbour* in thy *breast*?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> This scene seems to have been formed on the following lines in the *Confessio Amantis*:

“ Thus was the younge lorde all alone,  
 “ All naked in a poure plite.—  
 “ There came a fisher in the weye,  
 “ And sigh a man there naked stonde,  
 “ And whan that he hath understonde  
 “ The cause, he hath of hym great routh;  
 “ And onely of his poure trowth,  
 “ Of such clothes as he hadde  
 “ With great pitee this lorde he cladde:  
 “ And he hym thonketh as he sholde,  
 “ And sayth hym that it shall be yelde

“ If

1. *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3. *Fish.* What say you, master?

1. *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now: come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion<sup>4</sup>.

3. *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1. *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart<sup>5</sup> to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3. *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled<sup>6</sup>? they say, they

" If ever he gete his state ageyne;

" And praith that he wolde hym seyne,

" If nigh were any towne for hym.

" He sayd, ye, Pentapolim,

" Where both kyng and quene dwellen.

" Whan he this tale herde tellen,

" He gladdeth hym, and gan beseche,

" That he the ~~wey~~ hym wolde teche."

Shakspeare, delighting to describe the manners of such people, has introduced three fishermen, instead of one, and extended the dialogue to a considerable length. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *What ho! Pilche!*] All the old copies read—*What to pelche*. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the other I am responsible. *Pilche*, as he has observed, is a leathern coat. The context confirms this correction. The first fisherman appears to be the master, and speaks with authority, and some degree of contempt, to the third fisherman, who is a servant.—His next speech, *What, Patch-breech, I say!* is in the same style. The second fisherman seems to be a servant likewise; and, after the master has called—*What, bo, Pilche!*—(for so I read,) explains what it is he wants:—*Ha, come, and bring away the nets*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —*with a wannion*.] A phrase of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart—*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "*O the most piteous cry of the poor souls!* Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em;—now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land-service—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; *how he cry'd to me for help,*" &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —*when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?*] The rising



they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1. *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him<sup>7</sup>, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*Per.* A pretty moral.

3. *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2. *Fish.* Why, man?

3. *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

*Per.* Simonides?

3. *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* How from the finny subject of the sea<sup>8</sup>  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their watry empire recollect  
All that may men approve, or men detect!—  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

of porpoises near a vessel at sea, has long been considered as the forerunner of a storm. So, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, by Webster, 1623: "He lifts up his nose, like a foul porpus before a storm." MALONE.

7 — as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,—] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — like scaled sculls

" Before the belching whale." STEEVENS.

8 — the finny subject of the sea —] Old Copies—*fenny*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

This thought is not much unlike another in *As you like it*:

" — this our life, exempt from publick haunt,

" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

" Sermons in stones, and good in every thing." STEEVENS.

2. *Fish.*

2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it<sup>9</sup>.

*Per.* Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2. *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.*] The old copy reads —if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Part of the emendation suggested by Mr. Steevens, is confirmed by a passage in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, quoted by Mr. Mason:

“ — I fear shrewdly, I should do something

“ That would quite *scratch* me out of the calendar.” MALONE.

The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Either somewhat is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation.

It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;

*The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.*

2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be not a day fits you, *scratch* it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsequent:

*May* see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

The folio reads,

*Y'* may see the sea hath cast *me* upon your coast.

I would rather suppose the poet wrote,

*Nay*, see the sea hath cast upon your coast—

Here the *fisherman* interposes. The prince then goes on

A man, &c. STEEVENS.

May not here be an allusion to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero?—If you like the day, find it out in the Almanack, and no body will take it from you. FARMER.

Some difficulty, however, will remain, unless we suppose a preceding line to have been lost; for Pericles (as the text stands) has said nothing about the day. I suspect that in the lost line he wish'd the men a good day. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — to cast *thee* in our way!<sup>1</sup>] He is playing on the word *cast*; which anciently was used both in the sense of *to throw*, and *to vomit*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — yet I made a shift to *cast* him.”

It is used in the latter sense above: “ — till he *cast* bells, &c. *up again*.”

MALONE.

*Per.*

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him:  
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in  
our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we  
can do with working.

2. *Fish.* Can't thou catch any fishes then?

*Per.* I never practis'd it.

2. *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure: for here's  
nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou can't fish  
for't.

*Per.* What I have been, I have forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;  
A man throng'd up with cold<sup>2</sup>: my veins are chill,  
And have no more of life, than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. *Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a  
gown here<sup>3</sup>; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now,  
afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go  
home, and we'll have flesh for holy-days, fish for fasting  
days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks<sup>4</sup>; and thou  
shalt be welcome.

*Per.*

<sup>2</sup> *A man throng'd up with cold:—*] I suspect that this, which is  
the reading of all the copies, is corrupt. We might read,

A man *shrunk* up with cold;—

(It might have been anciently written *shronk*.) So, in *Cymbeline*:

"The *shrink*ing slaves of winter." MALONE.

*Throng'd up* with cold may mean only molested by it, as by the pres-  
sure of a crowd. With this situation Apemantus threatens Timon:

"— I'll say thou hast gold:

"Thou wilt be *throng'd* to shortly.

*Throng'd* might also be used by Pericles to signify shrunk into a heap,  
so as to have one part crowded into another. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I have a gown here; &c.*] In the prose history of *Kynges Appoy-  
lyn of Thyre*, already quoted, the fisherman gives him "one halfe of  
his blacke mantelle for to cover his body with." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *flesh for holy-days, fish for fasting days, and more-o'er pud-  
dings and flap-jacks;*] In the old copy this passage is strangely corrupt-  
ed.

*Per.* I thank you, fir.

2. *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

2. *Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2. *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1. *Fish.* Hark you, fir, do you know where you are?

*Per.* Not well.

1. *Fish.* Why I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1. *Fish.* Ay, fir, and he deserves so to be call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1. *Fish.* Marry, fir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1. *Fish.* O fir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for,—his wife's soul<sup>s</sup>.

*Re-enter*

ed. It reads—*flesh for all days*, fish for fasting days, and *more*, or puddings and flap-jacks. Dr. Farmer suggested to me the correction of the latter part of the sentence: for the other emendation I am responsible. Mr. Mason would read—*flesh for ale-days*: but this was not, I think, the language of the time; though *ales* and *church-ales* was common. MALONE.

In some counties a *flapjack* signifies an apple-puff: but anciently it seems to have meant a *pancake*. STEEVENS.

5 — and what a man cannot get, &c.] This passage, in its present state,

*Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

2. *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't<sup>6</sup>, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses\*, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own<sup>7</sup>, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) *Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield*

state, is to me unintelligible. We might read—"O sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may not lawfully deal for;—his wife's soul."

*Be content; things must be as Providence has appointed; and what a man's situation in life does not entitle him to aspire to, he ought not to attempt;—the affections of a woman in a bigger sphere than his own.*

*Soul* is in other places used by our author for love.—Thus in *Measure for Measure*:

"—— we have with special soul

"Elected him, our absence to supply." MALONE.

*Things must be* (says the speaker) *as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt.*—Thus far the passage is clear. The fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence—*His wife's soul*—but here he is interrupted by his comrades. He might otherwise have proceeded to say—*The good will of a wife indeed is one of the things which is difficult of attainment. A husband is in the right to strive for it, but after all his pains may fail to secure it.*—I wish his brother fishermen had called off his attention before he had had time to utter his last three words.

STEEVENS.

The fisherman means, I think, to say, "What a man cannot get, there is no law against giving, to save his wife's soul from purgatory."

FARMER.

<sup>6</sup> —bots on't,—] The *bots* are the worms that breed in horses. This comick execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. It occurs in *King Henry IV.* and in many other old plays.

MALONE.

\* —after all my crosses,] For the insertion of the word *my*, I am answerable. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> And, though it was mine own,] i. e. And I thank you, though it was my own. MALONE.

*'Twixt*



*'T'wixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace<sup>8</sup>.)*  
*For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,*  
*The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee<sup>9</sup>.*  
 It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;  
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
 Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again:  
 I thank thee for it; my shipwreck now's no ill,  
 Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1. *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,  
 For it was sometime target to a king;  
 I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,  
 And for his sake I with the having of it;  
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  
 Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  
 And if that ever my low fortune's better<sup>1</sup>,  
 I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1. *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per.* I'll shew the virtue I have borne in arms.

1. *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2. *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it\*.

*Per.* Believe it, I will.

<sup>8</sup> — *this brace:*] The *brace* is the armour for the arm. *Avant-bras.* FR. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 177, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The which the gods protect thee from! —*] The old copies read, unintelligibly,

*The which the gods protect thee, fame may defend thee.*

I am answerable for the correction. — The licence taken in omitting the pronoun before *have*, in a subsequent line of this speech, was formerly not uncommon. See Vol. IX. p. 560, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *And if that ever my low fortune's better,*] Mr. Mason thinks that *better* is here used as a verb, and that the line should be printed thus:

*And if that ever my low fortunes better, —.* MALONE.

\* — *from whence you had it.*] For this correction, I am answerable. The old copies read — *had them.* MALONE.

By your furtherance I am cloath'd in steel<sup>2</sup>;  
 And spite of all the rupture of the sea<sup>3</sup>,  
 This jewel holds his bidding on my arm<sup>4</sup>;  
 Unto thy value I will mount myself  
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—  
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
 Of a pair of bases<sup>5</sup>.

2. *Fish*. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best

<sup>2</sup> *By your furtherance I am cloath'd in steel;*] The line is so weak, I should wish to read,

*Now by your furtherance I am cloath'd in steel.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And spite of all the rupture of the sea,*] We might read (with Dr. Sewel)

—spite of all the *rapture* of the sea,—

That is,—notwithstanding that the sea hath *ravish'd* so much from me. So afterwards:

“Who, looking for adventures in the world,

“Was by the rough seas *rest* of ships and men.”

Again, in the *Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“Till envious fortune and the ravenous sea

“Did *rob*, *disrobe*, and *spoil* us of our own.”

But the old reading is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

I am not sure but that the old reading is the true one. We still talk of the *breaking* of the sea, and the *breakers*. What is the *rupture* of the sea, but another word for the *breaking* of it? *Rupture* means any solution of continuity. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;*] The old copy reads—his *building*. *Biding* was, I believe, the poet's word. MALONE.

Perhaps *gilding*; (which was formerly written *gilding*.) He is speaking of some jewel of value, which in the shipwreck had adhered to his arm. Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled a *jewel*. So in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607:—“She gave him a *very fine jewel*, wherein was set a most rich diamond.” Pericles means to sell his bracelet, that with the price it brings he may purchase a horse; and rejoices on finding that the brightness of the toy is undiminished. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —a pair of bases.] i. e. armour for the legs. *Bas*. Fr. So, in *Hudibras*:

“Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight,

“With gauntlet blue and *bases* white,

“And round blunt truncheon,” &c. STEEVENS.

*Bases*, however, also signified the *housings* of a horse, and may have been used in that sense here. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*:

“And with his streaming blood his *bases* dide.” MALONE.

gown

gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per.* Then honour be but a goal to my will;  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lifts. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords; &c.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph<sup>6</sup>?

1. *Lord.* They are, my liege;  
And stay your coming, to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready<sup>7</sup>; and our daughter here,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.]

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* It's fit it should be so; for princes are  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:  
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,  
So princes their renowns, if not respected.  
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight, in his device<sup>8</sup>.

*Thai.*

<sup>6</sup> *Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?* In Gower's poem, and *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510, certain gymnastick exercises only are performed before the Pentapolitan monarch, antecedent to the marriage of *Appollinus*, the *Pericles* of this play. The present tournament, however, as well as the dance in the next scene, seems to have been suggested by a passage of the former writer, who, describing the manner in which the wedding of *Appollinus* was celebrated, says,

"The *knights* that be yonge and proude,

"Thei *juste* first, and after *daunce*."

A triumph formerly signified any magnificent shew or procession.  
See Vol II. p. 442, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Return them, we are ready;* i. e. return them notice, that we are ready, &c. PERCY.

<sup>8</sup> *'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain*

*The labour of each knight, in his device.* The old copy reads —

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his squire presents his shield to the Princess.*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun;  
*The word, Lux tua vita mibi*<sup>9</sup>.

*Sim.* He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

*[The second knight passes.]*

Who is the second, that presents himself?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça*<sup>1</sup>.  
*[The third knight passes.]*

*Sim.* And what's the third?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch; and his device,

to entertain, which cannot be right. Mr. Steevens suggested the emendation. MALONE.

The sense would be clearer were we to substitute, both in this and the following instance, *office*. *Honour*, however, may mean her situation as *queen of the feast*, as she is afterwards denominated.

The idea of this scene appears to have been caught from the *Iliad*, book iii. where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law Priam. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The word, Lux tua vita mibi.* What we now call the motto, was sometimes termed the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Le mot*. Fr. So, in Marston's *Satires*, 1599:

" ——— Fabius' perpetual golden coat,

" Which might have *semper idem* for a mot."

These latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakspere, or as an argument to shew that he was not the author of this play; but tournaments were so fashionable and frequent an entertainment in the time of queen Elizabeth, that he might very easily have been furnished with these shreds of literature. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.* That is; *more by sweetness than by force*. The author should have written *Mas per dulçura*, &c. *Più* in Italian signifies *more*; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. MALONE.

A wreath

A wreath of chivalry: the word, *Me pompæ provexit apex*<sup>2</sup>. [The fourth knight passes.]

*Sim.* What is the fourth<sup>3</sup>?

*Thai.* A burning torch<sup>4</sup>, that's turned upside down;  
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

*Sim.* Which shews that beauty hath his power and will,  
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth knight passes.]

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;  
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone try'd:

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[The sixth knight passes.]

*Sim.* And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight  
himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger; but his present  
Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

*Sim.* A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward  
shew

Can any way speak in his just commend:

For, by his rusty outside, he appears

<sup>2</sup> *Me pompæ provexit apex*.] All the old copies have *Me Pompey*, &c. Whether we should amend these words as follows—*me pompæ provexit apex*,—or correct them thus—*me Pompei provexit apex*, I confess my ignorance. A wreath of chivalry, in its common sense, might be the desert of many knights on many various occasions; so that its particular claim to honor on the present one is not very clearly ascertained. If the wreath declares of itself that it was once the ornament of Pompey's helm, perhaps here may be some allusion to those particular marks of distinction which he wore after his bloodless victory over the Cilician pirates:

“Et victis cedat piratica laurea Gallis.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *What is the fourth?*] i. e. What is the fourth device. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *A burning torch*, &c.] This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of *Paulus Jovius*, in 1585, in which they are found. Signat. H. 7. b. MALONE.



To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance<sup>5</sup>.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man<sup>6</sup>.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw  
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts; and all cry, The mean knight.*

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds<sup>7</sup>,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in shew commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are princes, and my guests.

<sup>5</sup> — the whipstock —] i. e. the carter's whip. See note on *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 34. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The outward habit by the inward man.*] i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.

This kind of inversion was formerly very common. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — that many may be meant

“ By the fool multitude.”

See the note on that passage in the Appendix, Vol. X. MALONE.  
Why should we not read—

The *inward* habit by the *outward* man.

The words were accidentally misplaced. In the prose romance already quoted, the king says: “ — the habyte maketh not the relygi-ous man.” STEEVENS.

In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Steevens reads. FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> To *place*, &c.] The quarto, 1609, reads — *I place*, and this corrupt reading was followed in that of 1619, and in the folio, 1664. The emendation is taken from the folio, 1685. MALONE.

*Thai.*

*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.  
*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit\*.  
*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist<sup>8</sup>, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the  
feast,  
(For, daughter, so you are<sup>9</sup>,) here take your place:  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.  
*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Simonides.  
*Sim.* Your presence glads our days; honour we love,  
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.  
*Marsh.* Sir, yonder is your place.  
*Per.* Some other is more fit.  
1. *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,  
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise<sup>1</sup>.  
*Per.* You are right courteous knights.  
*Sim.* Sit, sir, fit.  
*Per.* By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, she not thought upon<sup>2</sup>.

*Thai.*

\* — *than my merit.*] Thus the original quarto, 1609. The second quarto has—*by merit.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *In framing an artist,*—] We might better read—*In framing artists*—MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *Come, queen o' the feast,*

(*For, daughter, so you are,*)] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— present yourself,

“ *That which you are, mistress o' the feast.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,*

*Envy the great, nor do the low despise.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1619. The first quarto reads:

“ *Have neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,*

“ *Envies the great, nor shall the low despise.*” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*

*These cates resist me, she not thought upon.*] All the copies read “—*be not thought upon,*” and these lines are given to Simonides. In the old plays it is observable, that declarations of affection, whether disguised or open, are generally made by both the parties; if the lady

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unfavoury,  
Wishing him my meat<sup>3</sup>: fure he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman; he has  
Done no more than other knights have done:  
He has broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glafs.

utters a tender sentiment, a corresponding sentiment is usually given to her lover. Hence I conclude that the author wrote,

—*she* not thought upon;

and that these lines belong to Pericles. If *he* be right, I would read,

“ ——— he *now* thought upon.”

The prince recollecting his present state, and comparing it with that of Simonides, wonders that he can eat. In Gower, where this entertainment is particularly described, it is said of *Appolinus*, the Pericles of the present play, that

“ He sette and cast about his eie,

“ And saw the lordes in estate,

“ And with hym selfe were in debate

“ Thynkende what he had lore;

“ And such a sorowe he toke therefore,

“ That he sat ever stille and thought,

“ As he which of no meate rought.”

So in *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: “ — at the last he sate him down at the table, and, *without etyng*, he behelde the noble company of lordes and grete estates. — Thus as he looked all about, a grete lorde that served at the kynges table, sayde unto the kynge, Certes syr, this man wolde gladly your honour, for he *dooth not ete*, but beholdeth hertely your noble magnyfycence, and is in poynt to weep.”

The words *resist me*, however, do not well correspond with this idea. Perhaps they are corrupt. MALONE.

— *these cates resist me*, — ] i. e. go against my stomach.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Wishing him my meat*:] I am afraid that a jingle is here intended between *meat* and *mate*. The two words were, I believe, in our author's time, generally, and are at this day in Warwickshire, pronounced alike. The address to *Juno* countenances this supposition.

MALONE.

Surely the plain meaning is, that she had rather have a husband than a dinner; that she wishes Pericles were in the place of the provisions before her; regarding him (to borrow a phrase from Romeo) as *the dearest morsel of the earth*. So, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*:

“ ——— If thou couch

“ But one night with her —

“ Thou shalt remember nothing more, than what

“ That banquet bids thee to.” STEEVENS.

*Per.* Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;  
Had princes sit like stars about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence.  
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy ;  
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night <sup>4</sup>,  
The which hath fire in darknes, none in light :  
Whereby I see that time's the king of men,  
For he's their parent, and he is their grave <sup>5</sup>,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights ?

1. *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence ?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim <sup>6</sup>,  
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)  
We drink this health to you.

<sup>4</sup> *Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,*] The old copies read—Where now his son, &c.—But this is scarcely intelligible. The slight change that has been made, affords an easy sense. *Where* is, I suppose, here, as in many other places, used for *whereas*.

The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the poet has here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily described by a single word :

“ The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

“ And 'gins to pale his *uneffeſſual* fire.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *For he's their parent, and he is their grave,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ The earth, that's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb* ;

“ What is her burying *grave*, that is her *womb*.”

Milton has the same thought :

“ The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.”

In the text the second quarto has been followed. The first reads :

He's *both* their parent and he is their grave. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *that's stor'd unto the brim,*] The quarto, 1609, reads—that's *stirr'd* unto the brim. MALONE.

If *stirr'd* be the true reading, it must mean, that *dances* to the brim. But I rather think we should read—*stor'd*, i. e. replenished. So before in this play :

“ Their tables were *stor'd* full.”

Again :

“ Were not this glorious casket *stor'd* with ill.”

Again :

“ ———— these our ships

“ Are *stor'd* with corn —.” STEEVENS.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause a while;

Yon knight doth fit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a shew might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is it

To me, my father?

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,  
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd  
Are wonder'd at<sup>7</sup>.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet<sup>8</sup>,  
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[*Aside.*

*Sim.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of  
him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage<sup>9</sup>.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

<sup>7</sup> *Are wonder'd at.*] i. e. when they are found to be such small insignificant animals, after making so great a noise. PERCY.

<sup>8</sup> *Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,*] *Entrance* was sometimes used by our old poets as a word of three syllables. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Of whence he is, his name and parentage.*] So, in the *Conf. Amant.*

“ His daughter —

“ He bad to go on his message,

“ And fonde for to make him glade,

“ And she did as hir fader bade;

“ And goth to him the softe paas,

“ And asketh whens and what he was,

“ And praithe he shulde his thought leve.” MALONE.

*Thai.*



*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;  
My education being in arts and arms \*;)—  
Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,  
And, after shipwreck, driv'n upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by  
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft  
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armours, as you are addrest<sup>1</sup>,  
Will very well become a foldier's dance.  
I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
Loud musick is too harsh<sup>2</sup> for ladies' heads;  
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd; 'twas so well perform'd.

\* — being in arts and arms;] The old copies have—*been*. I am responsible for the correction; and for the introduction of the words *has been* in the following speech. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Even in your armours, as you are addrest,*] As you are accoutered, prepared for combat. So, in *K. Henry V.*

“To-morrow for the march are we *addrest*.”

The word *very* in the next line was inserted by the editor of the folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *I will not have excuse, with saying, this*

*Loud musick is too harsh* —] i. e. the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour.

The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient *Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing*, bl. let. no date:

“There is a daunce called Choria,  
“Which joy doth testify;  
“Another called Pyrricke  
“Which warlike feats doth try;  
“For men in armour gestures made,  
“And leapt, that so they might,  
“When need requires, be more prompt  
“In publike weale to fight.” MALONE.

M m 3

Come,

Come, fir; here's a lady that wants breathing too:  
 And I have often heard<sup>1</sup>, you knights of Tyre  
 Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
 And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

*Sim.* O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;  
 Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
 But you the best. [*to Pericles.*] Pages and lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Your's, fir,  
 We have given order to be next our own<sup>3</sup>.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

And that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E. IV.

*Tyre.* *A Room in the Governour's house.*

*Enter* HELICANUS, *and* ESCANES.

*Hel.* No, Elcanes; know this of me,  
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;  
 For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
 To with-hold the vengeance that they had in store,  
 Due to this heinous capital offence;  
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
 When he was seated in a chariot  
 Of an inestimable value, and

<sup>1</sup> *And I have often heard,*] I have inserted the word *often*, which was probably omitted by the carelessness of the compositor. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —*to be next our own.*] So Gower:

“The kyng his chamberleyn let calle,

“And bad that he by all weye

“A chamber for this man purvei,

“*Whiche nigh his own chambre bee.*” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> No, *Escanes,*—] I suspect the author wrote—*Know, Escanes, &c.*

MALONE.

His

His daughter with him,  
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up  
 Those bodies <sup>4</sup>, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial <sup>5</sup>.

*E sca.* 'Twas very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but justice; for though  
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
 To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

*E sca.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter three Lords.*

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,  
 Or council, has respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it!

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

*Hel.* With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

1. *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,  
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince  
 you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;  
 But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.  
 If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
 And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us <sup>6</sup>,  
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,

4 *A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up*

*Those bodies,*] This circumstance is mentioned by Gower:

" ——— they hym tolde,

" That for vengeance as God it wolde,

" Antiochus, as men maie witte,

" With thonder and lightnyng is forsmitte.

" His doughter hath the same chance,

" So ben thei both in o balance." MALONE.

5 *That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,*

*Scorn now, &c.]* The expression is elliptical:

*That all those eyes which adored them, &c.* MALONE.

6 *And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,]* *Resolv'd* is satisfied, freed  
 from doubt. So, in a subsequent scene:

" *Resolve your angry father, if my tongue,*" &c. MALONE.

And leaves us<sup>8</sup> to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our  
censure<sup>9</sup>:

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head<sup>1</sup>,  
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof<sup>2</sup>,)  
Soon will fall to ruin, your noble self,  
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane!

*Hel.* Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:  
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,  
Where's hourly trouble<sup>3</sup>, for a minute's ease.

A twelve-

<sup>8</sup> *And leaves us*—] The quarto, 1609, reads—*And leave us*, which cannot be right. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure:*] i. e. the most probable in our opinion. *Censure* is thus used in *King Richard III*:

“To give your *censure* in this weighty business.” STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*Whose death* indeed, &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,*] They did not *know* that the kingdom had absolutely lost its governour; for in the very preceding line this lord observes that it was only more *probable* that he was dead, than living. I therefore read, with a very slight change,—*if* without a head. The old copy, for *if*, has—*is*. In the next line but one, by supplying the word *will*, which I suppose was omitted by the carelessness of the compositor, the sense and metre are both restored. The passage as it stands in the old copy, is not, by any mode of construction, reducible to grammar. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> (*Like goodly buildings left without a roof,*)] The same thought occurs in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

“———leaves his part-created cost

“A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

“And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,*

*Where's hourly trouble, &c.*] The old copy reads—into the *seat*; and it must be acknowledged that a line in *Hamlet*,

“Or to take arms against a *sea* of troubles,”

as well as the rhyme, adds some support to this reading: yet I have no doubt that the poet wrote,

——— I leap into the *seat*,—

So, in *Macbeth*:

“——— I have no spur

“To prick the sides of mine intent, but only

“Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,” &c.

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
 To forbear the absence of your king;  
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,  
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
 But if I cannot win you to this love,  
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
 And in your search, spend your adventurous worth;  
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1. *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;  
 And, since lord Helicane enjoineeth us,  
 We with our travels will endeavour — 4

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;  
 When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

Pentapolis, *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter*<sup>5</sup>; *the Knights meet him.*

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
 That for this twelvemonth, she will not undertake

On ship-board the pain and pleasure may be in the proportion here stated; but the troubles of him who plunges into the sea (unless he happens to be an expert swimmer) are seldom of an hour's duration.

MALONE.

*Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.*] So, in *K. Richard III.*

"And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen." MALONE.

4 *We with our travels will endeavour,*—] I suppose the author intended an abrupt sentence. Mr. Steevens would read — will endeavour it. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> In *The Historie of Kyng Appolyn of Tbyre*, "two kinges sones pay their court to the daughter of *Archystrates* (the Simonides of the present play). He sends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and desires her to choose which she will marry. She writes him a letter, (in answer,) of which Appolyn is the bearer,—that she will have the man "whiche hath passed the dangerous undes and perylles of the sea,—all other to refuse." The same circumstance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced three suitors instead of two, in which our author has followed him. MALONE.

A married



A married life: her reason to herself  
Is only known, which from her by no means  
Can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

*Sim.* 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly ty'd her  
To her chamber, that it is impossible.  
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd<sup>6</sup>,  
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Sim.* So,

They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:  
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.  
'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;  
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no!  
Well, I do commend her choice;  
And will no longer have it be delay'd.  
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*Sim.* To you as much! Sir, I am beholding to you,  
For your sweet musick this last night<sup>7</sup>: I do

Protest,

<sup>6</sup> *This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,*] It were to be wished  
that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit  
on some less shameful expedient for the dismissal of these wooers.  
Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction  
of his own. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Sir, I am beholding to you,*

*For your sweet musick, this last night:*] Here also our author has  
followed Gower:

“ She, to doone hir faders hest,  
“ Hir harpe fet, and in the feste  
“ Upon a chaire, whiche thei sette,  
“ Hir selfe next to this man she sette.  
“ With harpe both and eke with mouth  
“ To him she did all that she couth,  
“ To make him chere; and ever he sigheth,  
“ And she him asketh howe him liketh.

“ Madame,

Protest, my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;  
Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are musick's master.

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing. What do you think  
Of my daughter, sir ?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not ?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

*Sim.* Sir, my daughter, thinks very well of you ;  
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,

And she'll be your scholar ; therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy to be her school-master<sup>3</sup>.

*Sim.* She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

*Per.* What's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.

[*Aside.*

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord<sup>9</sup>,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

“ Madame, certes well, he faied ;

“ But if ye the measure plaied,

“ Whiche, if you list, I shall you lere,

“ It were a glad thing for to here.

“ A leve, sir, tho quod she,

“ Nowe take the harpe, and lete me see

“ Of what measure that ye mene.—

“ He taketh the harpe, and in his wise

“ He tempeth, and of such assize

“ Synginge he harpeth forth withall,

“ That as a voice celestial

“ Hem thought it sowned in her ere,

“ As though that it an angell were.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —to be *her school-master.*] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first  
copy reads—*for her schoolmaster.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —my *gracious lord,*] Old Copies—*me.* I am answerable for the  
correction, MALONE.

*Sim.*

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art  
A villain.

*Per.* By the gods, I have not;  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat, (unless it be the king\*,)  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Afide.*

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent<sup>8</sup>.  
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it<sup>9</sup>.

*Enter* THAISA.

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you.

\* — the king,] Thus the quarto, 1609. The second copy has—  
king. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *That never relish'd of a base descent.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“That has no relish of salvation in it.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:

“They smack of honour both.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> No! *here comes my daughter, she can witness it.*] Thus all the  
copies. Simonides, I think, means to say—Not a rebel to our state!  
—*Here comes my daughter: she can prove, thou art one.* Perhaps,  
however, the author wrote—*Now, Here comes, &c.*—In *Othello*  
we find nearly the same words:

“Here comes the lady, let her witness it.” MALONE.

*Thai.*

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
 Who takes offence at that would make me glad?  
*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—  
 I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you;  
 I'll bring you in subjection. Will you,  
 Not having my consent, bestow your love  
 And your affections upon a stranger?  
 (Who, for aught I know, may be, nor can I think  
 The contrary, as great in blood as I myself.) [*Aside.*  
 Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame your will  
 To mine—and you, sir, hear you, either be  
 Rul'd by me, or I'll make you—man and wife:  
 Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too:  
 And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—  
 And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—  
 What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life, my blood that fosters it<sup>1</sup>.

*Sim.* What, are you both agreed?

*Both.* Yes, if it please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I'll see you wed;  
 And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

### A C T III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;  
 No din but snores<sup>2</sup>, the house about,

Made

<sup>1</sup> *Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.*] Even as my life loves  
 my blood that supports it.—The quarto, 1619, and the subsequent  
 copies, read

“ Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

The reading of the text is found in the first quarto. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Now sleep yslaked bath the rout;*

*No din but snores, &c.*] The quarto, 1609, and the subsequent  
 copies, read:

*No din but snores about the house.*

As Gower's speeches are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old  
 copy is here corrupt. It first occurred to me that the author might  
 have written,

Now

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast<sup>3</sup>  
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
 Now couches from the mouse's hole<sup>4</sup>;  
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
 As the blither for their drouth<sup>5</sup>.  
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
 A babe is moulded :— Be attent<sup>6</sup>,  
 And time that is so briefly spent,

Now sleep yslakd hath the *rouse*—

i. e. the carousal. But the mere transposition of the latter part of the second line, renders any further change unnecessary. *Rout* is likewise used by Gower for a *company* in the tale of *Appolinus*, the *Pericles* of the present play :

“ Upon a tyme with a *route*

“ This lord to play goeth hym out.”

Again :

“ It fell a daie thei riden oute,

“ The kinge and queene and all the *route*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *No din but snores, the bouse about,*

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast—] So Virgil, speaking of Rhamnes, who was killed in the midnight expedition of Nisus and Euryalus :

Rhamneten aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis

Exstructus, toto proflabat pectore somnum. STEEVENS.

The quarto 1619, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, all read, o'er *see* *beast*. The true reading has been recovered from the first quarto.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —from the mouse's hole;] May perhaps mean—at some little distance from the mouse's hole. I believe, however, we ought to read—'fore the mouse's hole. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And crickets sing at the oven's moutb,

As the blither for their drouth:] So in *Cymbeline*:

“ The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

“ Repairs itself by rest.”

The old copy has—*Are* the blither, &c. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. Perhaps we ought to read—

And crickets, *singing* at the oven's mouth,

Are the blither for their drought.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Be attent,] This adjective is again used in *Hamlet*. See Vol. IX. p. 207, n. 1. MALONE.

With



With your fine fancies quaintly eche<sup>7</sup>;  
What's dumb in shew, I'll plain with speech.

*Dumb shew.*

*Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shews it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former<sup>8</sup>. Then enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida. Simonides shews his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.—Then Simonides, &c. retire.*

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch<sup>9</sup>,  
Of Pericles the careful search,  
By the four opposing coignes<sup>1</sup>,  
Which the world together joins,

Is

<sup>7</sup> *With your fine fancies quaintly eche;*] i. e. eke out. So, in the Chorus to *King Henry V.* (first folio):

“ ——— still be kind,

“ And eche out our performance with your mind.”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, quarto, 1600 (Heyes's edition):

“ ——— 'tis to peeze the time,

“ To ech it, and to draw it out in length.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *the Lords kneel to the firmer.*] The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre — “No man,” says Gower in his *Conf. Amant*.

“ ——— knew the soth cas,

“ But he hym selfe; what man he was.”

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *By many a dearn and painful perch,*] *Dearn* is *direful, dismal*. See Skinner's *Etymol.* in v. *Dere*. The word is used by Spenser, B. ii. c. i. st. 35.—B. iii. c. i. st. 14. The construction is somewhat involved. *The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,—by the four opposing coignes, which join the world together;—with all due diligence, &c.* MALONE.

*Dearn* signifies *lonely, solitary*. See note on *King Lear*, Vol. VIII. p. 612, n. 5. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. STEEV.

<sup>1</sup> *By the four opposing coignes,*] By the four opposite corner-stones that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— No

Is made, with all due diligence,  
 That horse, and sail, and high expence,  
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre  
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire<sup>2</sup>),  
 To the court of king Simonides  
 Are letters brought; the tenour these:  
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead;  
 The men of Tyrus, on the head  
 Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
 The mutiny he there hastes t'oppress;  
 Says to them, if king Pericles  
 Come not home in twice six moons,  
 He, obedient to their dooms,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
 Y-ravished the regions round<sup>3</sup>,  
 And every one with claps 'gan found,

“ Our

“ ————— No juty, frieze,

“ Buttress, or *coignes*, of vantage, but this bird

“ Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.”

In the passage before us, the author seems to have considered the world as a stupendous edifice, artificially constructed. To seek a man in every corner of the globe, is still common language.

All the ancient copies read,

By the four opposing *crignes*—

but there is no such English word. For the ingenious emendation inserted in the text, which is produced by the change of a single letter, the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> (*Fame answering the most strong inquire*,)] The old copy reads—the most *strange* inquire; but it surely was not strange, that Pericles' subjects should be solicitous to know what was become of him. We should certainly read—the most *strong* inquire;—this earnest, anxious inquiry. The same mistake has happened in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, folio, 1623:

“ Whose weakness married to thy *stranger* state—”

instead of *stronger*. The same mistake has also happened in other places. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Y-ravished the regions round,] From the false print of the first edition, *Iranished*, the subsequent editors formed a still more absurd reading:

*Irony shed* the regions round,—

Mr.

Our heir apparent is a king :  
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?"  
 Brief, he must hence depart to 'Tyre:  
 His queen with child makes her desire  
 (Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;  
 (Omit we all their dole and woe :)  
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut<sup>4</sup> ; but fortune's mood<sup>5</sup>  
 Varies again : the grizzled north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives.  
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-near  
 Doth fall in travail with her fear :

Mr. Steevens's ingenious emendation, to which I have paid due attention by inserting it in the text, is strongly confirmed by the following passage in Gower *de Confessione Amantis* :

" This tale after the kyng it had  
 " Pentapoin all oversprad,  
 " There was no joye for to secbe,  
 " For every man it had in speche,  
 " And saiden all of one accorde,  
 " A worthy kyng shall ben our lorde.  
 " That thought us first an hevines,  
 " Is shapen us nowe to great gladnes.  
 " Thus gotb the tydinge over all." MALONE.

4 ——— half the flood

Hath their keel cut ;] They have made half their voyage with a favourable wind. So Gower :

" When thei were in the sea amid,  
 " Out of the north thei see a cloude ;  
 " The storm arose, the wyndes loude  
 " Thei blewen many a dredeful blaste,  
 " The welken was all over-caste." MALONE.

5 ——— half the flood

Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood,] The old copy reads—but fortune mov'd. MALONE.

Mov'd could never be designed as a rhyme to flood. I suppose we should read—but fortune's mood, i. e. disposition. So, in *Osbello* :

" ——— whose eyes,  
 " Albeit unused to the melting mood,—".

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

" —muddled in fortune's mood." STEEVENS.

And what ensues in this fell storm<sup>6</sup>,  
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.  
 I will relate<sup>7</sup>; action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey;  
 Which might not what by me is told<sup>8</sup>.  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak<sup>9</sup>. [Exit.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges<sup>1</sup>,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast  
 Upon

<sup>6</sup> —in this fell storm,] This is the reading of the earliest quarto. The folios and the modern editions have—*self* storm. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> I will relate;] The further consequences of this storm I shall not describe. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Which might not what by me is told.] i. e. which might not conveniently convey what by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> In your imagination hold

*This stage, the ship, upon whose deck*

*The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak.*] It is clear from these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage-apparatus in the time of our author.—The old copy has—*sea-toss*. Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: “The waters stood above the mountains;—at thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.” It should be remembered, that Pericles is here supposed to speak from the deck of his ship. *Lyckorida*, on whom he calls, in order to obtain some intelligence of his queen, is supposed to be beneath, in the cabin.—This great vast, is, this wide expanse. See Vol. IV. p. 122, n. 4.

This speech is exhibited in so strange a form in the original, and all the subsequent editions, that I shall lay it before the reader, that he may be enabled to judge in what a corrupted state this play has hitherto appeared, and be induced to treat the editor's imperfect attempts to restore it to integrity, with the more indulgence.

“The

Upon the winds command, bind them in brags,  
 Having call'd them from the deep! O still<sup>2</sup>  
 Thy deaf'ning dreadful thunders; gently quench  
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,  
 How does my queen?—Thou storm, venomously  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself<sup>3</sup>?—The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death<sup>4</sup>,

“ The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
 “ Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast  
 “ Upon the windes commaund, bind them in brasse;  
 “ Having call'd them from the deepe, ô still  
 “ Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench  
 “ Thy nimble sulphirous flashes: ô How Lychorida!  
 “ How does my queene? then storm venomously,  
 “ Wilt thou speat all thyself? the sea-man's whistle  
 “ Is as a whisper in the eares of death,  
 “ Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!  
 “ Divineſt patroness and my wife gentle  
 “ To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie  
 “ Aboard our dauncing boat, make swift the pangues  
 “ Of my queenes travayles? now Lychorida.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Having call'd them from the deep! O still—*] Perhaps a word was omitted at the press. We might read—

Having call'd them from th' *enbafed* deep,—. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —Thou storm, *venomously*

*Wilt thou spit all thyself?*] All the copies read — *then* storm, &c. which cannot be right, because it renders the passage nonsense. The slight change that I have made, affords an easy sense. MALONE.

I would read,

—Thou storm'st *venomously*;

*Wilt thou spit all thyself?*

*Venomously* is maliciously. Shakspeare has somewhat of the same expression in one of his historical plays:

“ The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

“ *Spits* in the face of heaven—.”

Chapman likewise, in his version of the Iliad, says of the sea, that she

“ — *spits* every way her foam.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Is as a whisper in the ears of death,*] In another place the poet supposes death to be awakened by the turbulence of the storm:

“ — And in the visitation of the winds,

“ Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

“ Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

“ With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,

“ That, with the hurly, *death* itself awakes.”

King Henry IV. Part II. MALONE.



Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O  
 Divineſt patroness, and midwife<sup>5</sup>, gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

*Enter* Lychorida.

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
 Who, if it had conceit<sup>6</sup>, would die, as I  
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece  
 Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How! how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm<sup>7</sup>.  
 Here's all that is left living of your queen,—  
 A little daughter; for the sake of it,  
 Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!  
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
 And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
 Recal not what we give, and therein may

<sup>5</sup> *Divineſt patroness, and midwife, &c.*] The quarto, 1609, and the subsequent copies, read — and *my wife*. Mr. Steevens's happy emendation, which I have inserted in the text, is so clearly right, that it requires neither support nor illustration. If it wanted the latter, Horace would furnish it:

Montium custos nemorumque virgo,  
 Quæ laborantes utero puellas  
 Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto,  
 Diva triformis.

Again, in the *Andria* of Terence:

Juno Lucina, ser opem; serva me, obsecro! MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Who, if it had conceit,—*] If it had *thought*. So, in *King Richard III.*:

“There's some conceit or other likes him well,

“When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm,*] Our author uses the same expression, on the same occasion, in *the Tempest*:

“You mar our labour;—keep your cabins; *you do assist the storm.*”

MALONE.

Use

Use honour with you <sup>8</sup>.

*Lyr.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions <sup>9</sup>!  
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd \* to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child: Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity <sup>1</sup>,  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb <sup>2</sup>:

<sup>8</sup> *Use honour with you.*] The meaning is sufficiently clear.—*In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct.* But the expression is so harsh, that I suspect the passage to be corrupt.

MALONE.

To *use*, in ancient language, signifies to put out to *usance* or *usury*. The sense of this passage may therefore be—our honour will *fetch* as much as yours, if placed out on terms of advantage. If valued, our honour is worth as much as yours. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Quiet and gentle thy conditions!*] *Conditions* anciently meant *qualities*; dispositions of mind. "The late earl of Essex (says Sir Walter Raleigh) told queen Elizabeth that her *conditions* were as crooked as her carcase;—but it cost him his head." See also Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

\* —welcom'd—] Old Copy—*welcome*. For this correction I am answerable. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —*as chiding a nativity,*] i. e. as noisy a one. So, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Hippolita, speaking of the clamour of the hounds:

"——— never did I hear

"Such gallant *chiding*." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 164, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *To herald thee from the womb:*] The old copy reads—*To barold* thee from the womb. For the emendation now made, the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—only to *herald* thee into his presence,

"Not to pay thee."

This word is in many ancient books written *barold*, and *barauld*. So, in Ives's *SELECT PAPERS relative to English Antiquities*, quarto, 1773, p. 130: "—and before them kings of armes, *barolds*, and pursuyvaunts."

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1610:

"Truth is no *harauld*, nor no sophist, sure."

See also Cowel's *Interpreter*, in v. Herald, Heralt, or *Harold*; which puts Mr. Steevens's emendation beyond a doubt. MALONE.

Even at the first, thy loss is more than can  
Thy portage quit<sup>3</sup>, with all thou canst find here.—  
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter two Sailors.*

1. *Sail.* What courage, fir? God save you.

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw<sup>4</sup>;  
It hath done to me the worst<sup>5</sup>. Yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer<sup>6</sup>,  
I would, it would be quiet.

1. *Sail.* Slack the bolins there<sup>7</sup>; thou wilt not, wilt  
thou? Blow and split thyself.

3 — *thy loss is more than can*

*Thy portage quit,*] i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death  
of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counter-  
balance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is used for  
gate or entrance in one of Shakspeare's historical plays. STEEVENS.

*Portage* is used in *King Henry V.* where it signifies an open space:

"Let it [*the eye*] pry through the *portage* of the head."

*Portage* is an old word signifying a toll or impost, but it will not  
commodiously apply to the present passage. Perhaps, however, *Pericles*  
means to say, you have lost more than the *payment* made to me by  
your birth, together with all that you may hereafter acquire, can  
countervail. MALONE.

4 — *I do not fear the flaw;*] The blast. See Vol. IX. p. 394, n. 4.  
MALONE.

5 *It hath done to me the worst.*] So, in the *Conf. Amant*.

"————— a wife!

"My joye, my lust, and my desyre,

"My welth, and my recoverire!

"Why shall I live, and thou shalt die?

"Ha, thou fortune, I thee defie;

"Now hast thou do to me thy werst:

"A herte! why ne wilt thou berst?" MALONE.

6 — *this fresh-new sea-farer,*] We meet a similar compound-epi-  
thet in *K. Richard III.*

"Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current." MALONE.

7 *Slack the bolins there;*] *Bowlines* are ropes by which the sails  
of a ship are governed, when the wind is unfavourable. They are  
slackened when it is high. This term occurs again in the *Two Noble*  
*Kinsmen*:

"————— the wind is fair;

"Top the *bowling*. STEEVENS.

2. *Sail.*

2. *Sail.* But sea-room<sup>8</sup>, and the brine and cloudy billow kifs the moon, I care not<sup>9</sup>.

1. *Sail.* Sir, your queen must over-board; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1. *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in eastern<sup>1</sup>. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must over-board straight<sup>2</sup>.

*Per.* As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave<sup>3</sup>, but straight

<sup>8</sup> 1. *Sail.* — Blow and spilt thyself.

2. *Sail.* But sea-room, &c.] So, in the *Tempest*:

"Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough." MALONE.

9 — and the brine and cloudy billow kifs the moon, I care not.] So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "Now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast."—And is used here, as in many other places, for *if*, or *though*.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — and we are strong in eastern.] I have no doubt that this passage is corrupt, but know not how to amend it. MALONE.

The word *easterne* is surely a corruption. The sailor is labouring to justify his superstitious notion, and having told Pericles that it was founded on repeated observation, might add, — and we are strong in credence. i. e. our faith or belief in this matter is strong. So our author, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,"—

Again, in another of his plays:

"——— love and wisdom,

"Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead

"For ample credence."

In *King Richard II.* we meet with a parallel phrase:

"Strong as a tower in hope."

The number of letters in each word exactly corresponds; and the gross errors which have been already detected in this play, are sufficient to authorize the most daring attempts at emendation. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — for she must over-board straight.] These words are in the old copy, by an evident mistake, given to *Pericles*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> To give thee hallow'd to thy grave.] The old shepherd in *The Winter's Tale* expresses the same apprehension concerning the want of sepulchral rites, and that he shall be buried,

"— where no priest shovels-in dust." MALONE.

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze<sup>4</sup>;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
The air-remaining lamps<sup>5</sup>, the belching whale<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> *Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;*] The defect both of metre and sense shews that this line, as it appears in the old copy, is corrupted. It reads:

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in *oaze*. MALONE.

I believe we should read, with that violence which a copy so much corrupted will sometimes force upon us,

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in *the ooze*,  
Where, &c.

Shakspeare, in the *Tempest*, has the same word on the same occasion:

"My son i' *the ooze* is bedded." STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem*:

"——— I wish

"My self were mudded in that oozy bed,

"Where my son lies."

Again, in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint*:

"Of folded schedules had she many a one,

"Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the *flood*,

"Bidding them find their *sepulchres in mud*." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The air-remaining lamps,—*] Thus all the copies. *Air-remaining*, if it be right, must mean *air-bung*, suspended for ever in the air. So (as Mr. Steevens observes to me) in Shakspeare's 21st *Sonnet*:

"— *those gold candles fix'd in Heaven's air*."

In *K. Richard II.* *right-drawn sword* is used for a sword drawn in a just cause; and in *Macbeth* we meet with *air-drawn dagger*. Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*aye-remaining*. Thus, in *Othello*:

"Witness, you ever-burning lights above,"—

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"To feed for *aye* *ber lamp*, and flames of love." MALONE.

The propriety of the emendation suggested by Mr. Malone, will be increased, if we recur to our author's leading thought, which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead, perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus Pope in his *Eloisa*:

"Ah hopelefs, *lasting* flames, like those that burn

"To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!"

I would, however, read,

*And aye-remaining lamps, &c.*

Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, AND perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mafs of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the belching whale,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*.

"——— like scaled sculls

"Before the *belching whale*." MALONE.

And



And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
 Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,  
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper<sup>7</sup>,  
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
 Bring me the sattin coffer<sup>8</sup>: lay the babe  
 Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say  
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. [*Exit Lyc.*  
 2. *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatch es, caulk'd  
 and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2. *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* This~~Mer~~, gentle mariner,  
 Alter thy course for Tyre<sup>9</sup>. When canst thou reach it?

2. *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O, make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it  
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;  
 I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have  
 been shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

<sup>7</sup> — ink and paper,] This is the reading of the second quarto. The  
 first has *taper*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Bring me the *sattin coffer*:] The old copies have—*coffin*. It seems  
 somewhat extraordinary that Pericles should have carried a coffin to  
 sea with him. We ought, I think, to read, as I have printed, *coffer*.  
 MALONE.

*Sattin coffer* is most probably the true reading. In a subsequent  
 scene, this *coffin* is so called:

“ Madam, this letter and some certain jewels

“ Lay with you in your *coffer*.”

Our ancient *coffers* were often adorned on the inside with such cost-  
 ly materials. A relation of mine has a trunk which formerly belonged  
 to Katharine Howard when queen, and it is lined throughout with  
 rose-coloured *sattin*, most elaborately quilted. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Alter thy course for Tyre:] Change thy course, which is now for  
 Tyre, and go to Tharsus. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men ;  
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Ser.* I have been in many ; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I ne'er endur'd<sup>1</sup>.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return ;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,  
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary<sup>2</sup>,  
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who have  
been ship-wrecked.*]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

<sup>1</sup> *I have been in many ; but such a night as this,*

*Till now, I ne'er endur'd.*] So, in *Macbeth* :

" Threescore and ten I can remember well,

" Within the volume of which time I have seen

" Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this fore night

" Hath trifled former knowings."

Again, in *K. Lear* :

" ——— Since I was man,

" Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

" Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

" Remember to have heard."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar* :

" I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

" Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen

" The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

" To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds ;

" But never till to-night, never till now,

" Did I go through a tempest dropping fire." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Give this to the 'pothecary,*] The recipe which Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients.—The preceding words shew that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here. MALONE.

Shook

Shook, as the earth did quake<sup>3</sup>;  
 The very principals did seem to rend,  
 And all to topple<sup>4</sup>: pure surprise and fear  
 Made me to quit the house.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;  
 'Tis not our husbandry<sup>5</sup>.

*Cer.* O, you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
 Rich tire about you<sup>6</sup>, should at these early hours

Shake

3 *Shook, as the earth did quake;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— the obscure bird

" Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, *the earth*

" *Was feverous, and did shake.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— as if the world

" *Was feverous, and did tremble.*" MALONE.

4 *The very principals did seem to rend,*

*And all to topple;*] *The principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building. The second quarto, which is followed by the modern copies, reads corruptly—*principles*. If the speaker had been apprehensive of a general dissolution of nature, (which we must understand, if we read *principles*,) he did not need to leave his house: he would have been in as much danger without, as within.

*All to* is an augmentative often used by our ancient writers. It occurs frequently in the *Confessio Amantis*. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*, and applied to buildings:

" Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" Shakes the whole beldame earth, and *topples* down

" Steeples and moss-grown towers." MALONE.

5 *'Tis not our husbandry.*] *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. So, in *K. Henry V*:

" For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,

" Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*."

See also Vol. IX. p. 215, n. 6. MALONE.

6 *Rich tire about you, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1609; but the sense of the passage is not sufficiently clear. The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire about him*; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. The reasoning of these gentlemen should rather have led them

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.  
It is most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.* I held it ever,  
Virtue and cunning<sup>7</sup> were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever  
Have studied physick; through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions<sup>8</sup>;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death<sup>9</sup>.

2. *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth

them to say—*such towers* about you; i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of weather. They left their mansion because they were no longer secure if they remained in it, and naturally wonder why he should have quitted his, who had no such apparent reason for deserting it and rising early. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Virtue and cunning*—] *Cunning* means here *knowledge*. See Vol. IX. p. 532, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *the blest infusions*

*That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

“In plants, herbs, stones; and their true qualities.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *To please the fool and death.*] The *Fool* and *Death* were principal personages in the old Moralities. They are mentioned by our author in *Measure for Measure*:

“———— merely thou art *death's* fool;

“For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

“And yet run'st toward him still.” MALONE.

Your

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:  
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even  
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown, as time shall never—

*Enter two Servants, with a Chest.*

1. *Ser.* So; lift there.

*Cer.* What's that?

*Ser.* Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore  
This chest; 'tis of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set it down; let us  
Look upon it.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, fir.

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,  
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;  
If the sea's stomach be o'er-charg'd with gold,  
It is a good constraint of fortune, it  
Belches upon us<sup>1</sup>.

2. *Gent.* It is so, my lord.

*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bittum'd<sup>2</sup>! Did the  
sea  
Cast it up?

1. *Ser.* I never saw so huge a billow, fir,  
As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open:  
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2. *Gent.* A delicate odour.

<sup>1</sup> *It is a good constraint of fortune,  
It belches upon us.*] This singular expression is again applied by  
our author to the sea, in *the Tempest*:

“ You are three men of sin, whom destiny

“ (That hath to instrument this lower world,

“ And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea

“ Hath caused to belch up!”

<sup>2</sup> *How close 'tis caulk'd and bittum'd!*] *Bottom'd*, which is the reading of all the copies, is evidently a corruption. We had before—

“ Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bittum'd ready.” MALONE.

*Cer.*



*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril ; so,—up with it.  
O, you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse !

1. *Gent.* Most strange !

*Cer.* Shrowded in cloth of state :  
Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices !  
A passport too ! Apollo, perfect me  
In the characters <sup>3</sup> !

[unfolds a scroll.

*Here I give to understand,* [reads.

*(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)*

*I, king Pericles, have lost*

*This queen, worth all her mundane <sup>4</sup> cost.*

*Who finds her, give her burying ;*

*She was the daughter of a king <sup>5</sup> :*

*Besides this treasure for a fee,*

*The gods requite his charity !*

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart,  
That even cracks for woe <sup>6</sup>.—This chanc'd to-night.

2. *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night ;  
For look, how fresh she looks !—They were too rough,  
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within ;  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.  
Death may usurp on nature many hours,

3 — *Apollo, perfect me*

*In the characters !*] Cerimon, having made physick his peculiar study, would naturally, in any emergency, invoke Apollo. On the present occasion, however, he addresses him as the patron of learning.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —mundane —] i. e. worldly. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Who finds her, give her burying ;*

*She was the daughter of a king :*] The author had, perhaps, the sacred writings in his thoughts :

“ Go see now this cursed woman, and bury her ; for she is a king's daughter.” 2 Kings, ix. 36. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *thou hast a heart,*

*That even cracks for woe.*] So in *Hamlet* :

“ Now cracks a noble heart.”

*Even* is the reading of the second quarto. The first has *over*.

MALONE.

And

And yet the fire of life kindle again  
 'The o'er-pressed spirits. I have heard'<sup>7</sup>  
 Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours *lien dead*<sup>8</sup>,  
 Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths<sup>9</sup>.—  
 The rough and woeful musick that we have,  
 Cause it to sound, 'beseech you'<sup>1</sup>.  
 The vial once more;—How thou stir'st, thou block?—  
 The musick there<sup>2</sup>.—I pray you, give her air;—

Gentlemen,

<sup>7</sup> —*I have heard*—] For the insertion of the word *have*, which both the metre and sense require, I am responsible. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*nine hours lien dead*,] So, in the lxxviii<sup>th</sup> Psalm:

"—though ye have *lien* among the pots,"— STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Well said, well said; *the fire and cloths*.] So, on a similar occasion, in *Othello*, Act V. sc. i.

"——— O, a chair, a chair!—

"——— O, *that's well said*; the chair;—

"Some good man bear him carefully from hence." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *The rough and woeful musick that we have,*

*Cause it to sound, 'beseech you*.] Paulina in like manner in *The Winter's Tale*, when she pretends to bring Hermione to life, orders musick to be played, to awake her from her trance. So also the physician in *King Lear*, when the king is about to awake from the sleep he had fallen into, after his frenzy:

"Please you draw near;—*Louder the musick there!*" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The vial once more;—how thou stir'st, thou block?*—

*The musick there*.] The first quarto reads—the *viol* once more. The second and the subsequent editions—the *vial*. If the first be right, Cerimon must be supposed to repeat his orders that they should again sound their *rough and woeful musick*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"That *strain again!*"——

The word *viol* has occurred before in this play in the sense of *violin*. I think, however, the reading of the second quarto is right. Cerimon, in order to revive the queen, first commands loud musick to be played, and then a second time administers some cordial to her, which we may suppose had been before administered to her when his servants entered with the napkins, &c. See *Conf. Amant*. p. 180:

"——— this worthie kinges wife

"Honestlie thei token oute,

"And maden fyres all aboute;

"Thei leied hir on a couche fofte,

"And with a shete warmed ofte

"*Hir*

Gentlemen, this queen will live : Nature awakes ;  
A warmth breathes out of her <sup>1</sup> ; she hath not been  
Entranc'd above five hours. See, how she 'gins  
To blow into life's flower again !

1. *Gent.* The heavens,  
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up  
Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive ; behold,  
Her eye-lids, cases to those heavenly jewels <sup>2</sup>  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold <sup>3</sup> ;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be ! [She moves.]

" Hir colde bresse began to heate,  
" Hir herte also to slacke and beate.  
" This maister hath hir every joynte  
" With certein oyle and balsam anynte,  
" And put a licour in hir mouthe,  
" Whiche is to few clerkes couthe."

Little weight is to be laid on the spelling of the first quarto, for  
*vial* was formerly spelt *viol*. In the quarto edition of *K. Richard II.*  
1615 :

" Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
" Were seven *vials* of his sacred blood."

Again, in the folio, 1623, *ibid* :

" One *viol* full of Edward's sacred blood."

Again, in *The tragical History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562 :

" She poured forth into the *vyell* of the fryer

" Water ———." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *A warmth breathes out of her ;*] The old copies read—a warmth  
*breath* out of her. The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The  
second quarto, and the modern editions, read unintelligibly,

Nature awakes a *warm breath* out of her. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —cases to those heavenly jewels—] The same expression occurs in  
*The Winter's Tale* :

" —they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the  
cases of their eyes." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Her eye-lids*——

*Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;*] So, in *The Tempest* :

" The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,

" And say, what thou see'st yond." MALONE.

*Thai.*

*Thai.* O dear Diana,

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?<sup>4</sup>

*2. Gent.* Is not this strange?

*1. Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, my gentle neighbours; lend me your hands:

To the next chamber bear her<sup>5</sup>. Get linen; now

This matter must be look'd to, for her relapse

Is mortal. Come, come, and Esculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away.*]

### SCENE III.

*Tharfus.* *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,  
and MARINA.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands

In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,

Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods

Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you  
mortally<sup>6</sup>,

Yet

*4 What world is this?* So, in the *Conf. Amant.*

"And first hir eien up she cast,

"And whan she more of strength caught,

"Hir armes both forth she straughte;

"Helde up hir honde, and pitiously

"She spake, and said, *where am I?*

"*Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?*

"As she that wote not howe it is." MALONE.

*5 Hush, my gentle neighbours;—*

*To the next chamber bear her.* So, in *K. Henry IV. P. II.*

"I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence

"Into another chamber: softly, pray;

"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

"Unless some dull and favourable hand

"Will whisper musick to my wearied spirit." MALONE.

*6 —though they haunt you mortally,* Thus the first quarto. The folios and the modern editions read—*bate.* MALONE.

*Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally,*

*Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.* I think we should read:

VOL. III.

O O

Your

Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.

*Dion.* O, your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her  
hither,

To have blest mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but

Obeys the powers above us. Could I rage  
And roar, as doth the sea she lies in, yet  
The end must be as 'tis. My gentle babe,  
Marina, (whom, for she was born at sea,  
I have nam'd so,) here I charge your charity  
Withal, leaving her the infant of your care;  
Beseeching you to give her princely training,  
That she may be manner'd as she is born<sup>7</sup>.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord; but think,  
Your grace<sup>8</sup>, that fed my country with your corn,  
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect

Your *shocks* of fortune, though they *burt* (or *bunt* or *bit*) you  
mortally,

Yet glance full wand'ringly, &c.

Thus Tully in one of his Familiar Epistles: "*—omnibus telis fortunæ proposita sit vita nostra.*" Again, Shakspere in his *Othello*:

"The shot of accident or dart of chance—."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced."

The sense of the passage should seem to be as follows. All the malice of fortune is not confined to yourself. Though her arrows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they sometimes glance on us; as at present, when the uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharsus. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *That she may be manner'd as she is born.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— and he is one,

"The truest manner'd, such a holy witch,

"That he enchants societies to him." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Fear not, my lord; but think,*

*Your grace,—*] Such is the reading of the ancient copies. I suspect the poet wrote,

Fear not, my lord, but *that*

Your grace, &c. MALONE.

Should

Should therein make me vile<sup>9</sup>, the common body,  
 By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:  
 But if to that my nature need a spur<sup>1</sup>,  
 The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
 To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;

Your honour and your goodness teach me to it<sup>2</sup>,  
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
 By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
 Unfister'd shall this heir of mine remain,  
 Though I shew will in't<sup>3</sup>. So I take my leave  
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
 In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect,  
 Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

9 ——— if neglection

*Should therein make me vile,*] The modern editions have *neglect*.  
 But the reading of the old copy is right. The word is used by Shak-  
 speare in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"And this neglection of degree it is,

"That by a pace goes backward." MALONE.

1 — my nature need a spur,] So, in *Macbeth*:

"———— I have no spur

"To prick the sides of my intent,—." STEEVENS.

2 *Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,*] Perhaps our autho-  
 wrote — *witch* me to't. So, in *K. Henry VI. P. II.*:

"To fit and *witch* me as Afcanius did."

Again, in another play:

"I'll *witch* sweet ladies with my words and look,"

Again, more appositely, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*:

"———— pleasing charms,

"With which weak men thou *witchest* to attend." STEEVENS.

3 *Though I shew will in't.*] The meaning may be—*Though I*  
*appear wilful and perverse by such conduct.* We might read—*Though*  
*I shew ill in't.* MALONE.

*Unfister'd shall this babe of mine remain,*

*Though I shew will in't:*] i. e. till she be married, I swear by  
 Diana, (though I may shew [*will*, i. e.] obstinacy in keeping such  
 an oath) this heir of mine shall have none who can call her sister; i. e.  
 I will not marry and so have a chance of other children, before she is  
 disposed of.—*Obstinacy* was anciently called *wilfulness*. STEEVENS.



*Cle.* We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune<sup>4</sup>, and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace your offer.—Come, dearest madam.—

O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace

You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now \*  
At your command. Know you the character?

*Thai.* It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea,  
I well remember, even on my yearning time<sup>5</sup>;  
But whether there delivered or no,  
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say;  
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,  
I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery  
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

<sup>4</sup> — mask'd *Neptune*,] i. e. insidious waves, that wear a treacherous smile:

“ Subdola fallacis ridet elementia ponti. *Lucretius.*”

STEEVENS.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — the guiled shore

“ To a most dangerous sea.” MALONE.

\* — which are now —] For the insertion of the word *now* I am accountable. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I well remember, even on my yearning time*;) The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quarto reads *learning*. The editor of the second quarto seems to have corrected many of the faults in the old copy, without any consideration of the original corrupted reading. MALONE.

Read — *yearning* time. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ — for Falstaff he is dead,

“ And we must *yearn* therefore.”

Rowe would read — *eaning*, a term applicable only to sheep when they produce their young. STEEVENS.

*Cer.*

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may 'bide, until your date expire<sup>6</sup>.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompence is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T IV.

*Enter GOWER* <sup>7</sup>.

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd, and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votarefs<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> *Where you may 'bide, until your date expire.*] Until you die. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The date is out of such prolixity."

The expression of the text is again used by our author in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"An *expir'd date*, cancell'd, ere well begun."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——— and *expire* the term

"Of a despised life." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Gower.*] This chorus, and the two following scenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken series. The editor of the folio in 1664, first made the division of acts, (which has been since followed,) without much propriety. The poet seems to have intended that each act should begin with a chorus. On this principle the present division is made. Gower, however, interposing eight times, a chorus is necessarily introduced in the middle of this and the ensuing act. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,*

*Unto Diana there a votarefs.*] *Ephesus* is a rhyme so ill corresponding with *votarefs*, that I suspect our author wrote *Ephese* or *Ephes*; as he often contracts his proper names to suit his metre. Thus *Pont* for *Pontus*, *Mede* for *Media*, *Comagene* for *Comagena*, *Sicils* for *Sicilies*, &c. Gower, in the story on which this play is founded, has *Dionyze* for *Dionyza*, and *Tharse* for *Tharsus*. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*there's* a votarefs. I am answerable for the correction. MALONE.

Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find<sup>9</sup>  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In musick, letters<sup>1</sup>; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder<sup>2</sup>. But alack!  
That monster envy, oft the wreck

OF

<sup>9</sup> *Whom our fast-growing scene must find—*] The same expression occurs in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— your patience this allowing,  
“ I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,  
“ As you had slept between.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *In musick, letters;*] The old copy reads, I think corruptly,—*In musicks letters*. The corresponding passage in Gower's *Conf. Amant.* confirms the emendation now made:

“ My doughter *Thaïse* by your leve  
“ I thynke shall with you be leve  
“ As for a tyme : and thus I prai,  
“ That she be kepte by all waie,  
“ And whan she hath of age more  
“ That she be set to *bokes lore*,” &c.

Again :

“ ——— she dwelleth  
“ In Tharse, as the Cronike telleth ;  
“ She was well kept, she was well looked,  
“ *She was well taught, she was well boked* ;  
“ So well she sped hir in hir youth,  
“ That she of every wysedome couth.” — MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder.*] The old copies read—  
Which makes *bigb* both the art and place, &c.

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder.*] Such an education as rendered her the center and situation of general wonder. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. Shakspeare in *Coriolanus* says, that one of his ladies is—“ the *spire* and *top* of praise.” STEEVENS.

So, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the *heart* of my message.” Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — the very *heart* of loss.”

Again,

Of earned praise<sup>3</sup>, Marina's life  
 Seeks to take off, by treason's knife.  
 And in this kind hath our Cleon  
 One daughter, and a wench full grown<sup>4</sup>,  
 Even ripe for marriage fight<sup>5</sup>; this maid  
 Hight Philoten: and it is said  
 For certain in our story, she  
 Would ever with Marina be:  
 Be't when she weav'd the fleided silk<sup>6</sup>,  
 With fingers, long, small, white as milk;

Or

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"On her bare breast, the heart of all her land."

Place here signifies residence. So, in *A Lover's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place."

In this sense it was that Shakspeare, when he purchased his house at Stratford, called it *The New Place*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— of the wreck

Of earned praise,] Praise that has been well deserved. The same expression is found in the following lines, which our author has imitated in his *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his name?"

"Whose deadly foes do yield him dew and earned praise."

*Tragical Hyſtorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"If we have unearned luck,—" MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And in this kind bath our Cleon

One daughter, and a wench full grown,] The old copy reads—

And in this kind our Cleon hath

One daughter, and a full grown wench.

The rhyme shews evidently that it is corrupt. For the present regulation the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Even ripe for marriage fight;] The first quarto reads,

Even right for marriage fight.

The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions, have

Even ripe for marriage fight.

Sight was clearly misprinted for fight. We had before in this play *Cupid's wars*. Dr. Percy would read—for marriage rites. MALONE.

Read—fight; i. e. the combats of Venus; or night, which needs no explanation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Be't when she weav'd the fleided silk,] The old copies read—

Be it when they weav'd, &c.

But the context shews that *she* was the author's word. To have praised even the hands of Philoten would have been inconsistent with

Or when she would with sharp needl wound <sup>7</sup>  
 The cambrick, which she made more found  
 By hurting it ; or when to the lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
 That still records with moan <sup>8</sup> ; or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen

Vail

the general scheme of the present chorus. In all the other members of this sentence we find Marina alone mentioned :

Or when *she* would, &c.

———— or when to the lute

*She* sung, &c.

The weaver's *fley* or *slay* is explained in Vol. X. p. 353, n. 5. MALONE.

*Slaided* silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *fley* or *slay*. PERCY.

<sup>7</sup> Or *when she would with sharp needl wound*—] All the copies read, with sharp *needle* wound ; but the metre shews that we ought to read *needl*. In a subsequent passage, in the first quarto, the word is abbreviated :

“ ——— and with her *neele* compofes —.”

So, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582 :

“ ——— on *neeld*-wrought carpets.”

See also Vol. IV. p. 556, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — or *when to the lute*

*She* sung, and made the *night-bird* mute,

*That still records* with moan ;] The first quarto reads :

———— the *night-bed* mute,

That still records with moan.

for which in all the subsequent editions we find—

———— and made the *night-bed* mute,

That still records *within* one.

There can, I think, be no doubt, that the author wrote—*night-bird*. Shakspeare has frequent allusions, in his works, to the *nightingale*. So, in his 101st *Sonnet* :

“ As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,

“ And stops his pipe in growth of riper days,

“ Not that the summer is less pleasant now

“ Than when her *mournful* hymns did hush the *night*,” &c.

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594 :

“ And for, poor bird, *thou sing'st* not in the day,

“ As shaming anie eye should thee behold,”—

So Milton, *Par. Lost*, B. IV.

“ ——— These to their nests

“ Were slunk ; all but the wakeful nightingale ;

“ She all night long her amorous descant sung.”

T6

Vail to her mistress Dian<sup>9</sup>; still  
 This Philoten contends in skill  
 With absolute Marina<sup>1</sup>: so  
 The dove of Paphos might with the crow  
 Vie feathers white<sup>2</sup>. Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,

To record anciently signified to sing. So, in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by N. B. 1606:

"Recording songs unto the Deities—."

See Vol. I. p. 180, n. 5.—"A bird (I am informed) is said to *record*, when he sings at first low to himself, before he becomes master of his song and ventures to sing out. The word is in constant use with Bird-fanciers at this day." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *with rich and constant pen*

Vail to her mistress Dian;] To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—*When she would compose* supplicatory hymns to Diana, or verses expressive of her gratitude to Dionysa.

We might indeed read—*Hail* to her mistress Dian; i. e. salute her in verse. STEEVENS.

I strongly suspect that *vail* is a mis-print. We might read:

*Wail* to her mistress Dian.

i. e. compose elegies on the death of her mother, of which she had been apprized by her nurse, Lychorida.

That *Dian*, i. e. Diana, is the true reading, may, I think, be inferred from a passage in *The Merchant of Venice*; which may at the same time perhaps afford the best comment on that before us:

"Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;

"With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

"And draw her home with musick."

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"To be a barren sister all your life,

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *with absolute Marina*:] i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"————— at sea

"He is an *absolute* master."

Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

"—— from an *absolute* and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Vie feathers white*.] See note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. III. p. 290, n. 8. STEEVENS.

And



And not as given. This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks<sup>3</sup>,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare<sup>4</sup>,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath<sup>5</sup>  
 Prest for this blow<sup>6</sup>. The unborn event  
 I do commend to your content:  
 Only I carried winged time<sup>7</sup>  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—

3 — *This so darks*

*In Philoten all graceful marks,*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" ————— and their blaze

" 'Shall darken him for ever.'"

Again, *ibidem*:

" — You are *darken'd* in this action, sir,

" Even by your own." MALONE.

4 — *with envy rare,*] *Envy* is frequently used by our ancient writers, in the sense of *malice*. See Vol. VII. p. 338, n. 6. It is, however, I believe, here used in its common acceptation. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> The *pregnant* instrument of wrath—] *Pregnant* is *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" And crook the *pregnant* hinges of the knee,"—. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Prest for this blow.*] *Prest* is *ready*; *pret*, Fr. So, in *the Tragical Historie of Romcus and Juliet*, 1562:

" I will, God lendyng lyfe, on Wensday next be *prest*

" To wayte on him and you—."

See Vol. III. p. 10, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Only I carried winged time* —] So, in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:

" I —————

" Now take upon me, in the name of *time*,

" To use my *wings*."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

" Thus with imagin'd *wing* our swift scene flies,

" In motion of no less celerity

" Than that of thought." MALONE.

Dionyza

Dionyza does appear,  
With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

## SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA, and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it<sup>8</sup>:  
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience  
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom<sup>9</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> *Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:]* Here, I think, may be traced the rudiments of the scene in which lady Macbeth instigates her husband to murder Duncan:

"—— I have given suck, and know  
"How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;  
"I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
"Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
"And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn  
"As you have done to this." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —*inflame love in thy bosom,*] The first quarto reads—"Let not conscience which is but cold, in *flaming thy love* bosome, enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie," &c. The subsequent impressions afford no assistance. Some words seem to have been lost. The sentiment originally expressed, probably was this.—Let not conscience, which is but a cold monitor, deter you from executing what you have promised; nor let the beauty of Marina enkindle the flame of love in your bosom;—nor be softened by pity, which even I, a woman, have cast off.—I am by no means satisfied with the regulation that I have made, but it affords a glimmering of sense. Nearly the same expression occurred before:

—— That have *inflam'd desire* in my breast—.

I suspect, the words *inflame too nicely* were written in the margin, the author not having determined which of the two expressions to adopt; and that by mistake they were transcribed as part of the text. The metre, which might be more commodiously regulated, if these words were omitted, in some measure supports this conjecture:

Nor let pity, which ev'n women have cast off,  
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose. MALONE.

We might read,

—— inflame thy loving bosom:

With Mr. Malone's alteration, however, the words will bear the following sense: Let not conscience, which in itself is of a cold nature, have power to raise the flame of love in you, raise it even to folly.—*Nicely*, in ancient language, signifies *foolishly*. *Niais*. FR. STEEVENS.

Inflame

Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her<sup>1</sup>. Here  
She comes weeping for her old mistress' death.  
Thou art resolv'd?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> — but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her.] So, in *King Richard III.*

“ O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—

“ The fitter for the king of Heaven.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Here she comes weeping for her old mistress' death.

Thou art resolv'd?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.] This passage in the old copies stands thus:  
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.

Thou art resolv'd?

If regulated thus,

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.—

Death.—Thou art resolv'd?

it reminds us of one in *K. John*:

*K. John.* “ Dost thou understand me?—

“ Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* “ And I'll keep him so,

“ That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* “ Death.

*Hub.* “ My lord?

*K. John.* “ A grove.

*Hub.* “ He shall not live.”

The similitude may, however, be only imaginary, for the poet might have meant to say no more than—“ Here she comes weeping for the death of her only mistress.” Dr. Percy, supposes the words—*only mistress* to be corrupt, and would read—her *old nurse's* death. “ As Marina had been trained in musick, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida (he observes) could not have been her *only mistress*.” But I think the latter word right. Her nurse was in one sense her mistress; Marina, from her infancy to the age of fourteen, having been under the care of Lychorida.

Her only (or her *old*) mistress' death, (not “ *mistresses* death,”) was the language of Shakspeare's time, So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,” &c. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

*Mar.* No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers<sup>3</sup>: the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last<sup>4</sup>. Ah me! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother dy'd,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm\*,  
Whirring me from my friends<sup>5</sup>.

*Dion.*

<sup>3</sup> No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers:] Thus the quartos. In the folio  
grave was substituted for green. By the green, as Lord Charlemont sug-  
gests to me, was meant "the green turf with which the grave of  
Lychorida was covered." So, in Tassô's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, trans-  
lated by Fairfax, 1600:

"My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,

"Enjoy that good this body ne'er possess."

Weed in old language meant garment. MALONE.

The prose romance, already quoted, says "that always as she came  
homeward, she went and washed the tombe of her nouryce, and kept  
it continually fayre and clene." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,

While summer days do last.] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— with fairest flowers,

"While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

"I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack

"The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor

"The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no nor

"The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander

"Out-sweeten'd not thy breath."

Mr. Steevens would read—Shall as a *chaplet*, &c. The word *hang*, it  
must be owned, favours this correction, but the flowers strew'd *on*  
*the green-sward*, may with more propriety be compared to a carpet than  
a wreath. MALONE.

\* —like a lasting storm,] Thus the quarto, 1619. In the first copy  
the word *like* is omitted. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Whirring me from my friends.] Thus the earliest copy; I think,  
rightly. The second quarto, and all the subsequent impressions, read  
—*Hurrying* me from my friends. *Whirring* or *wbirrying* had former-  
ly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accom-  
panied with noise, is still said to *wbirr* away. Thus Pope:

"Now from the brake the *wbirring* pheasant springs."

The verb to *wbirry* is used in the ancient ballad entitled *Robin Good-  
fellow*. *Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poet.* Vol. III. p. 203:

"More

*Dion.* How now, Marina! why do you keep alone<sup>6</sup>?  
How chance my daughter is not with you<sup>7</sup>? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing<sup>8</sup>: you have  
A nurse of me\*. Lord! how your favour's chang'd  
With this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers: ere the sea mar it,  
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there<sup>9</sup>,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

*Mar.* No, I pray you;

"More swift than wind away I go,

"O'er hedge and lands,

"Through pools and ponds,

"I *whirry*, laughing, ho ho ho." MALONE.

The two last lines uttered by Marina, very strongly resemble a passage  
in Homer's *Iliad*, b. 19. l. 377:

πέτρην ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φιάλῃν ἀπ' ἀνέτης φέρονται.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?*] Thus the earliest  
copy. So, in *Macbeth*:

"*How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?*"

The second quarto reads

— why do you *weep* alone? MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *How chance my daughter is not with you?*] So, in *King Henry IV.*  
*P. II*: "How chance thou art not with the prince, thy brother?"

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Consume your blood with sorrowing:*] So, in *K. Henry VI. P. II.*  
"— *blood-consuming sighs.*" See also Vol. IX. p. 379, n. 2. MALONE.

\* — you have

*A nurse of me.*] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads—  
Have you a nurse of me? The poet probably wrote—

— Have you not

A nurse of me? MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — ere the sea mar it,

*Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,*] Some words must, I  
think, have been omitted. Probably the author wrote:

— ere the sea mar it,

*Walk on the shore with Leonine, the air*

*Is quick there.* MALONE.

— ere the sea mar it, &c.] i. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the  
shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see  
plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that Marina, when seized  
upon, was walking on the sea-shore; and Shakspeare was not likely  
to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean.

CHARLEMONT.

I'll

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come;

I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart <sup>1</sup>. We every day  
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find  
Our paragon to all reports <sup>2</sup>, thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;  
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old <sup>3</sup>. Care not for me;  
I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it <sup>4</sup>.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;  
Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;  
Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood:  
What! I must have care of you.

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam.— [*Exit Dionyza.*]

<sup>1</sup> *With more than foreign heart.*] With the same warmth of affection  
as if I was your country-woman. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Our paragon to all reports,*] Our fair charge, whose beauty was  
once equal to all that fame said of it. So, in *Otello*:

“ ————— He hath achiev'd a maid,

“ *That paragons description and wild fame.*” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ————— reserve

*That excellent complexion, which did steal*

*The eyes of young and old.*] So, in Shakespeare's 20th *Sonnet*:

“ A man in hue all hues in his controlling,

“ Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.”

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

“ Thus did he in the general bosom reign

“ *Of young and old.*

To reserve is here, to guard; to preserve carefully. So, in Shakespeare's 32d *Sonnet*:

“ Reserve them, for my love, not for their rhymes.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Well, I will go;*

*But yet I have no desire to it.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ I have no mind of feasting forth to-night,

“ But I will go.” STEEVENS.



Is this wind westerly that blows?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon.* Was't so?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cry'd, *good seamen*, to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes\*;  
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
That almost burst the deck<sup>5</sup>.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mar.* When I was born.

Never was waves nor wind more violent;  
And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
A canvas-climber<sup>6</sup>: *ha*, says one, *wilt out*?  
And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern<sup>7</sup>: the boat-swain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion<sup>8</sup>.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn

\* *His kingly hand with hauling of the ropes*;] For the insertion of the words *with* and *of* I am responsible. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *That almost burst the deck*.] *Burst* is frequently used by our author in an active sense. See Vol. V. p. 369, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And from the ladder-tackle washes off*

A canvas-climber:] A ship-boy. So, in *King Henry V*:

“————— and in them behold

“Upon the bempen-tackle ship-boys climbing.”

I suspect that a line, preceding these two, has been lost, which perhaps might have been of this import:

“O'er the good ship the foaming billow breaks,

“And from the ladder-tackle,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *From stem to stern*:] The old copies read—From *stern* to *stern*. But we certainly ought to read—From *stem* to *stern*. So Dryden:

“Orontes' barque, even in the hero's view,

“From *stem* to *stern* by waves was overborne.”

A hasty transcriber, or negligent compositor, might easily have mistaken the letter *m* and put *rn*, in its place. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —and trebles their confusion.] So, in *K. Henry V*:

“Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

“To sounds confus'd.” MALONE.

To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why, will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why, would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life;  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature: believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it<sup>1</sup>. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  
Or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* My commission.

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshew  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:

<sup>9</sup> *Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, &c.

*Mar.* Why, will you kill me? ] So, in *Otello*:

*Oth.* "Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?—

"If you bethink yourself of any crime

"Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

"Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* "Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

*Oth.* "Well, do it, and be brief.—

*Des.* "Talk you of killing," &c. STEEVENS.

This circumstance is likewise found in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

"Peto, domine, says Tharsia, (the Marina of this play,) ut si nulla spes est mihi, permittas me deum testare. Villicus ait, testate; et Deus ipse scit quod coactus te interficio. Illa vero cum esset posita in oratione, venerunt piratæ," &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> I trod upon a worm against my will,

But I wept for it.] Fenton has transplanted this image into his *Mariamne*:

"——— when I was a child,

"I kill'd a linnet, but indeed I wept;

"Heaven visits not for that." STEEVENS.

VOL. III.

P p

Good,

Good sooth, it shew'd well in you ; do so now :  
Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will dispatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.*

1. *Pir.* Hold, villain ! [*Leonine runs away.*]
2. *Pir.* A prize ! a prize !
3. *Pir.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The same. Enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the great pirate,  
Valdes<sup>2</sup>;  
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go :  
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,  
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further ;  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> *These roguing thieves serve the great pirate, Valdes ;*] The Spanish armada, I believe, furnished our author with this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-second of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period.—The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days.

MALONE.

We should probably read — *These rowing* thieves. The idea of roguery is necessarily implied in the word *thieves*. MASON.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.**Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.**Pan.* Boul't.*Boul't* Sir.*Pan.* Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action \* are even as good as rotten.*Pan.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper<sup>3</sup>.*Bawd.* Thou say'st true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards<sup>4</sup>, as I think, I have brought up some eleven—*Boul't.* Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again<sup>5</sup>.

\* — and with continual action—] Old Copies—and *they* with, &c. The word *they* was evidently repeated by the carelessness of the compositor. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.*] The sentiments incident to vicious professions suffer little change within a century and a half. This speech is much the same as that of Mrs. Cole in the *Minor*: "Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?"

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou say'st true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,*] There seems to be something wanting. Perhaps—*that will do*—or some such words. The author, however, might have intended an imperfect sentence. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.*] I have brought up (i. e. educated) says the bawd, some eleven. Yes, (answers Boul't) to eleven, (i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires no explanation.

STEEVENS.

The modern copies read, *I too eleven*. The true reading, which is found in the quarto, 1609, was pointed out by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

*Pan.* Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience<sup>5</sup>. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boult.* Ay, she quickly poop'd him<sup>6</sup>; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit Boult.*]

*Pan.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

*Pan.* O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger<sup>7</sup>: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd<sup>8</sup>. Besides, the fore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.*

<sup>5</sup> *Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience.*] The old copies read—*there's two* unwholesome o' conscience. The preceding dialogue shews that they are erroneous. The complaint had not been made of *two*, but of *all the stuff* they had. According to the present regulation, the pandar merely assents to what his wife had said. The words *two* and *too* are perpetually confounded in the old copies.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Ay, she quickly poop'd him;*] The following passage in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, will sufficiently explain this singular term:

“ ———— foul Amazonian trulls,

“ Whose lanterns are still lighted in their *poops*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *the commodity wages not with the danger:*] i. e. is not equal to it.

“ — his taints and honours

“ *Wag'd* equal with him.” *Ant. and Cleop.* STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Othello*:

“ To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *to keep our door hatch'd.*] The doors or hatches of brothels, in the time of our author, seem to have had some distinguishing mark. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: “ Set some *picks* upon your *batch*, and, I pray, profess to keep a *bawdy-house*.”

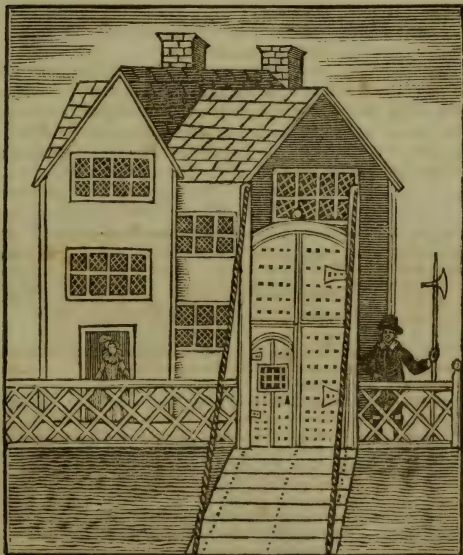
Prefixed



*Barw.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we<sup>9</sup>.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better to; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boul.

Prefixed to an old pamphlet entitled *Hollands Leaguer*, 4to. 1632, is a representation of a celebrated brothel on the Bank-side near the Globe playhouse, from which the annexed cut has been made. We have here the *hatch* exactly delineated. The man with the pole-ax, was called the *Ruffian*. MALONE.



<sup>9</sup> Come, other sorts offend as well as we.] From her husband's answer, I suspect the poet wrote—Other trades, &c. MALONE.



*Enter the Pirates, and BOULT dragging in MARINA.*

*Boult.* Come your ways. [*to Marina.*]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1. *Pir.* O sir, we doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I have gone thorough<sup>1</sup> for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Barvd.* Boult, has she any qualities?

*Boult.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good cloaths; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Barvd.* What's her price, Boult?

*Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces<sup>2</sup>.

*Pan.* Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment<sup>3</sup>. [*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

*Barvd.* Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age<sup>4</sup>, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first*<sup>4</sup>. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boult.* Performance shall follow, [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

<sup>1</sup> — *I have gone thorough* —] i. e. I have bid a high price for her, gone far in my attempt to purchase her. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.*] This speech should seem to suit the *Pirate*. However, it may belong to *Boult*. I cannot get them to bate me one doit of a thousand pieces. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *that she may not be raw in her entertainment.*] Unripe, unskilful. So, in *Hamlet*:—"and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick fail." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *age* —] So the quarto, 1619. The first copy has—*her age*,

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *and cry, He that will give most, shall have her first.*] The prices of first and secondary prostitution are exactly settled in the old prose romance already quoted: "Go thou, and make a crye through the cyte, that of all men that shall inhabyte with her carnally, the fyrst shall gyve me a pounce of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde."

STEEVENS.

(He

(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,  
(Not enough barbarous) had not o'er-board thrown me,  
For to seek my mother<sup>5</sup>!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are lit into my hands, where you are like  
to live<sup>6</sup>.

*Mar.* The more my fault,  
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of  
all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the  
difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your  
ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a  
woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, golling: I think I shall have  
something to do with you. Come, you are a young  
foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

<sup>5</sup> — or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not o'er-board thrown me,

For to seek my mother!] Thus the old copy, but I suspect the  
second *not* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor. Marina,  
I think, means to say, Alas, how unlucky it was, that Leonine was  
so slack in his office; or, he having omitted to kill me, how fortunate  
would it have been for me, if those pirates had thrown me into the sea  
to seek my mother.

However, the original reading may stand, though with some harsh-  
ness of construction. Alas, how unfortunate it was, that Leonine was  
so merciful to me, or that these pirates had not thrown me into the sea  
to seek my mother.

If the second *not* was intended by the author, he should rather have  
written—*did not o'er-board throw me, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.] So, in  
*Antony and Cleopatra*:

— Be of good cheer;

You have fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing. MALONE.

P P 4

*Mar.*

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—*Boult's* return'd.

*Enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?

*Boult.* I have cry'd her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice<sup>8</sup>.

*Bawd.* And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* Faith, they listen'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description\*.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight, that cowers i'the hams<sup>9</sup>?

*Bawd.* Who? monsieur Veroles?

<sup>8</sup> Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?

— I have drawn her picture with my voice.] So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Evanthe says,

“ I'd rather thou had'st deliver'd me to pirates,

“ Betray'd me to incurable diseases,

“ Hung up her picture in a market-place,

“ And sold her to vile bawds!”

And we are told in a note on this passage, that it was formerly the custom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived. Had not Fletcher the story of Marina in his mind, when he wrote the above lines? MASON.

*The Wife for a Month* was one of Fletcher's latest plays. It was first exhibited in May, 1624. MALONE.

\* — a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads—a Spaniard's mouth water'd, and he went, &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — that cowers i'the hams?] To cower is to sink by bending the hams. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

“ The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands.”

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*:

“ They cow'r so o'er the coles, their eies be bled with smooke.”

STEEVENS.

*Boult.*

*Boult.* Ay, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow<sup>1</sup>.

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his dis-ease hither: here he does but repair it<sup>2</sup>. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun<sup>3</sup>.

*Boult.*

<sup>1</sup> — *he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.*] If there were no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *here he does but repair it.*] To repair here means to renovate. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ O, disloyal thing!

“ That should'st repair my youth,—.”

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“ ——— It much repairs me

“ To talk of your good father.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *to scatter his crowns in the sun.*] There is here perhaps some allusion to the *lues venerea*, though the words *French crowns* in their literal acceptation were certainly also in Boult's thoughts. It occurs frequently in our author's plays. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Lucio. A French crown more.

“ Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me.” MALONE.

— *I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.*] This passage, as the words which compose it are arranged at present, is to me unintelligible. I would correct and read: “ I know he will come in, to scatter his crowns in the shadow of our sun.” I suppose the bawd means to call Marina the *sun* of her house. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ Witness my *sun*, now in the shade of death.”

There is indeed a proverbial phrase alluded to in *Hamlet*, and introduced in *King Lear*: “ — out of heaven's benediction into the warm *sun*.” But I cannot adapt it to this passage. Let the reader try. STEEVENS.

“ To go out of heaven's benediction into the warm *sun*,” was a proverbial phrase, signifying, “ to go from good to worse,” and therefore can not possibly throw any light upon the passage before us. MALONE.

Boult had said before, that he had proclaimed the beauty of Marina, and drawn her picture with his voice. He says in the next speech that with such a sign as Marina, they should draw every traveller to their house, considering Marina, or rather the picture he had drawn of her, as the sign to distinguish the house, which the bawd on account of her beauty calls the *sun*: and the meaning of the passage is merely this: “ — that the French knight will seek the shade or shelter of their house,

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign<sup>4</sup>.

*Bawd.* Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit<sup>5</sup>.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quench'd with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant<sup>6</sup>.

*Boult.* 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

house, to scatter his money there." But if we make a slight alteration, and read—*on our shadow*, it will then be capable of another interpretation. *On our shadow*, may mean, *on our representation or description of Marina*, and the *sun* may mean the real sign of the house. For there is a passage in Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, which gives reason to imagine that the sun was, in former times, the usual sign of a brothel. When Sulpitia asks, what is become of the Dane? Jacques replies, "What, goldy locks? he lies at the sign of the sun, to be new-breeched." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *we should lodge them with this sign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin. This, I think, is the meaning. A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline*: "She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit." Perhaps there is some allusion to the constellation *Virgo*.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *a mere profit.*] i. e. an absolute, a certain profit. See Vol. VII. p. 89, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.*] You say true; for even a bride, who has the sanction of the law to warrant her proceeding, will not surrender her person without some constraint. *Which is her way to go with warrant*, means only—to *which she is entitled to go*. MALONE.



*Boult.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn<sup>7</sup>; therefore say, what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels<sup>8</sup>, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep<sup>9</sup>, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep<sup>1</sup>.  
Diana, aid my purpose!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

<sup>7</sup> When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn;] A similar sentiment occurs in *King Lear*:

"That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh,

"To raise my fortunes." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,] Among the effects ascribed by the vulgar to a thunder-storm, is that of making fish more easy to be taken. STEEVENS.

Marston in his *Scourge of Villanie*, Sat. 7. has the same allusion:

"They are nought but eels, that never will appear

"Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, tear

"Their slimy beds." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—If knife, drugs, serpents, have

"Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe." STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Orbello*:

"—If there be cords, or knives,

"Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,

"I'll not endure it." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.] We have the same classical allusion in *The Tempest*:

"If thou dost break her virgin knot," &c. MALONE.

SCENE



## S C E N E IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter CLEON, and DIONYZA.*

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*Dion.* I think you'll turn a child again:

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,  
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o'the earth,  
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,  
Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy face<sup>2</sup>: What canst thou say,  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child<sup>3</sup>?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,  
To foster it, nor ever to preserve<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> *If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness*

*Becoming well thy face:]* i. e. hadst thou poisoned thyself by pledging him, it would have been an action well becoming thy gratitude to him, as well as thy audacity or confidence. *Face*, in the *Alchemist* is a name bestowed on the most plausible and bold of his male cheats. Perhaps, however, we should read *fast* instead of *face*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *What canst thou say,*

*When noble Pericles shall demand his child?*] So, in the ancient romance already quoted: "—tell me now, what rekenynge we shall gyve hym of his doughter," &c. STEEVENS.

So also in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "*Quem* [Appollonius] *cum vidisset Stranguio, per exit rabido cursu, dixitque uxori suæ Dyonisiadi, 'Dixisti Appolloniam naufragum esse mortuum. Ecce, venit ad repetendam filiam. Ecce, quid dicturi sumus pro filiâ?'*" MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Nurses are not the fates,*

*To foster it, nor ever to preserve.]* So King John, on receiving the account of Arthur's death:

"We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

"Think you, I bear the *shears of destiny*?

"Have I commandment on the pulse of life?" MALONE.

She

She died at night<sup>5</sup>; I'll say so. Who can cross it<sup>6</sup>?

Unless you play the impious innocent<sup>7</sup>,

And for an honest attribute, cry out,

*She died by foul play.*

*Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those, that think

The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,

And open this to Pericles. I do shame

To think, of what a noble strain you are,

And of how coward a spirit<sup>8</sup>.

*Cle.*

<sup>5</sup> *She died at night*;] I suppose Dionyza means to say that she died suddenly; was found dead in the morning. The words are from Gower :

“ She saith, that Thayfe sodeynly

“ *By night* is dead.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll say so. Who can cross it?*] So, in *Macbeth* :

*Macb.* “ Will it not be receiv'd,

“ When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

“ Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,

“ That they have done't?

*Lady M.* “ *Who dares receive it other,*

“ As we shall make our grief and clamour roar

“ Upon his death?” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Unless you play the impious innocent*,] The folios and the modern editions have omitted the word *impious*, which is necessary to the metre, and is found in the first quarto. She calls him, an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.

An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. See p. 446, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *I do shame*

*To think, of what a noble strain you are,*

*And of how coward a spirit.*] Lady Macbeth urges the same argument to persuade her husband to commit the murder of Duncan, that Dionyza here uses to induce Cleon to conceal that of Marina :

“ ——— art thou afraid

“ To be the same in thine own act and valour,

“ As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that

“ Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

“ And live a coward in thine own esteem?

“ Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

“ Like the poor cat i'the adage?”

Again,

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his pre-consent<sup>9</sup>, he did not flow  
From honourable courtes.

*Dion.* Be it so then :

Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
She did disdain my child, and stood between  
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;  
Whilst ours was blurted at<sup>1</sup>, and held a malkin,  
Not worth the time of day<sup>2</sup>. It pierc'd me thorough;  
And

Again, after the murder, she exclaims:

" My hands are of your colour, but I *shame*

" *To wear a heart so white.*" MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Though not his pre-consent,*] The first quarto reads—*prince* consent. The second quarto, which has been followed by the modern editions, has—*whole* consent. In the second edition, the editor or printer seems to have corrected what was apparently erroneous in the first, by substituting something that would afford sense, without paying any regard to the corrupted reading, which often leads to the discovery of the true. For the emendation inserted in the text the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. A passage in *King John* bears no very distant resemblance to the present:

" — If thou didst but consent

" To this most cruel act, do but despair,

" And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

" That ever spider twisted from her womb,

" Will serve to strangle thee." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Whilst ours was blurted at,*] Thus the quarto, 1609. All the subsequent copies have—*blurred* at.

This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

" This day hath set derision on the French,

" And all the world will blurt and scorn at us." MALONE.

*She did disdain my child, and stood between*

*Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,*

*But cast their gazes on Marina's face;*

*Whilst ours was blurted at,*] The usurping Duke in *As You Like It* gives the same reasons for his cruelty to Rosalind:

" — she robs thee of thy name;

" And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

" When she is gone." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — a malkin,

*Not worth the time of day,*] A malkin is a coarse wench. A kitchen-

And though you call my course unnatural<sup>3</sup>,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find,  
It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,  
Perform'd to your sole daughter<sup>4</sup>.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And yet we mourn: her monument  
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us  
At whose expence 'tis done.

*Cle.* Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons<sup>5</sup>.

*Dion.*

*kitchen-malkin* is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day* is, not worth a good day or good morrow; undeserving the most common and usual salutation. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 193, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And though you call my course unnatural,] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
"To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs." MALONE

<sup>4</sup> It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,

*Perform'd to your sole daughter.*] Perhaps it greets me, may mean, it pleases me; c'est a mon gré. If greet be used in its ordinary sense of saluting or meeting with congratulation, it is surely a very harsh phrase. There is however a passage in *K. Henry VIII.* which seems to support the reading of the text in its ordinary signification:

"——'Would I had no being,

"If this salute my blood a jot." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Thou art like the harpy,

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.] There is an awkwardness of construction in this passage, that leads me to think it corrupt. The sense designed seems to have been—*Thou resemblest in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may seize with the talons of an eagle.*—Might we read:

Thou art like the harpy,

Which, to betray, dost wear thine angel's face;

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Which is here, as in many other places, for *who*.

Mr.

*Dion.* You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies<sup>6</sup>;  
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Gower, before the Monument of Marina at Tharfus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
make short;  
Sail seas in cockles<sup>7</sup>, have, and wish but for't;  
Making (to take your imagination)  
From bourn to bourn<sup>8</sup>, region to region.

By

*Mr. Steevens* thinks a line was omitted at the press, which, he supposes, might have been of this import:

Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost with thine angel's face  
Hang out fair shewes of love, that thou may'st surer  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

In *K. Henry VIII.* we meet with a similar allusion:

"Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!"

Again, in *King John*:

"Rath, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
"With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;*] You resemble him, who is angry with heaven, because it does not control the common course of nature. Marina, like the flies in winter, was fated to perish; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence. MALONE.

Perhaps the meaning is, "You are one of those, who superstitiously appeal to the Gods on every trifling and natural event. But whatever be the meaning, *swear to the Gods*, is a very awkward expression.

A passage somewhat similar occurs in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*; where Albert says,

"————— Here we study  
"The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,  
"Dull'd with abundance; and dispute with heaven,  
"If that the least puff of the rough north wind  
"Blast our vine's burden." MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *Sail seas in cockles,*] We are told by Reginald Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, that "it was believed that witches could sail in an eggshell, a cockle or muscle-shell, through and under tempestuous seas." This popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Making (to take your imagination)*

*From bourn to bourn,*] *Making*, if that be the true reading, must be



By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime,  
 To use one language, in each several clime,  
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,  
 To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps, to teach you  
 The stages of our story<sup>9</sup>. Pericles  
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas<sup>1</sup>,

(Attended

be understood to mean—*proceeding in our course*, from bourn to bourn, &c. It is still said at sea—the *ship* makes *much way*. I suspect, however, that the passage is corrupt. All the copies have—*our* imagination, which is manifestly wrong. Perhaps the author wrote—to *task* your imagination. MALONE.

*Making (to take your imagination)*

*From bourn to bourn, &c.*] i. e. travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one part of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *who stand i'the gaps, to teach you*

*The stages of our story.*] So, in the chorus to the *Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— I slide

“ O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd

“ Of that wide *gap*.”

The earliest quarto reads—*with gaps*; that in 1619—in *gaps*. The reading that I have substituted, is nearer that of the old copy.

MALONE.

*To learn of me who stand with gaps —*] I should rather read—*i'the gaps*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ That I may sleep out this great *gap* of time

“ My Antony's away.”

I would likewise transpose and correct the following lines thus:

“ ——— I do beseech ye

To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach ye,

The stages of our story. Pericles

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,

Attended on by many a lord and knight,

To see his daughter, all his *life's* delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear it you in mind,

Old Helicanus goes along behind.

Well-failing ships and bounteous winds have brought

This king to Tharsus: think *his* pilot *wrought*

So with his steerage, and your thoughts shall groan

To fetch, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *thwarting the wayward seas,*] So, in *K. Henry V*:

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Qq

“ ——— and



(Attended on by many a lord and knight,) To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late<sup>2</sup> Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,  
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.  
 Well-failing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought  
 This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought<sup>3</sup>;  
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)  
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone<sup>4</sup>.

" ——— and there being seen,

" Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,

" *Atbwart the seas.*"

*The wayward, &c.* is the reading of the second quarto. The first has—*thy*. In the next line but one, the old copies read—all his *lives* delight. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late, &c.*] In the old copies these lines are strangely misplaced:

Old Helicanus goes along behind

Is left to governe it, you beare in mind.

Old Escanes whom Helicanus late

Advancde in time to great and hie estate.

Well failing ships and bounteous winds have broght

This king to Tharsus, &c.

The transposition suggested by Mr. Steevens renders the whole passage perfectly clear. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— (*think his pilot thought*;

*So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,*)

*To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.*] The old copies read:

—— think *this* pilot thought,

So with his steerage shall your thoughts *groan*, &c.

but they are surely corrupt. I read—think *his* pilot thought; suppose that your imagination is his pilot. So, in *K. Henry V*:

" —'Tis your *thoughts*, that now must deck our kings,

" *Carry them here and there*; jumping o'er times."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Heave him away *upon your winged thoughts*

" *Atbwart the seas.*"

In the next line the versification is defective by one word being printed instead of two. By reading *grow on* instead of *groan*, the sense and metre are both restored. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (fol. 1623): "—— and so *grow on* to a point." See Vol. II. p. 452, n. 3. We might read *go on*; but the other appears to be more likely to have been the author's word. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *who first is gone.*] Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there. MALONE.

Like

Like motes and shadows see them move a while;  
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door, Pericles with his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb of Marina; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then Cleon and Dionyza retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe<sup>5</sup>;  
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-  
shower'd,

Leaves Tharfus, and again embarks. He swears  
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;  
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,  
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit<sup>6</sup>  
The epitaph is for Marina writ  
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*  
*The fairest, sweetest, and best\*, lies here,*  
*Who wither'd in her spring of year,*

5 — *for true old woe;*] So, in *K. Henry V*:

“ ——— Sit and see,

“ Minding true things by what their mockeries be.”

MALONE.

— *for true old woe;*] i. e. for such tears as were shed, when the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages. Perhaps, however, we ought to read—true-told woe.

STEEVENS.

6 — *Now please you wit* —] Now be pleased to know. So, in Gower:

“ In whiche the lorde bath to him writte

“ That he would understonde and witte,”—.

The editor of the second quarto, (which has been copied by all the other editions,) probably not understanding the passage, altered it thus:

——— Now take we our way

To the epitaph for Marina writ by Dionysia. MALONE.

\* — *sweetest and best,*] *Sweetest* is here used as a monosyllable. So *Higbest*, in *The Tempest*: “ *Higbest* queen of state,” &c. MALONE.

*She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;  
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,  
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth<sup>7</sup>;  
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint<sup>8</sup>),  
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

No vizor does become black villainy,  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And bear his courtes to be ordered  
By lady fortune; while our scene must play<sup>9</sup>  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,

In

<sup>7</sup> *Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' th' earth:]* The modern editions by a strange blunder, read, *That is*, being proud, &c.

I formerly thought that by the words *some part of the earth* was meant *Tbaïsa*, the mother of Marina. So Romeo calls his beloved Juliet, when he supposes her dead, *the dearest morsel of the earth*. But I am now convinced that I was mistaken. "The inscription (Mr. Mason justly observes) alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina, at which time the sea proudly o'er-swelling its bounds, swallowed, as is usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The poet ascribes the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element, and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be over-flowed, bestowed this *birth-child* of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis in revenge makes raging battery against the shores.

"The line, *Therefore the earth fearing to be o'er-flow'd*, proves beyond doubt that the words, *some part of the earth*, cannot mean the body of *Tbaïsa*, but a portion of the continent."

Our poet has many allusions in his works to the depredations made by the sea on the land. So, in his 64th Sonnet:

"When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
"Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
"And the firm soil win of the watry main,  
"Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;" &c.

We have, I think, a similar description in *K. Lear* and *K. Henry IV.*

P. II. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *and swears she'll never stint,*] *She'll never cease.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It *stinted*, and said, ay." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *while our scene must play—*] The old copies have,  
While our *stear* must play—.

For

In her unholy service. Patience then,  
And think you now are all in Mitylene.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this,  
she being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you  
ever dream of such a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-  
houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1. *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous, but I  
am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boul't.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her,  
she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god  
Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either  
get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do  
for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our

For the emendation I am responsible. So, in *As You Like It*;

"This wide and universal theatre

"Presents more woeful pageants than the *scene*

"Wherein we *play* in."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"— as if

"The *scene* you *play*, were mine."

It should be remembered that *scene* was formerly spelt *scene*; so  
there is only a change of two letters, which in the writing of the early  
part of the last century were easily confounded. Mr. Steevens would  
read—which our *tears* must play. The passages above quoted appear  
to me in favour of the other emendation. MALONE.

profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

*Pan.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

*Bawd.* 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguis'd<sup>1</sup>.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Lys.* How now? How a dozen of virginities<sup>2</sup>?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honour<sup>3</sup>!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 'tis the better for you that your reporters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity<sup>4</sup>? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

<sup>1</sup> — Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguis'd.] So, in the ancient prose romance already quoted: "Than anone as Anthygoras prynce of the cyte it wythe, went and he *disguysed* himselfe, and went to the bordell whereas Tarcy was," &c. STEEVENS.

So also in the *Gesta Romanorum*; "Cum lenone antecedente et tuba, tertia die cum symphonia ducitur [Tharsia] ad lupanar. Sed *Arbenagoras princeps* primus ingreditur *velato corpore*. Tharsia autem videns eum projecit se ad pedes ejus, et ait, &c." No mention is made in the *Conf. Amant.* of this interview between Athenagoras (the Lysimachus of our play) and the daughter of Appolinus. So that this circumstance must have been taken either from *Kyng Appolyn of Tbyre*, or some other translation of *Gesta Romanorum*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> How now? how a dozen of virginities? For what price may a dozen of virginities be had? So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"How a score of ewes now?" MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Now the gods to-bless your honour!] This use of *to* in composition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) is very common in Gower and Chaucer. See Vol. I. p. 284, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — wholesome iniquity?] Thus the quarto, 1609. The second quarto and the modern editions read—*impunity*. MALONE.

*Bawd.*

*Bawd.* We have here one, fir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

*Lyf.* If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

*Lyf.* Well; call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, fir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

*Lyf.* What, pr'ythee?

*Boult.* O, fir, I can be modest.

*Lyf.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste<sup>s</sup>.

*Enter MARINA.*

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

*Lyf.* 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

*Lyf.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

[to Marina, whom she takes aside.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

<sup>s</sup> *That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1619. The first quarto has—*That dignities, &c.* Perhaps the poet wrote—*That dignity is the renown, &c.* The word *number* is, I believe, a misprint; but I know not how to rectify it. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage should seem to be this: "The mask of modesty is no less successfully worn by procuresses than by wantons, It palliates grossness of profession in the former, while it exempts a multitude of the latter from suspicion of being what they are. 'Tis politick foreach to assume the appearance of this quality, though neither of them in reality possess it." STEEVENS.



*Bawd.* Next, he's the governour of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

*Bawd.* 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing<sup>6</sup>, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lyf.* Have you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet<sup>7</sup>; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together<sup>8</sup>.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boul.*]

*Lyf.* Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lyf.* What I cannot name but I shall offend<sup>9</sup>.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lyf.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lyf.* Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven<sup>1</sup>?

*Mar.*

<sup>6</sup> — *without any more virginal fencing,*] This uncommon adjective occurs again in *Coriolanus*:

“ — the *virginal* palms of your daughters—.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *My lord, she's not paced yet* ;] She has not yet learned her *paces*.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Come, we will leave his honour and her together.*] The first quarto adds—*Go thy ways*. These words, which denote both authority and impatience, I think, belong to *Lyfimachus*. He had before expressed his desire to be left alone with *Marina*: “—Well, there's for you;—leave us.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *What I cannot name but I shall offend.*] The old copies read:

*Why* I cannot name, &c. MALONE.

I read—*What* I cannot, &c. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ *What* but to speak of would offend again.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?*] A gamester was formerly

*Mar.* Earlier too, fir, if now I be one.

*Lyf.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governour of this place.

*Lyf.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you, who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lyf.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof\* for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, shew it now<sup>2</sup>;  
If put upon you, make the judgment good,  
That thought you worthy of it.

*Lyf.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage<sup>3</sup>.

*Mar.* For me,  
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune

formerly used to signify a wanton. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“ ———— She's impudent, my lord,

“ And was a common gamester to the camp.” MALONE.

\* —and so stand aloof—] Old Copies—*aloof*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> If you were born to honour, shew it now;] In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tharsia (the Marina of the present play) preserves her chastity by the recital of her story: “ Misere me propter Deum, et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Resiste libidini tuæ, et audi casus infelicitatis meæ, et unde sim diligenter considera. Cui cum universos casus suos exposuisset, princeps confusus et pietate plenus, ait ei,—Habeo et ego filiam tibi similem, de qua similes casus metuo.” Hæc dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro virginitate quam impositus est. Dic advenientibus sicut mihi dixisti, et liberaberis.”

The affecting circumstance which is here said to have struck the mind of Athenagoras; (the danger to which his own daughter was liable,) was probably omitted in the translation. It hardly, otherwise, would have escaped our author. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Some more;—be sage.] Lyfimachus says this with a sneer.—Proceed with your fine moral discourse. MALONE.

Have

Have plac'd me in this stie, where, since I came,  
Diseases have been sold dearer than physick,  
O that the gods would set me free from this  
Unhallow'd place, though they did change me to  
The meanest bird that flies i'the purer air.

*Lys.* I did not think thou could'st have spoke so well;  
Ne'er dream'd thou could'st.  
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:  
Persever in that clear way thou goest<sup>4</sup>, and  
The gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent; for to me  
The very doors and windows favour vilely.  
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue<sup>5</sup>, and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.  
Hold; here's more gold for thee.  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness!  
If thou dost hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

[*As* Lyfimachus is putting up his purse, Boulton enters.

*Boulton.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!  
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,  
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away. [Exit.

*Boulton.* How's this? We must take another course with

<sup>4</sup> *Persever in that clear way thou goest,*] Continue in your present virtuous disposition. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

" — for the sake

" Of clear virginity, be advocate

" For us and our distresses."

See also Vol. VIII. p 61, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *a piece of virtue,*] This expression occurs in the *Tempest*:

" — thy mother was

" A piece of virtue —." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Let not the piece of virtue, which is set

" Betwixt us, —."

*Octavia* is the person alluded to. MALONE.

you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope<sup>6</sup>, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods<sup>7</sup>.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable<sup>8</sup>.

*Boult.* And if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plough'd.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her. 'Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's

<sup>6</sup> — under the cope,] i. e. under the cope or covering of heaven. The word is thus used in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.] So, in *Measure for Measure*, the Duke says to the Bawd:

"Can'st thou believe, thy living is a life,

"So stinkingly depending?

"Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir."—

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.] So, in *Gesta Romanorum*: "Altera die, adhuc eam virginem audiens, iratus (leno) vocans villicum puellarum, dixit, duc eam ad te, et frange nodum virginittatis ejus." MALONE.

born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays<sup>9</sup>! [Exit Bawd.]

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your way with me.

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing<sup>1</sup>?

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art<sup>\*</sup>, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel,

That comes enquiring for his tib<sup>2</sup>;

To the cholerick sisting of every rogue

Thy ear is liable; thy food is such,

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty

<sup>9</sup> — *my dish of chastity* with rosemary and bays!] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.*

*Boult. Come now, your one thing?*] So, in *K. Henry IV. P. II.*

“*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, P. ins?

“*Poins.* Go to, I stand the push of your one thing.” MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> *Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,*] The word *yet* was inserted by Mr. Rowe for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *to ev'ry coystrel,*

*That comes enquiring for his tib;*] To every mean fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Tib* is, I think, a contraction of *Tabitha*. It was formerly a cant name for a strumpet. See p. 394, n. 3.

MALONE.

— *coystrel*, i. e. paltry fellow. See Vol. IV. p. 10, n. 4. STEEVENS.

Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth;  
 Serve by indenture to the common hangman;  
 Any of these ways are better yet than this\*;  
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,  
 Would own a name too dear<sup>3</sup>. That the gods  
 Would safely deliver me from this place!  
 Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,  
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;  
 And will undertake all these to teach.  
 I doubt not but this populous city will  
 Yield many scholars<sup>4</sup>.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
 And prostitute me to the basest groom  
 That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can  
 place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But, amongst honest women?

*Boult.* 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst  
 them. But since my master and mistress have bought you,  
 there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will  
 make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt  
 not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll  
 do for thee what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.

\*Any of these ways are better yet than this;] The old copies read:  
 Any of these ways are yet better than this.

For this slight transposition I am accountable. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear.] i. e. a baboon would think his tribe  
 dishonoured by such a profession. Thus says Iago, "Ere I would  
 drown myself, &c. I would change my humanity with a baboon."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.] The scheme by which Marina effects her  
 release from the brothel, the poet adopted from the *Confessio Amantis*.

MALONE.

A C T



## A C T V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
 Into an honest house, our story says.  
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess-like to her admired lays<sup>5</sup>:  
 Deep clerks she dumbs<sup>6</sup>; and with her needl composes<sup>7</sup>  
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;  
 That even her art sisters the natural roses<sup>8</sup>;  
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry<sup>9</sup>:

That

## 5 — and she dances

*As goddess-like to her admired lays:*] This compound epithet (which is not common) is again used by our author in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— and undergoes,  
 “ More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults,  
 “ As would take in some virtue.” MALONE.

6 Deep clerks she dumbs;] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
 “ To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
 “ Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
 “ Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
 “ Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
 “ And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
 “ Not paying me a welcome.”

These passages are compared only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different.—Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority.

MALONE.

7 — and with her needl composes—] *Needl for needle.* So, in the translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, by Sir A. Gorges, 1614:

“ ——— like pricking needls, or points of swords.” MALONE.

8 *Tbat even her art sisters the natural roses;*] I have not met with this verb in any other writer. It is again used by our author in *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

“ From off a hill, whose concave womb re-worded

“ A plaintful story from a fift'ring vale,” —. MALONE.

9 *Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:*] *Inkle* is a species of tape. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in the *Winter's Tale*. All the copies read, I think corruptly,—*twine* with the rubied cherry.

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
 She gives the curst bawd. Here we her place<sup>1</sup>;  
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost<sup>2</sup>;  
 Where, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd  
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast  
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd  
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep<sup>3</sup>: from whence  
 Lyfimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
 His banners sable, trim'd with rich expence;  
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies<sup>4</sup>.  
 In your supposing once more put your sight;  
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark<sup>5</sup>:

Where,

cherry. The word which I have substituted, is used by Shakspeare in *Otello*:

"— though he had *twinn'd* with me,

"Both at a birth,—"

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"Who *twinn* as it were in love." MALONE.

Again, more appositely, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher:

"Her *twinning cherries* shall their sweetness fall

"Upon thy tasteful lips." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — Here we her place;] So, the first quarto. The other copies read,—Leave we her place. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost:] The first quarto reads—We there him left. The editor of that in 1619, finding the passage corrupt, altered it entirely. He reads:

Where we left him at sea tumbled and tost—

The corresponding rhyme, *coast*, shews that *left*, in the first edition, was only a misprint for *lost*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep:] The citizens *vied* with each other in celebrating the feast of Neptune. This harsh expression was forced upon the author by the rhyme. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And to him in his barge with fervour hies.] This is one of the few passages in this play, in which the error of the first copy is corrected in the second. The eldest quarto reads unintelligibly—

— with former hies. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> In your supposing once more put your sight;

Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:] Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination. Suppose you see what we cannot

Where, what is done in action, more, if might<sup>6</sup>,  
Shall be discover'd; please you, fit, and hark. [*Exit.*]

cannot exhibit to you; think this stage, on which I stand, the bark of the melancholy Pericles. So before:

"In your imagination hold

"This stage, the ship, upon whose deck

"The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

"——— Behold

"In the quick forge and working-house of thought."

Again, *ibidem*:

"——— your eyes advance

"After your thoughts."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Play with your fancies, and in them behold

"Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing," &c.

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"—— all will come to nought;

"When such bad dealing must be seen in thought."

The quarto, 1609, reads:

Of heavy Pericles think this *his* bark;

and such also is the reading of the copy printed in 1619. The folio reads—*On* heavy Pericles, &c. If this be right, the passage should be regulated differently:

And to him in his barge with fervour hies,

In your supposing.—Once more put your sight

On heavy Pericles; &c.

*You must now aid me with your imagination, and suppose* Lyfimachus hastening in his barge to go on board the Tyrian ship. Once more behold the melancholy Pericles, &c. But the former is, in my opinion, the true reading. To exhort the audience merely to behold Pericles, was very unnecessary; as in the ensuing scene, he would of course be represented to them. Gower's principal office in these choruses is, to persuade the spectators, not to use, but to disbelieve, their eyes. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Where, what is done in action, more, if might,*] *Where all that may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.* The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. *More, if might*—is the reading of the first quarto. The modern copies read, unintelligibly,—*more of might.*

MALONE.

SCENE

## SCENE I.

*On board Pericles' ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

*Tyr. Sail.* Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*]—O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governour, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1. Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet them fairly\*.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

*Lyf.* Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to out-live the age I am, And die as I would do.

*Lyf.* You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,

I made to it, to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place?

*Lyf.* I am

The governour of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

\* —greet them fairly.] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1609, has —greet him fairly. MALONE.

A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
But to prorogue his grief<sup>7</sup>.

*Lyf.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat<sup>\*</sup>;  
But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

*Lyf.* May we not see him?

*Hel.* You may, but bootless  
Is your sight; he will not speak to any.

*Lyf.* Yet let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him, sir: [*Pericles discovered*<sup>8</sup>.] this was  
a goodly person,  
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> But to prorogue his grief.] To lengthen or *prolong* his grief. The modern editions read unnecessarily,

But to *prolong* his grief.

*Prorogued* is used by our author in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed* :

" My life were better ended by their hate,

" Than death *prorogued*, wanting of thy love." MALONE.

<sup>\*</sup> Sir, it would be, &c.] For the insertion of the supplemental word (*Sir*) here and in the next speech but one, as well as in the first address of Helicanus to Lyfimachus, I am accountable. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Pericles discovered*.] Few of the stage-directions that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation of this play, Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The antient narratives represent him as remaining in the cabin of his ship. Thus, in the *Confessio Amantis* it is said,

" But for all that, though hem be lothe,

" He [*Athenagoras*, the governour of *Mitylene*,] fonde the ladder, and *downe* he goeth,

" And to him spake."——

So, also in *K. Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: " He is here *benetbe* in tenebres and obscurete, and for nothing that I may doe he wyll not yssue out of the place where as he is."—But as in such a situation Pericles would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction is now given. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,

Drove him to this.] The copies all read—one mortal *wight*. The word, which I suppose the author to have written, affords an easy sense. *Mortal*, is here used for *pernicious*, *destructive*. So, in *Macbeth*:

" Hold fast the mortal sword." MALONE.

*Lyf.* Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,  
Royal sir!

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1. *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid<sup>1</sup> in Mitylene, I durst  
wager,

Would win some words of him.

*Lyf.* 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,  
And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
Which now are mid-way stopp'd<sup>2</sup>:  
She is all happy, as the fairest of all,

<sup>1</sup> *Sir, we have a maid, &c.*] This circumstance resembles another  
in *Alf's Well that End's Well*, where Lafau gives an account of  
Helena's attractions to the king, before she is introduced to attempt  
his cure. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
Which now are mid-way stopp'd:*] The earliest quarto reads—*de-  
fens'd* parts. I have no doubt that the poet wrote—through his *deafen'd*  
parts,—i. e. his ears; which were to be assailed by the melodious voice  
of Marina. In the old quarto few of the participles have an elision-  
mark. This kind of phraseology, though it now appears uncouth,  
was common in our author's time.

Thus, in the poem entitled *Romeus and Juliet*:

"Did not thy *parts*, fordon with pain, languish away and  
pine?"

Again, more appositely, *ibidem*:

"Her dainty *tender parts* 'gan shiver all for dread;

"Her golden hair did stand upright upon her chillish head."

Again, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Or, were I deaf, thy *outward parts* would move

"Each part in me that were but sensible."

Again, in his 69th Sonnet:

"Those *parts* of thee, that the world's eye doth view," &c.

*Stopp'd* is a word which we frequently find connected with the ear.  
So, in *K. Richard II.*:

"*Gaunt.* My death's sad tale may not *undeaf* his ear.

"*York.* No; it is *stopp'd* with other flattering sounds."

MALONE.

One of the copies reads *defended*, the other *defend*. The author's  
word was, I suppose, *defenc'd*. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:  
"I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation,  
and a thousand other her *defences*, which are now too strongly embat-  
tled against me." STEEVENS.



And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon  
The leafy shelter<sup>3</sup>, that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*He whippers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord,  
in the barge of Lyfimachus* <sup>4</sup>.

*Hel.*

<sup>3</sup> And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon

The leafy shelter,] Marina might be said to be under the leafy shelter, but I know not how she could be upon it; nor have I a clear idea of a shelter abutting against the side of an island. I would read,

————— is now upon  
The leafy shelter, that abuts against  
The island's side.

i. e. the *shelving bark* near the sea-side, shaded by adjoining trees. It appears from Gower, that the feast of Neptune was celebrated on the strand:

“ The lordes both and the commune  
“ The high festes of Neptune  
“ Upon the stonde, at rivage,  
“ As it was custome and usage,  
“ Solempneliche thei be sigh.”

So before in this scene:

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,—

Marina and her fellow-maids, we may suppose, had retired a little way from the croud, and seated themselves under the adjoining trees, to see the triumph. This circumstance was an invention of the poet's. In *K. Appelyn of Thyre*, Tharsye, the Marina of this play, is brought from the *berdel* where she had been placed. In the *Confessio Amantis*, she is summoned, by order of the governour, from the *bonest bruse* to which she had retreated.—The words *with* and *is*, which I have inserted, are not in the old copy. MALONE.

The leafy shelter—] I suppose that the printer, or copyist, meeting here with an uncommon word, corrupted it. Perhaps the poet wrote —*lewissell*, i. e. *leafy seat*, from the Saxon *lese* folium, and *setl*, sedes. So, in Chaucer's *Persones T. le*, p. 183. last edit. “right as the gay *lewissell* at the taverne,” &c. See also Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on line 4059.

Some word, however, may have been omitted, or the verse is defective. We might then read,

“ She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
“ And with her fellow-maids is now upon  
“ The *lewissell* that close abuts against  
“ The island's side.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Exit Lord, in the barge of Lyfimachus.] It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the  
greate

*Hel.* Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness  
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy,  
Which if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so inflict our province<sup>5</sup>.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir<sup>6</sup>, I will recount it to you;—but see,  
I am prevented.

*Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young lady.*

*Lys.* O, here's the lady  
That I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—Is't not  
A goodly presence<sup>7</sup>?

*Hel.*

greater part of the business of the last act should be transacted at sea; and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea, or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhibited before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And so inflict our province.*] Thus all the copies. But I do not believe *to inflict* was ever used by itself in the sense of *to punish*. The poet probably wrote—*And so afflict our province.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Sit, sir,*] Thus the eldest quarto. The modern editions read—*Sir, sir.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— is't not

*A goodly presence?*] Is she not beautiful in her form? So, in *King John*:

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that were I well assur'd  
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient<sup>8</sup> :  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat<sup>9</sup>

" Lord of thy *presence*, and no land beside."

All the copies read, I think corruptly,  
—— is it not a goodly *present*? MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty*  
*Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :*] The quarto, 1609,  
reads:

*Fair on, all goodness that consists in beauty, &c.*

The editor of the second quarto in 1619, finding this unintelligible, altered the text, and printed—*Fair and all goodness, &c.* which renders the passage nonsense.—*One* was formerly written *on*; and hence they are perpetually confounded in our ancient dramas. See Vol. IV. p. 511, n. 7. The latter part of the line, which was corrupt in all the copies, has been happily amended by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I should think, that instead of *beauty* we ought to read *bounty*. All the good that consists in *beauty* she brought with her. But she had reason to expect the bounty of her kingly patient, if she proved successful in his cure. Indeed Lyfimachus tells her so afterwards in clearer language. The present circumstance puts us in mind of what passes between Helena and the King, in *All's Well That Ends Well*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *If that thy prosperous and artificial feat, &c.*] "Veni ad me, Tharhia;" (says Athenagoras) "ubi nunc est *ars studiorum* tuorum, ut consoleris dominum navis in tenebris sedentem; ut provokes eum exire ad lucem, quia nimis dolet pro conjuge et filia sua?"—*Gesta Romanorum*, p. 586, edit. 1558.

The old copy has—*artificial fate*. For this emendation the reader is indebted to Dr. Percy. *Feat* and *fate* are at this day pronounced in Warwickshire alike; and such, I have no doubt, was the pronunciation in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Hence the two words were easily confounded. See Vol. X. p. 20, n. 3.

A passage in *Measure for Measure* may add support to Dr. Percy's very happy emendation:

"——— In her youth

" There is a prone and speechless dialect,

" Such as moves men; besides, she hath a *prosperous art*,

" When she will play with reason and discourse,

" And well she can persuade," MALONE.

Can

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided  
That none but I and my companion-maid  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her  
prosperous! [Marina sings<sup>1</sup>.

*Lys.* Mark'd he your musick?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

*Per.* Humph! ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on like a comet\*: she speaks,  
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors

<sup>1</sup> Marina sings.] This song (like most of those sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. Perhaps it might have been formed on the following lines in *Gesta Romanorum*, (or some translation of it) which Tharsia is there said to have sung to King Apollonius:

"Per scorta [f. heu!] gradior, sed scorti conscia non sum;

"Sic spinis rosa [f. quæ] nescit violari ullis.

"Corruit et [f. en] raptor gladii ferientis ab ictu;

"Tradita lenoni non sum violata pudore.

"Vulnera cessassent animi, lacrimæque deessent,

"Nulla ergo melior, si noscam certa parentes.

"Unica regalis generis sum stirpe creata;

"Ipse, jubente Deo, lætari credo aliquando.

"Fuge [f. terge] modo lacrimas, curam dissolve molestam;

"Redde polo faciem, mentemque ad sidera tolle:

"Jam [f. Nam] Deus est hominum plasmator, rector et  
auctor,

"Non sinit has lacrimas casso finire labore." MALONE.

\* —that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gaz'd on like a comet:] So, in *K. Henry IV.*

"By being seldom seen, I could not stir,

"But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at." MALONE.

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
 And to the world and aukward casualties<sup>2</sup>  
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;  
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
 And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*]

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
 To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
 You would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do  
 Think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.  
 You are like something, that—What country-woman?  
 Here of these shores<sup>3</sup>?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:  
 Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
 No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> — and aukward casualties —] *Aukward* is adverse. Our author has the same epithet in the *Second Part of K. Henry VI.*

“ And twice by *aukward* wind from England's bank

“ Drove back again.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> I do

*Think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.*

*You are like something, that—What country-woman?*

*Here of these shores?*] This passage is so strangely corrupted in the first quarto and all the other copies, that I cannot forbear transcribing it:

*Per.* I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like something that, what countrey women heare of these shewes.

*Mar.* No nor of any shewes, &c.

For the ingenious emendation,—*shores*, instead of *shewes*,—(which is so clearly right, that I have not hesitated to insert it in the text,) as well as the happy regulation of the whole passage, I am indebted to the patron of every literary undertaking, my friend, the Earl of Charlemont. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.] So, in *King Richard II.*

“ — Green, thou art the *midwife* to my woe,

“ And Bolinbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:

“ Now hath my soul *brought forth* her prodigy,

“ And I, a gasping *new-deliver'd* mother,

“ Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.” MALONE.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
 My daughter might have been : my queen's square brows ;  
 Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;  
 As silver-voic'd ; her eyes as jewel-like,  
 And cas'd as richly <sup>5</sup> : in pace another Juno <sup>6</sup> ;  
 Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,  
 The more she gives them speech <sup>7</sup>.—Where do you live ?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger : from the deck  
 You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred ?  
 And how atchiev'd you these endowments, which  
 You make more rich to owe <sup>8</sup> ?

*Mar.* If I should tell my history, it would seem  
 Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Pr'ythee speak ;  
 Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

<sup>5</sup> *Her eyes as jewel-like,  
 And cas'd as richly :*] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ ——— and, in this habit,  
 “ Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
 “ Their precious stones new-lost.”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ What, with the case of eyes ?” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — in pace another Juno ;] So, in *the Tempest* :

“ ——— Highest queen of state,  
 “ Great Juno comes ; I know her by her gait.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,  
 The more she gives them speech.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— other women cloy  
 “ The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,  
 “ Where most she satisfies.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ As if increase of appetite did grow  
 “ By what it fed on.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And how atchiev'd you these endowments, which*

*You make more rich to owe ?*] To owe in ancient language is to possess. So, in *Othello* :

“ ——— that sweet sleep  
 “ That thou ow'd'st yesterday.”

The meaning of the compliment is :—These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heighten'd by being in your possession. They acquire additional grace from their owner. Thus also one of Timon's flatterers :

“ You mend the jewel by the wearing it.” STEEVENS.

Modest



'Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
 For the crown'd truth to dwell in<sup>9</sup>: I'll believe thee,  
 And make my senses credit thy relation,  
 To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
 Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?  
 Didst thou not say<sup>1</sup>, when I did push thee back,  
 (Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st  
 From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st,  
 Thou hadst been toils'd from wrong to injury,  
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
 If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing indeed  
 I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
 Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
 If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
 Have suffer'd like a girl<sup>2</sup>: yet thou dost look

<sup>9</sup> ——— a palace

*For the crown'd truth to dwell in:]* It is observable that our poet, when he means to represent any quality of the mind as eminently perfect, furnishes the imaginary being whom he personifies, with a crown. Thus, in his 114th Sonnet:

"Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
 "Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?"

Again, in his 37th Sonnet:

"For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 "Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 "Entitled in thy parts do crown'd sit,—"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,  
 "For 'tis a throne, where honour may be crown'd,  
 "Sole monarch of the universal earth."

See Vol. IX. p. 154, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Didst thou not say,]* All the copies read—*Didst thou not say.* It was evidently a false print in the first edition. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Some such thing indeed—]* For the insertion of the word *indeed*, I am accountable. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— thou art a man, and I

*Have suffer'd like a girl:]* So, in *Macbeth*:

"If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me  
 "The baby of a girl." MALONE.

Like

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves<sup>3</sup>, and smiling  
Extremity out of act<sup>4</sup>. What were thy friends?  
How lost thou them?—Thy name, my most kind virgin?  
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me<sup>5</sup>.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O, I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither,  
To make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient; thou little know'st  
How thou dost startle me, to call thyself  
Marina.

*Mar.* The name was given me by one  
That had some power; my father, and a king.

<sup>3</sup> *Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves,*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"She sat, like *Patience* on a monument,

"Smiling at Grief."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucretia*, 1594:

"Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes;

"So mild, that *Patience* seem'd to scorn his woes." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— and smiling

*Extremity out of act.*] By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-lifted sword. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm,

"That was uprear'd to execution."

*Extremity* (though not personified as here) is in like matter used in *King Lear*, for the utmost of human suffering:

"—— another,

"To amplify too much, would make much more,

"And top *extremity*." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *How lost thou them?—Thy name, my most kind virgin?*

*Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.*] All the copies read —How lost thou thy name, my most kind virgin, recount, &c. But Marina had not said any thing about her name. She had indeed told the king, that "Time had rooted out her parentage, and to the world and awkward casualties bound her in servitude:"—Pericles, therefore, naturally asks her, by what accident she had lost her friends; and at the same time desires to know her name. Marina answers his last question first, and then proceeds to tell her history. The insertion of the word *them*, which I suppose to have been omitted by the negligence of the compositor, renders the whole clear.—The metre of the line, which was before defective, and Marina's answer, both support the conjectural reading of the text. MALONE.

*Per.*

*Per.* How! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me; but, not to be  
A troubler of your peace<sup>6</sup>, I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working  
pulse,

And are no fairy-motion<sup>7</sup>? Well, speak on.

Where were you born? and wherefore call'd Marina.

*Mar.* Call'd Marina, for I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea? who was thy mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;

Who died the very minute I was born<sup>8</sup>,

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little!

<sup>6</sup> — a troubler of your peace,] Thus the earliest quarto. So, in  
*K. Richard III.*

“ And then hurl down their indignation

“ On thee, the *troubler* of the poor world's peace.”

The folios and the modern editions read—a trouble of your peace.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse,  
And are no fairy-motion? ] In the old copy this passage is thus ex-  
hibited:

But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?

Motion well, speak on, &c.

The present regulation was suggested by Mr. Mason. Mr. Steevens  
would read,

— and are no fairy?

No motion? —

i. e. no puppet dress'd up to deceive me. So, in the *Two Gentlemen  
of Verona*:

“ Oh excellent *motion*! oh exceeding puppet!” MALONE.

This passage should be pointed thus:

Have you a working pulse? and are no *fairy-motion*?

That is, “ Have you really life in you, or are you merely a pup-  
pet formed by enchantment; the work of fairies?” The reading of  
the old copy cannot be right, for fairies were supposed to be animated  
beings, and to have working pulses, as well as men. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> Who died the very minute I was born,] Either the construction is  
— My mother, who died the very minute I was born, was the daughter  
of a king,—or we ought to read:

She died the very minute, &c. STEEVENS.

The word *very* I have inserted to complete the metre. MALONE.

This

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be  
My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were you  
bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give  
o'er<sup>7</sup>.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable<sup>8</sup>  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—  
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

*Mar.* The king, my father, did in Tharfus leave me;  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd

<sup>7</sup> You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.] All the old  
copies read—You scorn, believe me, &c. The reply of Pericles in-  
duces me to think the author wrote:

*You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best, &c.*

Pericles had expressed *no scorn* in the preceding speech, but, on the  
contrary, great complacency and attention. So also, before:

————— Pr'ythee speak:

Falseness cannot come from thee—

————— *I'll believe thee, &c.*

The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest latitude  
must be allowed to conjecture. MALONE.

I think we should read:

*You scorn believing me; (or, belief in me) 'twere best, &c.*  
and this is authorised by Pericles' reply: "I will believe you,"—!

Marina regards the speech of Pericles as expressive of *scorn*, because  
he has just told her that what she has said is—*the rarest dream*; assu-  
ring her at the same time that she *cannot be his daughter*. He desires  
her indeed to advance in her story; but has not yet declared that he  
will believe it. It is for this reason that she styles his behaviour con-  
temptuous. STEEVENS.

The words, *This is the rarest dream, &c.* are not addressed to Marina,  
but spoken aside. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *I will believe you by the syllable, &c.*] i. e. I will believe every  
word you say. So, in *Macbeth*:

"To the last syllable of recorded time."

Again, in *All's Well That Ends Well*:

"To the utmost syllable of your worthiness." STEEVENS.

A villain

A villain to attempt it, whom having drawn to do't<sup>9</sup>,  
 A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
 Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither  
 Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,  
 You think me an impostor; no, good faith;  
 I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
 If good king Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor;  
 Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,  
 What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
 That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene  
 Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She never would tell

Her parentage; being demanded that,  
 She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
 Give me a gasp, put me to present pain;  
 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
 O'er-bear the shores of my mortality,

<sup>9</sup> —whom *having drawn to do't,*] This mode of phraseology, though now obsolete, was common in Shakspeare's time, So, in *The Tempest*:

“ Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

“ A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

“ Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed

“ Master of this design) did give us,” &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)

“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

See also Vol. VII. p. 239, n. 5.

When the former edition of this play was printed, I imagined the original copy printed in 1609, read—*who* having drawn to do't, not observing the mark of abbreviation over the letter *o*, (*whō*) which shews the word intended was *whom*. MALONE.

And



And drown me with their sweetnefs<sup>1</sup>. O, come hither,  
 Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;  
 Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
 And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,  
 Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud  
 As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—  
 What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
 Though doubts did ever sleep<sup>2</sup>.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

*Per.* I

Am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now  
 My drown'd queen's name; (as in the rest you said,  
 Thou hast been god-like-perfect;) the heir of king-  
 doms,

And a mother like to Pericles, thy father<sup>3</sup>.

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter, than

<sup>1</sup> *And drown me with their sweetnefs.*] We meet a kindred thought in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,

“In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,

“I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,

“For fear I surfeit.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Though doubts did ever sleep.*] i. e. in plain language, *though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —the heir of kingdoms,

*And a mother like to Pericles, thy father.*] The old copy has—

*And another like to Pericles thy father.*

There can be no doubt that there is here a gross corruption. The correction which I have made, affords an easy sense. The mother of Marina was the heir of kingdoms, and in that respect resembled Pericles.

I believe the same error has happened in *Hamlet*, where in Act V. sc. ii. we find—“Is't not possible to understand in another tongue?” instead of which I believe the poet wrote, “Is't possible not to understand in a mother tongue?”

This error actually happened in the first edition of Sir Francis Bacon's Essay on *The Advancement on Learning*, B. II. p. 60, 4to. 1605: “—by the art of grammar, whereof the use in another tongue is small; in a foreign tongue more.” In the table of Errata we are desired to read—a mother tongue. MALONE.



To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began <sup>4</sup>.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.  
Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,  
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge  
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governour of Mitylene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you.  
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick!—  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him <sup>5</sup>  
O'er, point by point <sup>6</sup>, for yet he seems to doubt <sup>7</sup>,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None?

The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds! do ye not hear?

<sup>4</sup> *Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.]* So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ ————— Lady,  
“ Dear queen, *that ended when I but began*,  
“ Give me that hand of yours to kiss.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — But hark, *what musick!*

*Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him—]* Thus the earliest quarto,  
The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions read,  
But hark, what musick's this Helicanus? my  
Marina, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *O'er, point by point,—]* So, in Gower:

“ Fro *peynt* to *paynt* all she hym tolde  
“ That she hath long in herte holde,  
“ And never durst make hir mone  
“ But only to this lorde allone.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *for yet he seems to doubt,]* The old copies read—*for yet he  
seems to doat.* It was evidently a misprint, MALONE.

*Lyf.* Musick? My lord, I hear—

*Per.* Most heavenly musick:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest<sup>s</sup>.

[*He sleeps.*]

*Lyf.* A pillow for his head;—so leave him all.

[*The Curtain before the Pavillion of Pericles is closed.*]

Well, my companion-friends, if this but answer to  
My just belief, I'll well remember you<sup>9</sup>.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,  
and attendant Lady.

<sup>s</sup> *Most heavenly musick:*

*It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber*

*Hangs, &c.]* So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.”

See Vol. II. p. 389, n. 2. STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

“Unless some dull and favourable hand

“Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.”

See Vol. V. p. 399, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Well, my companion-friends, if this but answer to*

*My just belief, I'll well remember you.]* These lines clearly belong to Marina. She has been for some time silent, and Pericles having now fallen into a slumber, she naturally turns to her companion, and assures her, that if she has in truth found her royal father, (as she has good reason to believe) she shall partake of her prosperity. It appears from a former speech in which the same phrase is used, that a lady had entered with Marina:

“Sir, I will use

“My utmost skill in his recovery; provided

“That none but I and my companion-maid

“Be suffer'd to come near him.”

I would therefore read in the passage now before us,

Well, my companion-friend——

or, if the text here be right, we might read in the former instance—*my companion-maids.*—In the preceding part of this scene it has been particularly mentioned, that Marina was with her *fellow-maids* upon the leafy shelter, &c.

There is nothing in these lines that appropriates them to Lyfimachus; nor any particular reason why he should be munificent to his friends because Pericles has found his daughter. On the other hand, this recollection of her lowly companion is perfectly suitable to the amiable character of Marina. MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*The same.* PERICLES on deck asleep; Diana appearing to him as in a vision.

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus<sup>1</sup>; hie thee thither,  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the life<sup>2</sup>.  
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:  
Do't, and be happy\*: by my silver bow  
Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana disappears.]

<sup>1</sup> *My temple stands in Ephesus;*] This vision is formed on the following passage in Gower:

“ The hie God, which wolde hym kepe,  
“ Whan that this kyng was fast aslepe,  
“ By nightes tyme he hath hym bede  
“ To sayle unto another stede:  
“ To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,  
“ And as it was that tyme lawe,  
“ He shall do there hys sacrifice;  
“ And eke he bad in all wise,  
“ That in the temple, amongst all,  
“ His fortune, as it is befallle,  
“ Touchyng his daughter and his wife,  
“ He shall be knowe upon his life.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And give them repetition to the life.*] The old copies read—to the like. For the emendation, which the rhyme confirms, the reader is indebted to Lord Charlemont. “ Give them repetition to the life,” means, as he observes, “ Repeat your misfortunes so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of your narration may imitate to the life the transactions you relate.” So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— The younger brother, Cadwall,  
“ Strikes life into my speech”

In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, these words are again confounded, for in the old copies we there find:

“ Two of the first, life coats in heraldry,” &c. MALONE.

\* —and be happy:] The word *be* I have supplied. MALONE.

*Per.*

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine<sup>3</sup>,  
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

*Hel.* Sir.

*Per.* My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sails; erefoons I'll tell thee why.—  
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, [*to* Lysim.  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

*Lys.* Sir,

With all my heart; and when you come ashore,  
I have another suit<sup>4</sup>.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GOWER, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb<sup>5</sup>.

This,

<sup>3</sup> — goddess argentine,] That is, regent of the silver moon.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Were Tarquin night, as he is but night’s child,

“ The silver-shining queen he would disdain.”

“ In the chemical phrase, (as Lord Charlemont observes to me,) a language well understood when this play was written, Luna or Diana means silver, as Sol does gold.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *I have another suit.*] The old copies read—I have another sleight. But the answer of Pericles shews clearly that they are corrupt. The sense requires some word synonymous to request. I therefore read,—I have another suit. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ I have a suit which you must not deny me.” MALONE.

*I have another sleight.*] i. e. another contrivance. He either means, that he intends some farther entertainment for Pericles, or that he has a design relative to Marina. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *More a little, and then dumb.*] Permit me to add a few words more, and then I shall be silent. The old copies have *dum*; in which

This, as my last boon, give me<sup>6</sup>,  
 (For such kindness must relieve me,)  
 That you aptly will suppose,  
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
 What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
 The regent made in Mitylin,  
 To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,  
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
 To fair Marina; but in no wise,  
 Till he had done his sacrifice<sup>7</sup>,  
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
 The interim, pray you, all confound<sup>8</sup>.  
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
 At Ephesus, the temple see,  
 Our king, and all his company.  
 That he can hither come so soon,  
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom<sup>9</sup>.

[Exit,  
 SCENE

way I have observed in ancient books the word *dumb* was occasionally spelt. Thus in *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marston, 1598:

"Look how the peevish papists crouch and kneel

"To some *dum* idoll with their offering."

There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play, as that of the present couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *soon* and *doom*. Mr. Rowe reads—More a little, and then *done*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *This, as my last boon, give me,*] The word *as*, which is not found in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Steevens, to complete the metre.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Till he had done his sacrifice,*] That is, till *Pericles* had done his sacrifice. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The interim, pray you, all confound.*] So, in *K. Henry V*:

"—— Myself have play'd

"The *interim*, by remembering you 'tis past."

To *confound*, here signifies, to consume. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

"He did *confound* the best part of an hour,

"Exchanging hardiment with great Glendower."

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *That he can hither come so soon,*

*Is by your fancy's thankful doom.*] As *soon* and *doom* are not rhimes exactly corresponding, I would rather read,—thankful *boon*.

*Thankful*

## SCENE III.

*The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA<sup>1</sup> standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of virgins on each side; CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a lady.*

*Per.* Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed<sup>1</sup>  
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.  
At sea in child-bed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery<sup>2</sup>. She at 'Tharus  
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder: but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene; 'gainst whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thankful boon may signify—the licence you grant us in return for the pleasure we have afforded you in the course of the play. So before in this Chorus:*

This as my last boon give me. STEEVENS.

We had similar rhymes before:

—— if king Pericles

Come not home in twice six moons,

He, obedient to their dooms,

Will take the crown.

I have, therefore, not disturbed the reading of the old copy.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Who, frighted from my country, did wed—*] Country must be considered as a trisyllable. So *entrance, semblance*, and many others.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *who, O Goddess,*

*Wears yet thy silver livery.*] i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. PERCY.

So, in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint*:

"There my white stole of chastity I dast."

We had the same expression before:

"One twelve moons more she'll wear *Diana's livery*."

MALONE.

*Thai.*



*Thai.* Voice and favour!—

You are, you are—O royal Pericles<sup>3</sup>!— [*She faints.*

*Per.* What means the woman\*? she dies! help, gentlemen!

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her o'er-board with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady<sup>4</sup>;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.  
Early in blust'ring morn<sup>5</sup> this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,  
Found there rich jewels<sup>6</sup>; recover'd her, and plac'd her  
Here in Diana's temple<sup>7</sup>.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you<sup>8</sup>. Look, *Thaisa* is  
Recovered.

<sup>3</sup> *You are, you are—O royal Pericles—*] The similitude between this scene, and the discovery in the last act of *the Winter's Tale*, will, I suppose, strike every reader. MALONE.

\* *What means the woman?*] This reading was furnish'd by the second quarto. The first reads—*What means the mum?* MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Look to the lady;*] When lady Macbeth pretends to swoon, on hearing the account of Duncan's murder, the same exclamation is used. These words belong, I believe, to Pericles. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Early in blust'ring morn—*] The author, perhaps, wrote,  
*Early one blust'ring morn—*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Found there rich jewels;*] The second quarto, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, read—*these jewels*. Pericles's next question shews that *these* could not be the poet's word. The true reading is found in the first quarto. It should be remembered, that Cerimon delivered these jewels to *Thaisa*, (before she left his house) in whose custody they afterwards remained. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Here in Diana's temple.*] The same situation occurs again in *the Comedy of Errors*, where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *they shall be brought you to my house, Whither I invite you.*] This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina in *the Winters Tale*. STEEVENS.

*Thai.*

*Thai.* O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense<sup>9</sup> bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,  
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,  
And drown'd<sup>1</sup>.

*Per.* Immortal Dian!

*Thai.* Now I know you better.—  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring?

[*Shows a ring.*]

*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your present  
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport<sup>2</sup>: You shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen<sup>3</sup>. O come, be buried

<sup>9</sup> —to my sense—] *Sense* is here used for *sensual passion*. So also in *Measure for Measure* and in *Hamlet*. See Vol. IX. p. 336, n. 2.  
MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —supposed dead,  
And drown'd.] Supposed dead, and that my death was by drown-  
ing. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness*

*Makes my past miseries sport:]* So, in *K. Lear*:

“It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows,

“That ever I have felt.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —I may

*Melt, and no more be seen.]* This is a sentiment which Shakspeare  
never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present. So, in  
*Othello*:

“—— If it were now to die,

“’Twere now to be most happy,” &c.

Again, in *The Winter’s Tale*:

“If I might die within this hour, I have liv’d

“To die when I desire.” MALONE.

*Melt, and no more be seen.]* So, in one of the Psalms—“O spare  
me a little that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be  
no more seen.” STEEVENS.

A second time within these arms<sup>2</sup>.

*Mar.* My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*kneels to* Thaisa.

*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Blest, and mine own<sup>3</sup>!

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly from  
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom  
The gods have shewn their power; that can from first  
To last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir, the gods  
Can have no mortal officer more like  
A god than you. Will you deliver how  
This dead queen re-lives?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shewn you all was found with her;

<sup>2</sup> — O come, be buried

*A second time within these arms.]* So, in *the Winter's Tale*:

"Not like a corse; or if—not to be buried,

"But quick, and in mine arms." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Blest, and mine own!]* So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"— Tell me, mine own,

"Where hast thou been preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found

"Thy father's court?" MALONE.

How she came placed here in the temple;  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Diana!

I bless thee\* for thy vision, and will offer  
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, this prince,  
The fair-betrothed of your daughter†, shall  
Marry her at Pentapolis‡. And now,  
This ornament, that makes me look so dismal,  
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify⁴.  
*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,

\* *I bless thee*—] For the insertion of the personal pronoun I am responsible. MALONE.

† *The fair-betrothed*—] i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced. STEEVENS.

‡ —*Thaisa, this prince, The fair-betrothed of your daughter, shall Marry her at Pentapolis.*] So, in the last scene of *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes informs Paulina,

“ — This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing)

“ *Is troth-plight to your daughter.*” MALONE.

⁴ — *And now,*

*This ornament, that makes me look so dismal,*

*Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;*

*And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,*

*To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.*] So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: “ — the barber's man hath already been with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis balls.”

The author has here followed Gower, or *Gesta Romanorum*:

“ ——— this a vowe to God I make,

“ That I shall never for hir sake

“ *My berde for no likynge shave,*

“ Till it befall that I have

“ In convenable time of age

“ *Be sette bir unto mariage.*” *Conf. Amant.*

The word *so* in the first line, and the words—*my lov'd Marina* in the second, which both the sense and metre require, I have supplied.

MALONE.

The author is in this place guilty of a slight inadvertency. It was but a short time before, when Pericles arrived at Tharsus, and heard of his daughter's death, that he made a vow never to wash his face or cut his hair. MASON.

VOL. III.

T t

Sir,

Sir, that my father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way? [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antioch, and his daughter<sup>8</sup>, you have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen  
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)  
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.<sup>9</sup>  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,  
The worth that learned charity aye wears.

<sup>7</sup> *Sir, lead the way.*] Dr. Johnson has justly objected to the lame and impotent conclusion of the second part of *K. Henry IV.* "Come, will you hence?" The concluding line of *The Winter's Tale* furnishes us with one equally abrupt, and nearly resembling the present:—"Hastily lead away." This passage will justify the correction of the old copy now made. It reads—Sir, *leads* the way. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *In Antioch, and his daughter,—*] The old copies read—In *Antiochus* and his daughter, &c. The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. "So, (as he observes,) in Shakspeare's other plays, *France* for the king of France, *Morocco* for the king of Morocco," &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.*] All the copies are here, I think, manifestly corrupt.—They read,  
*Virtue preferr'd* from fell destruction's blast—

The gross and numerous errors of even the most accurate copy of this play, will, it is hoped, justify the liberty that has been taken on this and some other occasions.

It would be difficult to produce from the works of Shakspeare many couplets more spirited and harmonious than this. MALONE.

For

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
 Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name<sup>1</sup>  
 Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;  
 That him and his they in his palace burn.  
 The gods for murder seem'd so content  
 To punish them; although not done, but meant<sup>2</sup>.  
 So, on your patience evermore attending,  
 New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending<sup>3</sup>.  
 [Exit GOWER.]

<sup>1</sup> — and *honour'd name*—] The first and second quarto read—*the* honour'd name. The reading of the text, which appears to me more intelligible, is that of the folio 1664. *The city* is here used for the collective body of the citizens. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *To punish them, although not done, but meant.*] The defective metre of this line in the old copy, induces me to think that the word *them*, which I have supplied, was omitted by the carelessness of the printer. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> The fragment of the MS. Poem, mentioned in the preliminary observations, has suffered so much by time, as to be scarcely legible. The parchment on which it is written having been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose its edges were cut off, some words are entirely lost. However, from the following concluding lines the reader may be enabled to form a judgment with respect to the age of this piece:

..... thys was translatyd almost at englonde ende  
 ..... to the makers stat tak sich a mynde  
 .... have y take hys bedys on hond and sayd hys pat<sup>r</sup>. nostr.  
 and crede  
 Thomas \* vicary y understonde at wymborne mynstre in that  
 stede  
 ..... y thouzte zou have wryte hit is nouzt worth to be  
 knowe  
 .. that wole the sothe ywyte go thider and me wol the schewe.

On the subject of *Pericles* Lillo formed a tragedy of three acts, which was first represented in the year 1738.

To a former edition of this play were subjoined two Dissertations; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged such arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove

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\* The letters in the Italick character were supplied by the conjecture of the late Mr. Tyrwhitt, who very obligingly examined this ancient fragment, and furnished me with the above extract.



that it was the entire work of Shakspeare, and one of his earliest compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of some elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whose hand was acknowledged to be visible in many scenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypothesis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the first folio edition of his works. It was printed with Shakspeare's name in the title-page, in his life-time; but this circumstance proves nothing; because by the knavery of booksellers other pieces were also ascribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it necessary to urge in support of its genuineness, that at a subsequent period it was ascribed to him by several dramatick writers. I wish not to rely on any circumstance of that kind; because in all questions of this nature, internal evidence is the best that can be produced, and to every person intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, must in the present case be decisive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakspeare on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three last acts may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakspeare than is generally supposed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works, which it has now obtained. MALONE.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

